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# THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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# THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

## PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY.

*Essay on Religious Philosophy.* By M. Emile Saisset, Professor of the History of Philosophy in the Faculty of Letters of Paris. Translated, with Marginal Analysis, Notes, Critical Essay, and Philosophical Appendix. Two Volumes. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1863.

THE writer who undertakes to defend the teaching of the Christian Church against the assaults of an unbelieving philosophy is liable to a special temptation to discharge his duty unfaithfully, and is in danger of a special accusation if he confine himself to the task of discharging it faithfully. He is, as it were, established by the grace of God in a goodly city which he builded not, and whose buildings it is his duty simply to defend, not to alter or enlarge, still less to pull down and rebuild. The foundation, other than which no man can lay, is laid already,—the city, whose builder is God, has been completed by his appointed workmen; it may not be added to nor diminished from. Its defender, be he never so successful in repelling the enemy from its walls, can at the utmost but leave it as it was before the assault was made; it is well if he leave it not with marks of the deadly conflict on its front. No portion of its sacred walls will bear his name as founder; no tower or bulwark will point out to future ages his share in the work. His most complete success will be to leave no trace behind of the battle he has fought; to consign to oblivion the assaults of his conquered enemies, and with them his own achievements as conqueror.

Hence arises the accusation as well as the temptation to which the Christian apologist is exposed—the accusation that his efforts have produced a merely negative result, the temptation to escape from the charge by aiming at something independent and positive. So long as he confines himself merely to the task of defending the teaching of the Church, the positive side of his belief will be found in that faith which the Church has handed down from the beginning; his own work will have but a relative and accidental value, in connection with the temporary controversies by which that faith has been assailed.

There are two ways in which a philosophy may lead to negative results; but the effects of the two are diametrically opposite as regards religious belief. A philosophy which professes to be the handmaid of theology, and to be indebted for her highest truths to Divine revelation, not to human speculation, must necessarily assume a negative office in dealing with those truths which, by her own confession, are derived from and established by a higher authority. Her office is not to prove such truths, but to defend them; not to exhibit them as conclusions which reason is competent to establish, but to maintain them as positions which reason is not competent to overthrow. Thus viewed, her results, regarded simply and by themselves, must needs be negative; but they are negative in relation to a previously existing system of positive truths, and they point to belief in those truths as their ultimate though indirect purpose. Philosophy thus employed does not indeed build the fortress which she defends; but she has no need to do so, for the fortress is built already.

Far different is the position and effect of philosophy, when employed in independence of, or in opposition to, external authority. By her profession of independence, she binds herself, if she aspire to anything beyond mere scepticism, to the task of building up as well as of pulling down. She proclaims herself as the highest source of truth, and challenges an estimate of her pretensions solely on the absolute certainty and value of the truths which she is able to supply. If she confine herself to the task of refuting error, or what she deems to be error, her conclusions are not merely relatively but absolutely negative; they destroy an existing belief, but they offer nothing as a substitute in its place. If she aim, not merely at refuting the positions of others, but at establishing her own, she stakes the attainment of positive truth solely on her success in the latter endeavour: if this fail while the former succeeds, she is again absolutely negative in act and result, however positive in profession and intention.

The difference between an independent and a subordinate philosophy of religion extends itself also to the methods adopted by each, and to the amount of evidence which each may be expected to furnish. The subordinate philosophy professes to deal with truths which, as they were not originally derived from human speculation, so they need not necessarily be entirely within the range of human comprehension to understand, or of human reasoning to establish. They may be—we do not say that they are, but the supposition is at least consistent with the pretensions of such a philosophy—adapted, in the mode of their revelation, to the capacities of the creature for whom they are designed; they may be represented in the way of mystery, or economy, or analogy, not exhibiting the truth in that aspect which is clearest and most perfect *per se*, but in that which is best suited to human apprehension, and which implies the existence of a higher and more absolute truth, of which it is the imperfect representative. Hence it is quite consistent with the pretensions of such a philosophy, both to admit the existence of difficulties which it is unable to explain and doubts which it is unable to solve, and also to supply the deficiencies of reason by an appeal to faith, showing us that there is cause to believe that these difficulties are not inherent in the things themselves, but arise from our imperfect power of apprehension; and bidding us look forward for their solution, not to the efforts of human philosophy in this life, but to that more perfect knowledge which shall be given us hereafter, when we shall know even as we are known.

Such a course is not, in like manner, open to a philosophy which professes to deal with truths, not as received from above, but as discovered by man for himself. It may have its difficulties also, but they are difficulties precisely analogous to those which occur in any other department of science, and may be fairly supposed to be due, not to any limitation of our faculties, but only to the imperfection of our present state of knowledge. A science which is founded by man may be reasonably believed to present no difficulties but such as are soluble by man: the genius which has been sufficient for the original discovery may well be supposed competent to any amount of further prosecution. The only faith to which such a philosophy may be expected to appeal is a faith in the future progress of the human race, an expectation, grounded on the past history of science, that what is difficult to us will become easy to our successors. It is inconsistent with the pretensions of this philosophy to recognise such a thing as a permanently insoluble problem; or, at the utmost, it will admit such problems only as difficulties of words, not of things, arising, not from the limits of man's power of thought, but from the employment of terms which have no real significance.

Under these circumstances, it is not unnatural that the subordinate and less pretentious philosophy should be regarded with dislike and suspicion by its more ambitious rival, as attempting to clip the soaring wings of speculation, to place a barrier in the way of progress, and to rob philosophy beforehand of the triumphs which she expects to achieve. And the readiest way in which this feeling of dislike will find utterance, is in the charge, already noticed, of merely negative results, or, if a more invidious term be sought for, of scepticism. We call this an invidious term, because it is one which inevitably insinuates far more than it expresses, and which, by the majority of readers, will be understood as conveying a far more odious charge than is probably intended by the person who employs it. There is a religious scepticism as well as a philosophical scepticism; and the two have not merely no natural connection with each other, but each may frequently be called into existence as the antagonist and antidote to the other. It may often be that the very despair which a man feels of finding the truths of which he is in need by philosophical speculation, may lead him to cling with a firmer belief to the doctrines of revelation: it may also be that his doubt or disbelief in the possibility of revelation may make him a more eager disciple of that philosophy which best promises to supply its place. Sometimes, indeed, as in the instance of David Hume, both kinds of scepticism are found united in one distinguished representative; and this union has contributed, no doubt, to fix and extend the invidious import of the word, by associating its two different senses together, and involving them in one indiscriminate condemnation. But in themselves, as we have said, the two kinds of scepticism are distinct from, and may be antagonistic to each other; and it is important, in relation to an accusation of this kind, so readily and often so hastily made, to understand clearly what is the proper meaning of the term, and what are the objects to which it is legitimately applicable.

Scepticism, in the proper use of the term, cannot be employed to denote the doubt or denial of any single doctrine or system of doctrines, whether in philosophy or in religion. The doctrine may be true, and the denial may involve a grievous error; but such an error is not properly scepticism. Scepticism is not a particular doubt, but a general method of doubting; it does not consist in questioning the truth of a given conclusion, but in questioning the possibility of attaining to a true conclusion at all. In this sense of the term, scepticism may be either universal or particular, according as the doubt extends to the possibility of arriving at truth in any matter whatsoever, or is limited to the possibility of attaining it in relation to some special object of inquiry.

In this point of view, there are two different kinds of doubt, which have, with different degrees of justice, been classed together under the common name of scepticism. The one is based on the assumption that the human mind is divided against itself, the testimony of one faculty contradicting that of another,—the reason, for example, being opposed to the senses, and the senses to the reason ; or the same faculty in different exercises contradicting itself,—reasonings equally legitimate, for example, establishing opposite conclusions. The other proceeds on the assumption that the human mind, though at unity with itself, is at variance with some higher truth unattainable by it, things as they seem to us being different from things as they are in themselves. The inference from the former assumption is that no reliance can be placed on human consciousness within its own sphere of exercise, inasmuch as what it affirms on one occasion it denies on another. The inference from the latter is that human consciousness, however trustworthy within its own sphere, is trustworthy as regards phenomena only, and is in error from the point of view of a higher intelligence, the nature of the phenomenon being different from that of the reality.

The first of these is absolute and unconditional scepticism, and can only be met on its own ground by denying its assumption. The faculties of the human mind, it is replied, do not contradict themselves or each other: they only appear to do so when we misunderstand their testimony. To correct the misunderstanding, we must distinguish that which they really tell us from that which they only seem to tell us. The senses, says the Pyrrhonist, contradict themselves: the eye sees the same tower at one distance as square, at another as round, at one distance as larger, at another as smaller: the palate, in different states of health, will taste the same thing at one time as sweet, at another time as bitter. These seeming contradictions, replies the antagonist, are not due to the testimony of the senses, but to erroneous inferences from that testimony. That which we really see is not the tower, but the rays of light in contact with the eye ; and these, by the laws of vision, actually do present different sizes and shapes in different positions. What we perceive in taste is not a quality of the object, but an affection produced by it on the nerves of taste ; and this affection is really different in different states of the organism. There is no contradiction; for it is necessary to contradiction that the testimony should be *de eodem,* and where the object is different, this condition is not fulfilled.

But it is evident that in this reply the second form of scepticism is partially employed as an antidote to the first. The senses are cleared from the charge of contradiction, on the plea that they inform us, not of the nature of things in themselves, but of the appearances which those things present to us. If the apparent contradictions which arise in other modes of consciousness are to be solved in the same manner, we arrive at the conclusion that the human mind, so far as these seeming contradictions meet it, may indeed be at unity with itself, but is at unity with regard to phenomena only, and cannot attain to realities.

There are two modes by which philosophy may seek to avoid this alternative. The first is by an assumption which, under various forms, has been the foundation of all dogmatic philosophy from the days of Plato down to the present time—the assumption, namely, that, though the senses and the lower faculties of man are cognisant only of phenomena, his reason, the highest faculty, is privileged to attain to a knowledge of the real and absolute nature of objects in themselves, and thus to establish a philosophy of realities as the supplement to and corrective of the philosophy of appearances. This is in effect the theory figuratively represented in Plato's allegory of the prisoners in the cave: the senses, and the empirical faculties in general, are condemned, like those prisoners, to see shadows and to mistake them for substances; but beyond the region of sensible phenomena there is an upper world of real existences, which can be discerned by the eye of the soul, released from the bondage of sense and brought face to face with the true objects of reason. To effect this release is the purpose of philosophy, by which the powers of the reason are trained and strengthened for the contemplation of pure and absolute truth.

Such a method will completely establish its own validity, if it can succeed in showing that the distinction which it supposes to exist between the senses and the reason is confirmed by the actual features of each; that the exercise of reason is not impeded by any discrepancies or apparent contradictions similar to those which beset the exercise of sense; that we have not the same ground for supposing a difference between things as they are and things as they seem to our thought, that we have for supposing a distinction between things as they are and things as they seem to our senses. If this can be proved, the dogmatic philosophy, if not completely secured from assault, has at least established a reasonable claim to acceptance in preference to any other system.

But on the other hand, if any such apparent contradictions remain unsolved, it is obvious that this philosophy may lead by natural consequence to a scepticism deeper and more radical than any other. The assumption, that our reason is privileged to behold its objects in their real and absolute nature, naturally leads to the conclusion that such contradictions, if they exist at all, exist in the very nature and essence of the objects contemplated, and are not due to any limitation or imperfection in our mode of contemplating them. The plea on which the senses are cleared from the charge of self-contradiction becomes unavailable in behalf of the reason; for the senses acknowledge a distinction between their phenomena and the things themselves; the reason abjures such a distinction, and declares that its conceptions express the absolute reality of things. By virtue of this declaration, it is limited to a choice between two alternatives: it must either show that its own conceptions involve no inconsistency or contradiction, or it must admit that inconsistency and contradiction are inherent in the absolute nature of things.

There is a class of thinkers who shrink from both these alternatives. On the one hand, they despair of being able to clear the conceptions of the reason from every appearance of contradiction, or of proving that such contradictions are in appearance only; and on the other hand, they are unwilling to admit that there is a contradiction in the very nature of things, and delusion in the belief that they exist. Unable to find a refuge from scepticism in knowledge and in reason, they endeavour to find it in ignorance and in faith. We do not *know*, they say, what is the absolute nature of things, but we *believe* that there is an absolute nature above and beyond the range of our knowledge. The apparent contradictions, which beset the exercise of our reason when it strives to attain to the absolute, may not be capable of solution in this world; yet we believe that they are apparent only and not real; and we are justified in that belief on several grounds. For, first, it is borne out by the analogy of our lower faculties, which are in harmony with themselves and with each other when their testimony is limited to the phenomena of which they are directly cognisant; and which only appear to fall into contradictions when they are assumed to be cognisant of the absolute nature of things. Secondly, it is supported by the testimony of the reason itself, which is involved in these contradictions, not on all occasions, but only when it attempts to rise to a knowledge of the absolute. Thirdly, if our conceptions are partial and relative, it is reasonable to believe that the defects of those conceptions are partial and relative also, and would disappear were our knowledge complete and absolute. Fourthly, these seeming contradictions present a feature which distinguishes them from those real contradictions which are incompatible with belief. The latter are one-sided, and necessitate a belief in the opposite direction; the former are two-sided, and appear to press equally in opposite directions, from both of which together we find it practically impossible to exclude belief. For, to take an example of the unilateral kind, I find a contradiction in the conception of a circular square, and I cannot believe in its possible existence; but then, on the other hand, I am compelled to believe that every existing square is not circular. Whereas, to take an example of the bilateral kind, I find a seeming contradiction in the conception of an unlimited duration of time, but I find also a seeming contradiction in the opposite conception of an absolutely first or last moment of time: yet I find it impossible to believe that neither of these can be true, and I find it equally impossible to believe that both can be true. To the existence of this distinction my consciousness bears direct witness; and by virtue of it, I find myself compelled to regard the second instance of contradiction, even if I am unable to solve it, as not equally real with the first.

We have thus, continue these philosophers, a range of belief which is beyond the range of knowledge. We cannot, in the above example of time, *solve* the difficulty; we cannot *prove* that one of the supposed contradictions is real and the other unreal; and, consequently, we cannot *know* which of the opposite hypotheses is true, and which false. Yet we are compelled to *believe* that one or the other must be true; and we may have grounds for believing in the one rather than the other, notwithstanding the apparent contradiction involved in both. For these contradictions at the utmost do but balance each other, and thus leave the scales equally poised, and fit to receive any other weight that may determine which shall preponderate.

Such is a brief outline of two methods, both of which are designed, whether successfully or not, as antidotes to scepticism, and which may be respectively designated as the Dogmatic and the Limitative methods, the method of Reason and the method of Faith. Each has an attraction for a different class of minds: each has a reproach which it is ready to urge against the other.

The attraction of the dogmatic method is that it professes a higher estimate of human reason, and promises the possession of a wider field of knowledge: the attraction of the limitative method is that it promises a narrower domain indeed, but with more secure possession, and less need to defend the title by constant litigation. The reproach which each brings against the other is that of doing secret service to the common enemy of both—Scepticism.

How this reproach is urged against the advocate of reason, we have seen already. His method proceeds upon two assumptions; first, that a knowledge of the absolute nature of things is attainable by man; and secondly, that reason in its proper exercise is the instrument by which it is to be attained. So long, therefore, as the philosophy of the absolute appears involved in insoluble contradictions, so long his method favours a doubly sceptical position; first, that the nature of things is contradictory in itself, and secondly, that the reason, in its legitimate exercise, leads to contradictions. His most obvious reply is, that a solution of these contradictions may be found some day if it is not found yet. His antagonist answers, that at any rate philosophy has hitherto made no progress towards solving them.

But if the dogmatist cannot entirely repel the charge, he can at least retort it. In depriving man of a knowledge of the absolute, he says, you deprive him at the same time of all power of testing the truth of his conceptions. If my conception of an object does not correspond to the absolute nature of that object, it is not a true conception; and if the absolute nature of the object is unknown, we have no means of determining whether our conception corresponds to it or not. Hence your belief in the existence of an absolute being, beyond the range of your knowledge, is at best but a blind belief in a something, you know not what. If you do not go to the length of saying with Kant, that our conceptions do not correspond to things as they are, you must at least admit that you do not know that they correspond; and hence, even if by some fortunate accident you are in possession of the truth, you have no means of knowing that it is the truth.

What answer the advocate of faith can make to this charge will perhaps appear in the sequel. But the value both of the attack and the defence may perhaps be more clearly seen in a special instance than in general remarks. Let us proceed, then, to the examination of the instance by which these remarks were originally suggested, the philosophies of M. Saisset and of Sir William Hamilton, as brought into conflict with each other in the "Essai de Philosophie Religieuse" of the former.*

M. Saisset is one of those philosophers described at the beginning of our remarks, whom the temptation of constructing an independent and positive system of religious truth has led beyond the humbler but perhaps safer task of refuting error. On the negative side, as the antagonist of Pantheism, it would be difficult to name any recent philosopher whose writings have done better service to the cause of true religion and sound philosophy. Modern Pantheism, in its foundation and in its superstructure, in Spinoza and in Hegel, is subjected to an examination and a refutation alike searching and complete. His opening statement of the "inevitable dilemma" of all Pantheism, the denial of the personality of God or of the personality of man,—in other words, of Providence or of morality;†—his proof that Pantheism, although it owes its principal attraction to the far-famed power of its logic, is essentially and fundamentally illogical;‡—his exposition of the strange farrago of contradictions involved in Spinoza's representation of God as "extended yet incorporeal; thinking, yet without understanding; free and active, yet without will;" §—his final conclusion, "that Spinoza, setting out from the abstract and barren principle of substance, and developing this principle by a completely artificial method of purely geometrical deduction, ends at last by effacing the idea of God and degrading that of the soul, that is to say, by the overthrow of all religion and of all morality;"*—his reduction of modern German philosophy to its "last word, *man divinized;* God placed not at the commencement, but at the end of things;"†—his parallel between the German and the Alexandrian philosophies,—"the same principle, the search after absolute science; the same method, purely rational speculation; the same results, the identity of contradictories, and man made one with God,"‡—all these are presented, in the earlier or destructive portion of M. Saisset's work, with a clearness and acuteness which leave nothing to be desired, and only make us the more regret that the author's penetrating insight into the defects of various philosophical theologies should have failed him in his own attempt to erect a positive system in their place.

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* This is the work of which the English translation is named at the head of our article. The additional title, "Modern Pantheism," is only applicable to the first portion of the Essay.

† English Translation, vol. i., p. 7.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 9.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 113.

M. Saisset's Meditations, and Sir William Hamilton's theory of the Conditioned, may both be regarded as the result of a recoil, in different directions, from the open or disguised Pantheism of the German philosophy of the Absolute. But they differ in this important respect, that while Hamilton's system is avowedly put forward as auxiliary and subordinate to the authoritative teaching of Revelation, that of Saisset is openly announced as a substitute for it. The difference between the two philosophers cannot be better exhibited than in their own words. Hamilton says,—

> "Above all, I am confirmed in my belief by the harmony between the doctrines of this philosophy and those of revealed truth. . . . This scheme proves, moreover, that no difficulty emerges in theology which had not previously emerged in philosophy; that, in fact, if the divine do not transcend what it has pleased the Deity to reveal, do not wilfully identify the doctrine of God's word with some arrogant extreme of human speculation, philosophy will be found the most useful auxiliary of theology." §

M. Saisset, on the other hand, tells us in his Preface that he was led to undertake his work by the challenge of those preachers who proclaimed that there was no middle course "between Pantheism and the Catholic Faith,"—that he wished to know "if it was really impossible to believe in God, and yet to remain a philosopher."‖ The further question, whether philosophy, when reconciled with natural religion, is also in accord with revealed religion, if not excluded, is at least not contemplated as a portion of the argument.

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* English Translation, vol. i., p. 157.

† *Ibid.*, vol. ii., pp. 31-2.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 35.

§ "Discussions," pp. 625-6.

‖ His translator renders, "the [Roman] Catholic Faith;" but there is nothing in the original to warrant this restriction. And the author's remarks on the doctrine of the Incarnation, at the end of his criticism of Malebranche, suggest a very different interpretation. This passage, however, can only be estimated in the original, the most significant part being omitted in the translation. At all events, the author's position is unmistakeably indicated in his later fragment on Pascal.—*Le Scepticisme*, pp. 341-7.

It would be unfair to lay stress on verbal differences of this kind, if they went no further. But in fact, the thoughts which underlie these two forms of expression pervade the two systems throughout, and are the key to the fundamental difference between them in method and purpose. M. Saisset recoils from Pantheism, but he recoils no less from an opposite extreme, which he denominates Scepticism; and under the head of sceptics he classes not merely those who deny the trustworthiness of reason within her own sphere, but others who, like Hamilton, mainly differ from him as to the extent of that sphere. In a later, we regret to add, a posthumous work, devoted to the examination of this second extreme, M. Saisset expressly maintains the sufficiency of philosophy to supply a religion for philosophers;* and the same claim is throughout implied, if not so categorically stated, in the present Essay. Philosophy is thus, by the very terms of such a claim, compelled to occupy the same ground with revelation, and to develope a system of religious belief, if not antagonistic to, at least independent of, all authoritative teaching from a higher source. The contents of this system may be collected without much difficulty, as they lie scattered through M. Saisset's Meditations.

The essence of religion, he tells us, is to conceive God as anterior and superior to the world; as the first principle, the perfect model, and last end of existence here below.† Had the author said *believe* instead of *conceive*, this proposition would have been identical with that maintained by the so-called sceptic whom M. Saisset sets himself to oppose. But to *conceive* God as anterior to the world, we must conceive Him as existing in some manner before the world was; we must give, as Hegel professed to give in his Logic, "an exhibition of God as He is in his absolute being, before the creation of nature and of finite spirit."‡ Does M. Saisset, the unflinching antagonist of the Hegelian Pantheism, profess to do this? Far from it: he confesses, in language as emphatic as that of Hamilton himself, that the essence of the absolute and infinite is incomprehensible—nay, inconceivable. We know that the Absolute exists; the *why* and the *how* of that existence we know not.[*] But this is precisely Hamilton's own explanation of what he means by belief in the incomprehensible as an original conviction. "A conviction is incomprehensible when there is merely given us in consciousness *that its object is,* and when we are unable to comprehend through a higher notion or belief *why or how it is.*"[†] Thus far the two philosophers are entirely agreed; but thus far M. Saisset's theory has not given us any positive knowledge of God as existing anterior to the world.

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* "Et pourquoi la philosophie ne suffirait-elle pas à de telles âmes? La philosophie leur donne une religion, puisqu'elle leur inspire la foi en Dieu. Elle leur donne une morale puisqu'elle leur enseigne le devoir. Elle leur donne même une certaine piété, puisqu'elle leur inspire la foi en la Providence, par suite, la résignation, non pas une résignation passive et forcée, mais une résignation volontaire et douce, celle qui dit, dans la douleur même, '*Fiat voluntas tua.*' Enfin elle leur donne l'espérance. Socrate n'est pas sûr d l'autre vie; mais il ne regrette pas d'avoir agi comme s'il y en avait une, et il espère de la bonté des dieux. Ainsi le philosophe ne manque ni de religion, ni de piété. Il croit en Dieu. Il l'adore et le contemple avec ravissement dans la beauté de ses œuvres. Il prie, il espère."—*Le Scepticisme*, p. 314.

† "Essay," vol. ii., p. 184.

‡ Hegel, "Logik," p. 33, edit. 1841.

To gain this knowledge, we must look, it seems, to what follows. "When," says M. Saisset, "from the inconceivability of the essence of God, it is concluded that we know nothing at all about God; when, instead of comprising in precise limits the science of things divine, that science is set aside altogether, I can go no further, and I enter my protest in the name of common sense. The heavens declare the glory of God; this is the voice of common sense, and science in the depths of its analysis finds this principle, that the imperfect being has its reason in the perfect Being, and consequently that there must be in the perfect Being something that may be communicated to the imperfect being, and be to it a natural revelation of its principle."[‡] True, thoroughly true, in itself, but in no way contradictory of Hamilton, who has in substance said the same thing:—"Though man be not identical with the Deity, still is he created in the image of God. It is, indeed, only through an analogy of the human with the Divine nature, that we are percipient and recipient of Divinity."[§] Nor can it be said that the analogy or community of nature between God and man is closer and more intimate in the theory of the French philosopher than in that of his antagonist. His own language couples this analogy with a difference as great as possible,—an infinite difference—a difference not of degree, but of kind. "Between the intellects that we possess and the complete intellect," he says, "there is the infinite. Our thought, and every imperfect thought, is a power in the way of development; this is its essence and its necessary law. Divine thought is a thought fully developed, which by its essence is anterior to all development. Finite thought implies effort; infinite thought excludes it. Finite thought is displayed under the form of time; infinite thought subsists and is maintained under the form of eternity. It knows none of the conditions of an imperfect intelligence; nothing of limit, or time, or space, or succession, consequently nothing of memory, or reasoning, or induction, or any of those human intermediaries between an infinite truth and a finite thought; nothing of those laborious operations which are the torment and confusion of our reason. It is but the pure essence of thought,

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[*] "Essay," vol. ii., p. 64.

[†] Reid's Works, p. 754.

[‡] "Essay," vol. ii., p. 65.

[§] "Discussions," p. 20.

thought adequate to being, intuition having consciousness of itself, thought taking hold of being, and taking hold of itself. On one side, an indefinite virtuality, tending towards action without being able to reach it; on the other, the absolute, infinite act, excluding all virtuality, all effort, all measure, all degree, all interval between itself and its end. The difference is not of degree, but of nature and essence; it is the difference between time and eternity, between the finite and the infinite, the relative and the absolute."* It would be difficult to express in stronger language than this from the mouth of the great advocate of the sufficiency of reason in religious knowledge, the doctrine which in this country has been decried as a degradation and renunciation of reason; namely, that the intellectual attributes of God, though analogous to those of man, cannot be regarded as identical with them.

The real difference between M. Saisset and the so-called sceptics whom he is opposing, is one which at first sight looks like a mere difference of words, but which in its result becomes an important difference of things. The representation of the Divine intelligence exhibited in the above eloquent language, would be called by the disciples of Sir W. Hamilton a negative or relative notion of the infinite, suggested by its opposite the finite, as all contradictions suggest one another. It is of course easy, they would say, to enumerate one by one the various imperfections of intelligence of which we are conscious in the actions of our own minds; and as these imperfections necessarily suggest their opposite perfections, we know perfectly well the meaning of the several terms in which we describe the Divine intelligence as differing from the human. But we have not thereby gained a conception of that intelligence as a whole; we have not been able to form a representation in our minds of the manner in which these several perfections act in combination with each other so as to form one infinite consciousness, as we can of the manner in which our imperfect modes of intelligence act together so as to form one finite consciousness: we lack the intuition of the object, which is necessary to enable us to reduce to unity the thoughts corresponding to the several words denoting it. From a notion thus incomplete and negative we cannot deduce scientific consequences: our inferences are at best conjectures, not certainties, and are not entitled to hold their place against positive statements of revelation, should they in any case come into collision with them. M. Saisset, on the other hand, following his master, Cousin, regards the association in thought of the infinite with the finite, not as the mere suggestion of one contradictory by the other, but as a positive intuition of both: he calls the notion thus obtained by the name of the true absolute, as distinguished from the false absolute of Schelling and Hegel; and from this conception of the true absolute he proceeds to deduce, as a logical consequence, a scientific theory of the Divine action in creation and in providence.

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* "Essay," vol. ii., pp. 51-2.

Of his "real absolute," which is in fact Hamilton's relative, he says,—

> "Certainly, to conceive the Perfect and Absolute Being is the proper function of reason; and there is not a thought of the mind, an emotion of the heart, an impulse of the imagination, not even a perception of the senses, which does not contain this notion. But what is its real character? Far from being an abstract idea representing an indeterminate object, it is of all ideas the most determinate and the most concrete. I cannot contemplate being and life under their changeable and imperfect forms; I cannot see some gleams of intelligence shine around me and in me; I cannot catch some impressions of strength, of beauty, of justice, of joy, of happiness, without conceiving, beyond the beings of visible nature, a First Existence, where plenitude of intelligence, perfect beauty, and the possession of almighty power, compose in their harmonious unity the eternity of a perfect life. Collect these partial acts of a sole and identical intellectual function, these divided members of an idea always present in the depths of thought, and you have the idea of the Perfect Being. And this is not an abstract idea, nor an idea which represents an indeterminate object; it is emphatically the concrete idea, since it represents the most real being, not potential, but actual being, the plenitude of perfection, the accomplishment of all the forms of being and of all the attributes of life. Here is the real Absolute, here is true perfection, but a determinate living perfection." *

The question, whether the Being thus described can properly be called the Absolute, may be postponed until we have examined some of the consequences which M. Saisset deduces from his principle. God, as the Perfect Being, is unchangeable: hence He cannot act at one time, and not act, or act differently, at another. He cannot therefore begin to create the world at any given moment of time:—

> "God is eternally all that He is. If He is the Creator, He creates eternally; if He creates the world, it is not from chance or from caprice, but for reasons worthy of Himself; and these reasons are eternal. Nothing new, nothing fortuitous, can arise in the counsels of eternity. If the world be a work where wisdom and love concur with Almighty power, all *that* is eternal; and the creative act is equally so." †

Hence the author concludes that the world, as the effect of an eternal creative act, is, not indeed coeternal with God, for eternity is distinct from all time, but infinite in time as well as in space, without boundary, without beginning and without end. Without such an infinity, the world cannot be "the image of God, the expression of his all-perfect being." ‡

This conclusion is startling; but it is not the only one which seems to follow from the above principle. If God cannot act in time as the Creator of the world, can He act in time in the formation of a new species? Has the human race existed from everlasting, or was it developed by natural laws from some primitive germ which itself had no beginning? Or, to come to questions more directly religious, Can God act in time as the Sustainer and Governor of the world? Can He act in time with reference to the moral and religious needs of his creatures? Is providence possible? Is grace possible? Is answer to prayer possible? Is special revelation possible? Are miracles possible? Some of these questions are asked by the author himself: of the sufficiency of his answer let the reader judge:—

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* "Essay," vol. ii., p. 110. † *Ibid.*, p. 124. ‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 126-7.

> "Does not prayer, like revelation, grace, a miracle, suppose a particular local temporary intervention of the Divinity in terrestrial matters and the things of time? God is immutable, eternal, immense; there is no succession in Him; all that He does He does by a single act, which embraces all times and spaces and beings. If, then, I conceive God as acting in such a place or time by such a particular act, I assimilate God to a secondary cause; I submit Him to the conditions of space and time; I degrade Him, I make of Him an idol or a Jupiter."*

But he continues:—

> "There are two degrees in prayer,—the first has no value, but as a means to reach the second. He who stops at the first step of prayer knows not its greatness or its value. At its outset, prayer is born of want. Like its parent, it is egotistical and self-interested, it asks a favour. It is the prayer of the imagination, the prayer of the child, and there is always something childish in the most manly being. It asks a miracle, nothing less, but it asks it ignorantly; for the idea of a miracle supposes the laws of nature, and the soul which prays on the spur of an imperious necessity knows not whether nature has any laws. It only knows one thing, that it wants a certain assistance, and it asks it of the Omnipotent Will. But the religious soul does not stop there. It knows that the events of the world are not given over to caprice or chance; that the hairs of our head are all numbered; that everything in the universe is ruled by universal eternal laws, full of wisdom, of foresight, of mercy, and love. Thus disappear selfish wishes and indiscreet claims. The soul, raised above itself, above its restless wishes and its transitory ills, cries out, My Father, thy will be done."†

Miracles, then, are abandoned; special revelation is abandoned; and prayer remains, not as a petition for the things of which we have need, but as an expression of pious resignation to the will of God. We must not ask if this is the teaching of Scripture,—that would be to appeal to an alien tribunal,—but we ask, Does it satisfy the instincts of man's heart when he prays? Does it bring him into communion with God as a person with a person? Does it not rather substitute for the Divine Personality an inexorable fate or immutable law? Does it not deprive God of the chief attribute of personality, free will? Does it not limit his omnipotence, by denying to Him the power of acting in time? Nobler by far we grant it to be than the grovelling materialism which denies the possibility of miracles by deifying the empirical laws of nature; but is it really different in its practical result? Is it really a philosophy of religion, or is it not rather a philosophy which supersedes religion?

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* "Essay," vol. ii., p. 187.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 189-90.

The πρῶτον ψεῦδος, the radical error, which has defaced an otherwise noble work with these untenable conclusions, is to be found in the author's assumption that he has attained to "the real Absolute." The assumption is unfortunate in its language, no less than in its consequences. If God, by the necessity of his nature, is eternally determined to create, God is not the Absolute: He is not a being existing by Himself, having no necessary relation to any other being: He has a necessary relation to the world; He cannot exist except in relation to it. And by advancing the consequences deduced from this principle as the necessary conclusions of a philosophy of the real Absolute, the author leaves no room for belief in the possibility of a higher reality which is above philosophy; he leaves no room for the possible reconciliation of his philosophy with the teaching of Scripture or with the religious instincts of man. His opponent, the so-called sceptic, may believe in miracles, in special providence, in the efficacy of prayer, as well as in the unchangeableness of God; admitting at the same time that he cannot reconcile the two beliefs with each other; but regarding both as partial manifestations of a higher and unknown reality; and believing that they are not irreconcileable in themselves, but only by reason of our ignorance; that we might reconcile them if we knew wholly what we know in part. But the philosopher of the absolute is precluded from this belief. He may not know all things; but that which he does know is absolutely, immutably, rigidly certain as far as it goes: it is not the shadow of a higher truth, but the truth itself: whatever else remains to be known must be separate from or subordinate to this. Philosophy is not auxiliary to revelation; it is not even independent of it: it necessarily becomes antagonistic to it. There is not, as the author tries to establish, one true religion for the philosophical reason, and another equally true for the devout feelings: the two are contradictory of each other; and in whatever degree the one is accepted as true, in the same degree the other must be rejected as false. The religion of the philosopher is based on an intuition of absolute truth: whatever does not agree with this is, so far, absolutely untrue.

It is not without regret that we have undertaken this task of pointing out the faults in a work full of high principle and noble purpose. But errors are never so dangerous as when they are associated with principles and purposes such as those of M. Saisset. It belongs to the highest order of minds to conceive such a system: it is the highest order of minds who are in danger of being led astray by it. It seems nobler to soar than to stoop, yet wisdom may be nearer when

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we stoop than when we soar. The ambition which has given birth to so many various and unsuccessful attempts to scale the height of the Absolute may be, "not to despair of philosophy, the last infirmity of noble minds;" but it is an infirmity nevertheless.

But our purpose is not so much to criticise an individual work, as to call attention to the method of which that work is the representative, as contrasted with that which it condemns on the charge of scepticism. This method agrees with its antagonist in repudiating the arrogant claims of pantheistic omniscience: it agrees with it also in admitting that the essence, the absolute nature, of God is incomprehensible and inconceivable by finite beings; that none but God Himself can know what He is in Himself. Yet, starting from this confession of ignorance, it proceeds, nevertheless, to reason, with all the certainty of perfect knowledge, concerning God's mode of action in creation and in providence: the eternity of his creative act; his complete isolation from the things of time; the utter impossibility of his interposition in the world by miracle or by special providence. And what is the result of such reasoning, but that very division of humanity against itself which is the root and essence of scepticism? The reason marches triumphantly onward, proclaiming itself in possession of absolute truth, and deducing with inexorable logic the necessary consequences of that truth; but behind its march rise up in protest the crushed instincts of human nature, trampled down for the moment, but not destroyed; unable, it may be, to refute, but still more unable to believe. The God whom you preach to us, they say, a God fixed and immoveable, who cannot act in time, who cannot be influenced by prayer; a God, the image and expression of whose nature is not the free action of human will, but the fixed laws of an unyielding universe in inexhaustible evolution,—such a God may be a necessary hypothesis in your philosophy; but He is not our God; He is not the God with whom his creatures can have communion, will with will, person with person; He is not the object of our prayer and our adoration; He is not our Father in heaven. The highest triumph of philosophical reasonings such as these can only be that which the great modern sceptic himself announced as the criterion of sceptical arguments; "they admit of no answer, and produce no conviction."

If, on the other hand, we admit, with the advocates of the opposite method, that our knowledge of God is not absolute, but relative; if we found our philosophy on the saying of Bacon, "Deus percutit intellectum, propter medium inæquale, radio refracto;" if, developing the same simile, we acknowledge that those various personal attributes, whose perfection is suggested to us by contrast to our own imperfection, are apprehended in various relations, as the separate colours of the refracted ray, not in a single intuition, in a unity of representation, as the colourless light where all are blended with one—under such an admission there is room, in the midst of our apparent discrepancies and confusions, for a belief in the existence of a higher reality, where all is clear and all in unison. Eternity and continuous duration—immutability and creation in time—perfect action, yet un-unexhausted power to act—everlasting purpose and accessibility to prayer—general law and special providence—complete foreknowledge coexisting with human freedom,—we cannot combine these several elements together into a consistent whole, yet we can believe that they are capable of combination. We cannot conceive how they coexist, yet we can believe that, in some manner unknown to us, they do coexist,—

> "They are but broken lights of Thee,
> And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

If this be scepticism, it is a scepticism which strangely resembles the definition given, by a distinguished modern philosopher, of Belief:—"The true difference between knowledge and belief amounts to this, that knowledge receives its objects from intuition: belief does not; it is not to see, and yet to believe."*

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* Fries, "Wissen, Glaube und Ahndung," p. 74.

H. L. MANSEL.

# M. DE MONTALEMBERT AND THE ORIGIN OF MONASTICISM IN THE EAST AND WEST.

*Les Moines d'Occident.* Par Le Comte de Montalembert. Tt. i., ii. Paris. 1860.

THE work which M. de Montalembert has undertaken, and of which a portion only has yet been published, is one which, from its greatness and its difficulty, at once insures the interest of every student of ecclesiastical history. Few tasks, indeed, can be imagined more arduous than to follow the history of the monastic orders, from first to last, with such a combination of criticism and sympathy as can alone secure their being understood. Nothing would be easier than to write either an indiscriminate eulogy or invective; but fairly to trace the causes, partly arising from the last corruptions of the Roman Empire, and partly from the relaxation of morals in the Church and clergy, accompanying the influx of the half-converted heathen world, which made the great Fathers of the Church in the fourth and fifth centuries hail the monastic system almost as a regeneration of Christianity itself,—to yield an ungrudging sympathy to the noble efforts at self-mastery and to the intellectual vigour which inspired many of the founders of that which Christian and heathen writers alike described as "the true philosophy,"—to follow the great religious heroes—the Benedicts, Martins, and Columbans, who went from their cells to convert the new barbarian world,—and at the same time fairly to expose their wild credulity, and the strangely mixed system of belief and imposture which, gradually gathering around them, almost overlaid Christianity,—to show the real support which for many centuries the monastic system gave to Christian truth, and yet not to involve that truth in its errors—is one of the many requirements, both of candour and judgment, which might seem to make a great ecclesiastical history almost an impossibility.

In some respects M. de Montalembert is well fitted for such a work; and before we proceed to consider how far he has succeeded, we may notice the remarkable fact, that the great French writers of the last forty years have contributed more than any others towards infusing a generous and at the same time a critical spirit into ecclesiastical history. Owing, perhaps, to the ecclesiastical character of the early history of France, nearly all the great French secular historians of this generation have been Church historians also. M. Villemain was the first who began, with an early but brilliant essay on the Christian eloquence of the fourth century. M. Guizot's great work was published about the same time: nearly a third of it is devoted to purely ecclesiastical subjects, especially to the monastic system; and M. de Montalembert has justly acknowledged the great Protestant as his precursor. M. Augustin Thierry, whom M. de Montalembert could then describe as "the greatest living historian," followed on the same ground in his "Récits Merovingiens." The works of M. Ozanam on the fifth and sixth centuries, and of M. le Huerou on the Merovingians, are less known in England; but the eminent merits of the former (somewhat too passionately Catholic) are recognised by his countrymen, and Sir J. Stephen has justly called attention to the excellence of the latter. Lastly, M. Albert le Broglie has devoted a thoughtful work to the Church history of the fourth century; and the recent essays of M. Amedée Thierry, in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, are, in some respects, more remarkable than any of the foregoing, from the great life and delicacy with which he has drawn the character of some of the founders of monasticism, particularly St. Jerome. With no wish to depreciate the merits of our one eminent German authority, Neander, we are bound to say that not only are these *histories*—which *his* can scarcely be called,—not only are they written with a mastery of style to which it would be ludicrous to compare the writing of most Germans, but they have a power of seizing and painting the life of the times to which his work is entirely a stranger. They are all, it is true, inferior to the great work—great upon our special subject, as on almost all others—of Dean Milman, of which it may fairly be said that, as it is the one ecclesiastical history which England has produced in this century, so it surpasses those of other countries as much as Gibbon surpassed all secular history in the last century. It may leave us, perhaps, something to desire in an occasional want of sympathy with the great men whom it describes, but its profound knowledge is so combined both with judgment and imagination, it is at once so vivid and so fair, that there is scarcely a period or a character which it does not bring before us with the reality of life. No one has better understood both the good and bad side of the monastic system, and in attempting to describe both we shall often be grateful for the shield of his learning and authority.

The work of M. de Montalembert is different in character from any to which we have referred; and it brings the distinguished writer so strongly before us in every page, that it can hardly be appreciated without glancing, however briefly, at some of the peculiarities of his career. As a literary work, we cannot indeed speak of it in the highest terms. It is not so much a history as a long speech, whose sustained declamation becomes rather fatiguing, while its want of repose deprives it both of philosophy and of the steady march of narrative. It reminds us at once of Burke on the French Revolution; but Burke, with all his passion, is eminently philosophical, and Tacitus himself scarcely surpasses him in the power of condensing the deepest political truth into a few burning words. Like him, indeed, M. de Montalembert has a right to say, "I adore liberty;" for through his whole life he has loved it well, though not always wisely; for he has curiously combined it with another passion (and both liberty and religion are *passions* with M. de Montalembert), that of absolute devotion to the Church of Rome; and this combination, which we have hardly ever seen in any other great writer, while it has always given a noble and chivalrous tone to his life and writings, has imparted to both a somewhat exaggerated and even unreal character. This is hardly the place even to glance at his public life, nor would we speak in any language but that of admiration of one of those great writers who, excluded from their natural sphere of political action, have found a noble solace in creating a literature worthy of the best days of French learning. But the early companion both of La Mennais and Lacordaire, the long and bitter assailant of the Government of Louis Philippe for its supposed opposition to the clergy, and the vigorous defender of early Imperialism, must allow us to think that he has committed great mistakes equally in his love for freedom and for Rome, and that the combination of the two is, in our day at least, impossible. We allude to this, because the same generosity of intention, and something too of the same failure in results, seem to mark his present work. He is, of course, the enthusiastic admirer of the monastic orders; to him they have always been the great "spiritual chivalry" of the Church—have combined personal devotedness with the spirit of individual and even of political freedom, and were destroyed not by the inevitable corruptions and decay of such institutions, but partly by the cruel interference of the State with religion, when the French kings bestowed the great abbeys on their mistresses, or on Richelieu and Dubois, and partly by the tyranny of Henry the Eighth and Joseph the Second, and the infidel madness of the French Revolution. There is some truth in this view, but it is not the whole truth; and while M. de Montalembert is quite honest in his wish to conceal none of the corruptions of monasteries, he is often forced by the necessities of his position to keep the dark side of the shield out of sight. He has certainly no difficulty in showing that the Church, especially the great founders of early monasticism—Ambrose, Chrysostom, Basil, and Jerome, —were the best representatives of thought and freedom in the last days of the Roman Empire, or (as he has finely expressed it) that "genius, glory, virtue, courage, freedom, all that makes life honourable, even in a human point of view, were to be found only in the Church, amid those great controversies and incessant struggle for the salvation of souls and the triumph of truth, in which she had always reason, genius, and right on her side, though there was not enough to give her consequence before the throne of her protectors." He has painted vividly, though with too constant reference to his own time and country, the servile baseness of the "Grecs du bas Empire," and the imminent danger of the Church in accepting an ideal, "so dear to many minds, of a man before whom all men prostrated themselves, and who, master of these slaves, bowed down in his turn before God;" nor do we even demur to an exaggerated estimate of the Middle Ages, which caricatures M. Guizot's *dictum*, that "personal independence was the legacy of the barbarians to Europe," by representing freedom as the leading feature in a period when the great feudal nobles were allowed to hang their serfs *ad libitum*, and when in France, Germany, Italy, Spain—everywhere, in short, except in England,—the great feudatories first joined their monarch to enslave the commons, and then became willing slaves themselves. Exaggerated and rhetorical views of this kind are, however, too common with M. de Montalembert, and they contrast with the careful and *historical* moderation of the better French writers, such as M. Guizot and the two Thierrys. They are a serious blot on his present work: where he always seems to be afraid of giving some of the liveliest, though no doubt the most grotesque, features of the picture. Thus, take the miracles so frequent in the gravest histories of the early monks,—of Paul, of Antony, of St. Martin, and St. Benedict. M. de Montalembert undoubtedly gives many such, but they are very select specimens. The crow which for thirty years brings St. Paul the hermit his half loaf for breakfast, and which brings a whole one when St. Antony visits him; the devil which attacks St. Benedict in the shape of a blackbird, and flaps his eyes with his wings; the same personage who appears to St.

Martin with a bloody ox-horn in his hand, and says to him, "Martin, where is now your power? I have just gored one of your people," —most of these traits, so characteristic of the time, either wholly disappear, or are pared down to the most modern and reasonable dimensions. A similar suppression is found in the account of the corruptions and fall of monasticism, where M. de Montalembert is perfectly honest in his facts, but shrinks from their inevitable deductions. "How," he asks frankly, "did the Church allow herself to be ruined by this lamentable decay? It is, I will venture to say, the darkest and most unaccountable page in her history;" but the practical conclusion is always, "It was Joseph the Second and the French Revolution." And yet the history of the last of the great Orders, the Jesuits, might have warned M. de Montalembert that the days of the more cloistered orders, and even of the Mendicants, was passed. Is it not a most instructive fact that no great monastery, except perhaps the Trappists and some of the Benedictines, has flourished for the last three hundred years? The only one of a world-wide reputation has been Port Royal; and we all know the countenance which its honest attempt at reform received from the Popes. The fact is,—if the Church of Rome could but learn the truth even now,—that when men like Joseph the Second unsparingly applied the pruning-knife, they were giving monasticism its last and best chance. It has never known the day of its visitation: it has fallen elsewhere, as it will probably now fall in its last stronghold of Italy, never to revive. Isolated revivals, like that of the Dominicans in France under the great Lacordaire, may be partially successful; and certainly, if conducted as his was, they will deserve the sympathy of every friend of piety and education. But the world now needs other tools for its greatest works; the vigour, the very meaning, of the monastic system is gone; and (let M. de Montalembert take comfort!) the glory of the Church is *not* "extinguished for ever."

These remarks may be sufficient to give some idea of the character of M. de Montalembert's work; but we shall do it more justice by following on different occasions his account of the monastic orders in their leading periods. It will naturally fall under the following heads: —(1) Their commencement with the *Solitaries* of Egypt and the East; (2) the change of the Solitaries into communities by St. Basil in the East, and St. Jerome in the East and West; (3) the order of St. Benedict, and its paramount influence for several centuries in the conversion of the barbarian world, particularly by the monks of France, England, and Ireland; (4) the great days of Cluny, Citeaux, and St. Bernard, followed by the rise of the Mendicant orders, and their struggle with the Albigenses, with the great Schoolmen and artists whom they produced; (5) the active character given to monasticism by the Jesuits, and traceable in the labours of St. Vincent de Paul and St. Francis de Sales. We shall in the present notice confine ourselves to the two earliest periods, and deal solely with the *origin* of monasticism in the East and West.

### I.—MONACHISM IN EGYPT AND THE EAST.

No one who knows the early history of Christianity will fall into the common error of supposing the monastic system to have been the creation of the Roman Catholic Church. Whatever its parentage—of this we will speak presently—it soon became the adopted child of all the great leaders of the Church in the East and West in the fourth and fifth centuries,—of Athanasius and Chrysostom, of Basil and Jerome and Augustin; and its institution as "a fourth order of the clergy" (as Dr. Newman calls it) was more than anything else a practical protest against the laxity of morals which invaded the Church, and especially the clergy, upon the nominal conversion of the Roman Empire. The object of its great founders was to make it what it continued to be for a thousand years, a church within the Church, a refuge at once and a nursery for men of unusual devotion of life, who without being necessarily or generally clergy themselves,—a point greatly insisted upon at first,—should stand by the side of the clergy as an auxiliary, a rival, or even an antagonistic order. Suspicion, indeed, and dislike existed from the very beginning between the monks and the clergy, and it was always highest when the monastic system was at its best; in fact, both in their good and bad points, in their devotion and extravagance, the resemblances between many of the monastic orders and the sects both of England and Germany, between the Franciscans and the Wesleyans, are real and instructive. Such was very early the practical aspect of monasticism; but its actual birth was due to that passion for a life of contemplation and celibacy which, pervading most of the Eastern religions, and traceable even in the greatest works of Greek philosophy, has left so deep an impress on Christianity. We need not stop to discuss the question of its Scriptural authority; but while the general tone of our Lord's teaching, exhibiting fully the darker and sadder side of life, has little of an ascetic character in the common sense of the word, some striking passages might certainly be found, both in the Gospels and the writings of St. Paul, which, especially in a dissolute state of society, might be held to favour a life of celibacy, and even of asceticism, though scarcely we think of monasticism; in fact, without such an apparent sanction, celibacy could never have taken its strong hold upon some of the best men of the Church. The celibacy of the clergy once established, the monastic system followed almost as a matter of course. Men who, in order to achieve a more complete victory over themselves, had fled from the world and devoted themselves to a life of self-discipline, prayer, and labour, were not only likely to be regarded, but in point of fact to become, the most earnest reformers, the most fearless missionaries, and almost the only thinkers and students. They were sure to be welcomed in the corruption and misery of a time like the fifth century; were sure to be the chief agents in the conversion of the still heathen world; sure to be the main support of thought and devotion in the violence and darkness of the Middle Ages. This, indeed, is but an imperfect outline of their work and objects, and there is a far darker side to the picture; but such was on the whole the principle and mission of monasticism, and it was carried out, unquestionably with many failures, but still with an energy, a devotion, and a success which entitle it to a great place in history.

"Egypt," says Gibbon, in one of his liveliest surveys, "the fruitful parent of superstition, afforded the first example of the monastic life. Antony, an illiterate youth of the lower parts of the Thebais, distributed his patrimony, deserted his family and native home, and executed his monastic penance with original and intrepid fanaticism;" and he goes on to amuse himself with "the dark genius of superstition," the "horrid and disgusting aspect of the anchorites," and the "huge volume of the lives of these Fathers of the desert." It might perhaps tempt us to smile at the strange reactions of philosophy if we were to compare the tone in which philosophic writers of our own times, such as Amedée Thierry or even M. Renan, have described these same "Fathers," and their "Lives," as "the most delightful of all the Saints" (we quote M. Renan); "a solemn and austere romance, in which the usually inanimate style of Port Royal seems to glow with life in painting the Fathers of the Thebais;" and it is certainly a curious instance of the almost original difference between the ordinary Protestant and the Roman Catholic mind, or the mind of the practical Englishman and the passionate Frenchman, that lives and histories which *we* have utterly forgotten, and can scarcely read without ridicule, should excite the interest of the greatest minds amongst our neighbours. In the very lowest age of French literature, M. Ducis could write, "I am reading the lives of the Fathers of the desert: there is a charm in transporting oneself to that land of angels: one would wish never to leave it." Mr. Tennyson, on the other hand, has attempted to describe the feelings of Symeon Stylites in a fashion which betrays an entire ignorance of the temper of early religion. Dr. Arnold was the only one of liberal writers in his generation who had at once the historic insight and the devotional feeling to deplore the fact that Protestants have lost nearly all interest in the lives of those great early saints, who with much unavoidable alloy of human error were yet among the first and bravest citizens of that New Jerusalem which "descended out of heaven from God."*

### § 1. *Life of the Egyptian Solitaries.*

The passages we have quoted may fitly introduce us to the history of the first monks, in describing which we shall be guided less by M. de Montalembert than by Jerome and Athanasius, in the letters and biographies of the former, and the Life which the latter has left us of Antony. It was in the year 340 A.C. that Athanasius, then an exile at Rome, first introduced the Egyptian monks to the knowledge of the West, and sowed the seeds of that enthusiasm among his followers, particularly the devout Roman ladies, which afterwards bore fruit an hundredfold under Jerome. The monks, and especially Antony, had been always his warmest adherents; three times in the course of a life so brave and eventful that it warms even Gibbon into enthusiasm, they had sheltered him with a fidelity which reminds us of Hildebrand and the "great Countess" Matilda, or (if the parallel is not too familiar) of Charles Edward in the caves of the Highlands; and while defying from the Thebais the whole power of the Empire, he had astonished the sternest ascetics by surpassing each in his utmost austerities. He was now accompanied by two of these monks, Ammon and Isidore—the first a rough ascetic of the desert, the second a zealous young devotee, with those brilliant and popular talents which have often marked similar characters like Xavier and De Rancé. Both, however, strongly contrasted with the laxity of the Roman clergy; and the Romans heard with astonishment and admiration of this new spiritual order or army which had suddenly appeared in Egypt, and which soon amounted to upwards of 100,000, and, according to the exaggeration of one of their writers, almost outnumbered the inhabitants of the cities. Beginning in the last persecutions, and probably about the year 300,—the first hermit, Paul, had fled into the desert earlier, in the times of Decius,—they had grown rapidly during the Arian contests, and though scattered over the whole valley of the Nile, were now chiefly concentrated in three localities—the mountain country of Nitria, lying in a line between Memphis and Alexandria, with its neighbouring desert of Scete; the upper Thebais, especially the island of Tabenna; and the town of Oxyrinchus, about midway between Thebes and Alexandria. Athanasius, who had penetrated into every recess of the desert, could well describe the strange varieties of their life. Roughly speaking, the monks were divided into three classes, —the monastic, the recluse, and the solitaries,—each holding its own little belt of the desert. The first of these belts was the more cultivated land near the towns, in which lay the monasteries and villages (λαύραι) of the Cenobites, the congregations into which the experience of the wiser leaders soon taught them to collect their followers, rather than to expose them to the trials of a life of absolute solitude. Here the monasteries differed little from the early ones of France and England, each having its prior or archimandrite at its head,—distributed sometimes into as many as twenty-four different classes, and forming each a society in itself, with its own workmen—smiths, tailors, and carpenters, and last, not least, their steward. The life was the usual monastic one of prayer and manual labour—the prayer, however, being simple and unsystematic, for they usually met only at mid-day and midnight, and read the Psalms and Lessons, and their fastings were left to individual discretion; the labour was usually incessant, by day and (under the clear sky of Egypt) by night, as the best refuge against the many trials of solitude. The numbers thus collected were immense. Oxyrinchus, the great spiritual centre, had its 20,000 monks and 10,000 nuns; Tabenna, under Pachomius, had its 3,000, and in Jerome's time 5,000; and there were 5,000 in Nitria. Such was the first belt: the second was that with which the great frescoes of Laurati and Orgagna in the Campo Santo at Pisa have made us familiar, the land of the more recluse monks, who had built their cells in little clusters of three or four, or found refuge in those natural and artificial caves which abound in Egypt. The third and last belt was that of the strictest and most adventurous solitaries, dwelling in the dens and caves of the desert, where each lived in perfect solitude, or rather with the beasts and demons which people the legends, and where he did battle with the fierce and gloomy temptations of the solitary life, the remembrances of his past sins, the instigations of his passions and imagination, and, above all (as it was believed), with the constant visible assaults of Satan. It was a life which (to their credit be it said) the experience of their great spiritual teachers soon taught them to shun and denounce,—which almost drove the strong intellect of Jerome to madness,—from which, as Chrysostom was not slow to warn his followers, weaker men often fall back into wild immorality,—which created indeed both great men and madmen,* but with the madmen in a large majority.

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* The last and suggestive words of "Ecce Homo," p. 330.

### § 2. *Scenes of Solitary Life.*

Let us here pause for a moment to describe one or two scenes of this life, which is the distinctive one of the earliest solitaries. It was in his last days the life of the simple, childlike Antony, when he was driven from his early retreat by the crowds of his followers. But his retirement, as Dean Milman well says, "had nothing of the horrid and savage character affected by other recluses;" and St. Jerome has prettily described the mountain at the foot of which his own hands had built his cell, with the fresh spring welling out into the little rivulet, and "shaded by innumerable palm trees." Here, long afterwards, his followers loved to visit Antony's little garden, the trees he had planted himself, with the tank, and the rude spade. Here he used to walk about singing his psalms, praying and working and talking with his disciples. Here, on the mountain sides, "high up, like ways to heaven," were the scattered cells of his followers. . . . Other scenes are far wilder, but not without a half savage, poetical interest. Such is the home of Nilus, who, after holding high offices at Constantinople, retired to Mount Sinai, became the apostle of the wild Saracen tribes, and is described by Neander as one of the wisest and most spiritual of the solitaries. Such is the hut or den of Arsenius, who, after being the tutor of the Emperor Arcadius, retired to the desert at the age of forty, and, not without strange austerities, made the last fifty years of his life almost a long solitary prayer. Here, lastly, is the wild and romantic seclusion in which the first hermit, St. Paul, had buried himself, and where Jerome, not without touches of his broad humour, describes Antony's visit to him. After three days of wandering, in which Antony falls in, first with a hippocentaur and then a satyr, he suddenly stumbles on the stone which is the mouth of Paul's den; and after battering at it the whole night, is at last welcomed in a dialogue which reminds us of the assault of Richard on the hermitage of the Clerk of Copmanhurst. "If you admit beasts, you will surely admit me: if you do not, I will die at your door." "Ad quem," says Jerome—"responsum paucis ita reddidit heros,"—"What is the use of talking if you mean to die?" and with a burst of laughter he opens the door. The saints embrace; and Paul's first question is, "How is the human race going on?" After a short conversation, a crow, which had been in the habit of bringing half a loaf to Paul for his breakfast, now appears with a whole one for Antony. We may as well give the conclusion: Paul dies, and while Antony is looking for a spade to bury him, two lions enter, which rush to the body of the saint, roar in token of mourning, dig Paul's grave with their paws, and bury him, and then (*quasi mercedem postulantes*) return to lick the hands of Antony. Such a story sounds ludicrous enough; but it is too characteristic of the belief or fancy of the fourth century to be omitted.

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* "De cette rude école du désert," says M. Villemain, "il sortait des grands hommes et des fous." Quoted by Milman, "Latin Christianity," i. 409.

### § 3. *Character of the Early Lives of the Saints.*

But the histories of these early saints deserve more than a passing notice. They were, in fact, the "tract" literature of those days, and their diffusion, like that of the Acta Sanctorum of the Middle Ages, was enormous. The lives of most of the saints, such as Ammon; Sabas, the missionary of the Goths; Spiridion, the Greek saint; and Simeon, the Persian missionary, were diffused over the whole East immediately after their deaths. The Bollandists refer to numerous anonymous lives which have never seen the light. Rufinus, the friend and afterwards the bitter enemy of Jerome, wrote a large collection, which was long attributed to his great opponent. Above all, two of the greatest men of the time, Athanasius and Jerome, wrote with enthusiasm the lives of three monks, Paul, Antony, and Hilarion, whom they describe, to use Chrysostom's words, as "the ideal of Christian virtue, in contrast to the sad realities of Christian immorality." "Every profession," says Jerome, "has its models; let ours be the Pauls and Antonys, the Hilarions and Macarii."

The point which first startles us in these lives is the constant miracle. If "the air is not so thick with miracles"—to use a phrase of Mr. Lecky's—as in the Middle Ages, still the germ was there which afterwards developed into the lives of St. Benedict by Gregory the Great, and that of St. Martin by Gregory of Tours; the last of whom never cuts his hand, or has a sore throat, or a fit of the colic, without resorting to the shrine of St. Martin, and being cured on the spot. At the same time, there are some really important distinctions. The miracles mentioned by Jerome are simple matters of fact, and though ludicrous enough, are related with a half smile, which makes us doubt whether he actually believed them, and did not rather set them down as the natural incidents of a land of wonder and mystery, like Othello's account of his wanderings among—

"The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

He has his doubts about the hippocentaur, and only believes the satyr on the ground that a live satyr had been exhibited at Alexandria, and had been pickled (*sale infusum*) and sent to Antioch for the inspection of the Emperor Constantius. The Life of Antony, by St. Athanasius, is indeed far more remarkable. It is written with great simplicity and beauty, and the miracles which it relates are almost entirely psychological; they are a record of Antony's spiritual struggles, thrown into the form, then universally believed, of a visible conflict with Satan. One or two of them may be enough to give a vivid idea of the work:—

> "The envious devil, the enemy of all good, could not endure to see such a spirit in a young man, . . . and so the wretch (ὁ ἄθλιος) first appeared at night in the form of a woman; . . . and then being defeated, and being as black in his body as he is in his mind, he showed himself in the form of a black boy, and confessed both his snares and his defeat,—'How

> many,' he said, 'have I deceived, but you have overcome me!' And Antony answered, 'You are indeed a contemptible fellow, black in your mind, and a weak child; I shall never fear you again.'"

Upon which "the black one" (ὁ μέλας ἔκεινος) took to flight, and never again appeared in person.

> "One night, however, he attacked the saint, and almost beat him to death; and then, finding even this to fail, he called together his dogs (συγκάλεσας τοὺς κύνας), and said, 'We must take another shape:' and as he has power to assume every form, the walls of Antony's cell seemed to burst asunder, and the place was full of the shapes of lions, bears, wolves, leopards, and bulls. They all made at the saint, and some bit and stung him; but he, suffering in body, but brave in spirit, still dared them to the conflict,—'Come on, if you have power against me: the seal of my safety is the Lord.' At last, help came, a ray of light seemed to shine through the roof, and the demons fled. Then Antony exclaims, 'Ah, where wert Thou? why didst Thou not sooner appear to relieve my pain?' 'I saw it all,' replied the Voice, 'and did but delay that I might witness thy struggle and victory; and now I will be ever thy helper, and make thee famous through the world.'"

We will not here speak of the evident belief and feeling which runs through the story, nor further digress into the large subject of ecclesiastical miracles; but it is plain enough that the most important of them have a psychological character rather than one of actual fact; they refer to what was then a universal belief, the visible presence and intervention of Satan in the world. In this respect Luther is the precise and most curious parallel to St. Antony; for Luther not only believed that the devil could beget children, but he actually fell in with one of them himself, and most anxiously advised its relations to throw it into the Elbe. Jerome's own story of the voice which stopped his profane studies with the cry, "You are no Christian, you are a Ciceronian," may suggest the nucleus of a disordered imagination, from which many a more circumstantial miracle grew up, like the other famous story of Luther when he hurled his inkbottle at Satan on the Wartburg. The credulous easily believed, or the zealous invented, fresh details; but to refer the whole, as Middleton does, to imposture, will sound simply ridiculous in the days of Thierry, Guizot, or Grote.

This rough sketch may be enough to give some idea of the birth of monasticism in Egypt and the East. And of all the strange events of its history its birth was perhaps the strangest. That wild army—for such it almost was—of more than 100,000 men and women from all conditions of life—the noblest, wealthiest, poorest—carried away by one contagious fervour, which nothing in history resembles except the cry of the Crusaders, "It is the will of God,"—these strange "dwellers in caves and dens," who had no thought in their minds except, in their own rough way, that of pleasing God, inspire us with different feelings from those which they gave to Gibbon. Erring, no doubt, and failing in many things which a calmer creed may have taught, we yet cannot (let us again quote Dean Milman*) "refuse to acknowledge the grandeur of that sole passion of admiration and love of the Deity, which no doubt was attained by some of the purer and more imaginative enthusiasts of the cell or the cloister. Who, still more, will dare to depreciate that heroism of Christian benevolence, which underwent this self-denial of the lawful enjoyments and domestic charities, of which it had neither extinguished the desire nor subdued the regret, not from the slavish fear of displeasing the Deity, . . . but from the generous desire of advancing the temporal and eternal improvement of mankind, . . . of being the messengers of Christian faith and the ministers of Christian charity to the heathen, whether in creed or in character?" We can hardly wonder at the zeal with which many devout spirits hastened to Egypt to admire what they almost considered as a regeneration of Christianity. "Certè," says Paulla, the great patrician convert of Jerome, "flos quidèm et pretiosissimus lapis inter ecclesiastica monumenta monachorum et virginum chorus!"

And then, with a singular contrast, this Egyptian monasticism vanished almost as suddenly as it came. A hundred years later, and we are reminded again of the quotation with which Gibbon closes his chapter on the Crusades,—"A melancholy silence reigned along that shore which once had echoed with the world's debate." M. de Montalembert is indeed right in reproaching all Eastern monachism with its barrenness. It scarcely produced *one* really great man. That of the West teemed with such. A few great characters were connected with Eastern monachism at its beginning, who may be said, like Chrysostom, Basil, and Athanasius, to have "braced their strong minds with the air of the desert." Nor were there wanting occasions when it played a noble part,—when the monks of Antioch withstood Theodosius in one of his bursts of fury, and when the martyrdom of Telemachus achieved one of the greatest moral triumphs of Christianity, by putting an end to the gladiatorial massacres. But soon in religious as well as in political life, "westward the course of empire took its way," with its born rulers of men, the great Gregories, Benedict, and Innocent, and the Saint of Saints, St. Bernard. Before we show the manner in which this movement began in Italy, we will let M. de Montalembert describe, in his highly coloured language, the fate of monasticism in the East:—

> "After an age of unparalleled virtue and fruitfulness—after having presented to the monastic life of all ages immortal models, and a kind of ideal almost unattainable—the monastic order allowed itself to be overcome, through all the Byzantine Empire, by that enfeeblement of which Oriental Christianity has been the victim. . . . While the monks of the West,

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* "History of Christianity," iii. 323.

under the vivifying influence of the Roman See, strove victoriously against the corruption of the ancient world, converted and civilized barbarous nations, . . . preserved the treasures of ancient literature, and maintained the traditions of all the secret and profane sciences, the monks of the East sank gradually into nothingness. . . . They yielded to all the deadly impulses of that declining society, of whose decay despotism was at once the result and the chastisement; . . . they could neither renovate the society which surrounded them, nor take possession of the Pagan nations which snatched away every day some new fragment of the Empire. Even the deposit of ancient knowledge escaped from their feeble hands. They have saved nothing, regenerated nothing, elevated nothing. . . . It has been with religion as with the glory of arms and the splendour of letters. Following a mysterious but undoubted law, it is always from the East to the West that progress, light, and strength have gone forth. Like the light of day they are born in the East, but rise and shine more brilliantly as they advance towards the West."

## II.—THE MONASTIC SYSTEM UNDER ST. JEROME, IN ROME AND PALESTINE.

### § 1. *Effeminacy of Rome immediately after its Conversion to Christianity.*

Monasticism assumed a far more important position in the world through the writings of Jerome; and this was partly due to a cause which has never been so influential at any other period of Christianity. For, with the exception of Jerome, all the chief actors were women; they were the last great Roman matrons, the wives and daughters of the last senators of Rome. Within twenty years of the sack of the city by Alaric, and in the very dregs of Roman effeminacy, the Christian Paullas, Marcellas, and Furias seemed to reproduce the Cornelias and Martias of the Republic. Both in their faults and virtues, in their strong Roman wills and vehemence, as well as in the tenderness and depth of their devotion, they are a connecting link between the heroines of the old world and the Scholasticas and Radegondas of the new, and they form perhaps the most striking band of female saints in the history of Christianity. "L'époque brillante des saintes," says M. Renan, "est à mon avis du IV. au VI. siècle: les dames chrétiennes de ce temps, Monique, Paule, Eustochie, Radegonde, ont un charme tout particulier."

It is impossible, however, to understand their influence without a glance at the state of morals in Rome itself, during the last century of the Empire and the first of its nominal conversion to Christianity—a period which was even more remarkable in its ecclesiastical than in its political aspect. The spirit of the Roman Empire, indeed, lasted on to Theodoric, but after the two religions had stood for awhile side by side, outward Paganism gradually collapsed; and then its half-converted and dissolute followers seemed likely to repeat the old story and take their conqueror captive. M. de Montalembert has powerfully described some of the enormous dangers which at this time assailed the Christian Church, and he is perhaps right in doubting "if ever she stood nearer the brink of that precipice down which God has promised she shall never fall." He has, indeed, scarcely appreciated the deep and general degradation of the Christian laity and clergy in the fourth century, which found its Juvenal or Tacitus in Jerome; but he justly lays stress on one cause—perhaps the greatest, certainly the immediate cause—of the ruin of Rome, which has too often passed unnoticed. For what really destroyed Rome was less the cruelty or the vices of its rulers than the enormous luxury which for centuries had been draining the whole Empire of its wealth in order to pamper the court, the senate, the army, and the worthless populace of the city. To the provinces—to Gaul, Spain, Britain, Italy itself—most of the emperors were like the old proconsuls; their fiscal exactions ruined rich and poor; and while the Romans themselves scarcely knew the burden of taxation, 500,000 acres of land lay uncultivated, from sheer poverty, in Campania alone. The consequence of this was an effeminacy, tending to an utter corruption of manners, which infected all classes, Christians and Pagans, laity and clergy alike, and of which a curious account has been left us in some well-known passages of the contemporary Pagan historian Marcellinus. In language of the bitterest sarcasm he describes the Roman lords and ladies of the day as "a race scarcely equal even to the pursuit of pleasure, hardly capable of a sail from Puteoli to Gaeta; and too indolent even to share in the field sports which their servants prepare for them." The passage is far too long to quote in detail, and we may refer our readers to Gibbon's excellent summary of it. He goes on to say,—

> "Shut up in their palaces, where if a sunbeam penetrates, they will lament that they were not born in the land of the Cimmerians, the regions of eternal darkness, these worthies only occasionally go abroad, to display their splendid dresses on their lofty chariots, or in some freak to dash at mad speed through the streets. In public, at the baths or elsewhere, they will treat their fellow-citizens with contempt, while if some infamous instrument of their vices appears, they rush to embrace her as if she was a Cleopatra."

Nor was the luxury of the ladies behind that of their husbands:—

> "At home, crowds of eunuchs are a necessary part of the furniture of a fine lady's apartments, and her sole occupation is some new invention of dress or paint. Their light robes of silk, which cover rather than conceal the person, are curiously inwrought with pictures; the Christians have some story from Scripture, the heathens prefer the loves of Venus and Adonis." "If they go abroad they never" (as Jerome says of Paula) "set their feet upon the ground, but are borne on their litters by their eunuchs,—a whole

army of servants accompanying them, the body-slaves in front, the cooks behind them, the eunuchs again in the rear."

Marcellinus is not quite so great as Gibbon, perhaps, in respect to one of the "last of the Pagans," would persuade us, but he has an amusing though sometimes tedious vein of sarcasm, and he exhausts all his wit in describing these descendants of men whose "austere manners would not permit a husband to embrace a wife before their daughter." If such were the firstfruits of the converted Empire, they may well have suggested to the Jeromes and Chrysostoms of the day that the triumph of Christianity was likely to prove its ruin. "Many Christians," says Chrysostom, "scarcely attend Church once in the year;" and when they do so, Augustin adds, "the same crowds who have thronged the Church rush to the heathen temples." Some of the ablest men of the time, like Symmachus, preferred their old heathenism; others, like the poet Claudian, were Christians only in name. But indifference was not confined to the laity; almost every class of the Christian clergy in the head-quarters of the Christian world was corrupted. The pomp of the Roman prelates, and the tumults at every election, were already a scandal; and Marcellinus, contrasting them with the modesty of the provincial bishops, repeats the sarcasm of Prætextatus to Pope Damasus,—"Only make me Pope, and I will at once become a Christian." An immense proportion of the rest of the clergy were living in a kind of half-recognised concubinage. "We are ashamed to speak of it," says the vehement Jerome, "but it is too true. Whence has come this pest of the *Agapetæ* into the Church? unde meretrices univiræ? Eâdem domo, uno cubiculo, sæpe uno tenentur et lectulo, et suspiciosos nos vocant si aliquid existimamus!" The clerical fop, the clerical legacy-hunter, the clerical seducer, are the topics of many a strange letter to his female converts, and it is a very mild expression when he tells Eustochium that "many enter Orders for no other reason than that they may deal with women more freely." Jerome was no doubt at daggers drawn with the Roman clergy: but no blacker picture has come down to us of any period in the Church.

## § 2. *Early Life and Character of Jerome.*

It was at this crisis that the reform began which forms such a striking and almost romantic feature in the great but eccentric career of Jerome, and which powerfully contributed to establish the monastic system in the West. Jerome, or to give him his full name, Eusebius Hieronymus, born about 345, was a young Dalmatian, whom his father intended for a civil profession, and had sent to be educated at Rome. Not yet baptized, though nominally a Christian, he had fallen in some degree into the vices of the city: "I had to lament," he afterwards says, "more than one fall, more than one shipwreck;" and his later mental conflicts were greatly due to the remembrances of his youth. It was possibly on this account that his father took him away from Rome, and sent him to the Court of the Emperor Valentinian at Treves; but about the year 371, when he was still only twenty-five or twenty-six years old, we find him again at Rome, where he received baptism. Thence he returned for a time to his native town of Aquileia, where he planned the scheme of monastic retirement which led him to pass the greater part of his life in Palestine. His thoughts naturally turned to the East; and leaving Aquileia with a small band of devoted followers, we find him wandering for some time among the great Christian Churches of Asia Minor.

Much of Jerome's life was spent in travelling, and he was in some respects a very "unattached Christian," for he would never become a priest, and was only ordained deacon by violence, and on condition that he should never officiate; so that we are not surprised at finding that his monastic schemes fell into abeyance for some time at Antioch, where he took an active part in the ecclesiastical disputes of the town. They were accidentally revived by a visit to a solitary named Malchus, of whom he has written a simple and touching life, and whose account of himself had such an effect upon Jerome, that, in bitter self-reproach at his delay, he suddenly left Antioch, and flinging himself into a monastery at Chalcis, near Libanus, which was at that time a sort of Syrian Thebais, he plunged into all the austerities of the system. The phantasms of his past sins continually assailing him; his flesh dead with fasting while his soul still burned with passion; the image of Rome always tempting him with its splendours and its pleasures; the long days spent in prayer and weeping; the restless search after peace, which drove him during many weeks of fasting into the wildest mountains and valleys, which he thought might be "the prison of this miserable body;" and then the confession, "I cast myself at the feet of Jesus, and I call God to witness I felt myself transported into the very midst of the angels,"—all are described with a power of passion and language scarcely inferior to Augustin. We must not, however, dwell on this at present. Partly his broken health, and partly a dispute with the monks, drove him back after five years, first to Antioch and then to Rome, where he at once came forward as the advocate of monasticism against the secular clergy, with whom some events in the city had made it extremely unpopular.

### § 3. *Jerome's Roman Converts: the Convent on Mount Aventine.*

Some of the greatest of the Roman ladies were now indeed in the full fervour of that passion for the monastic life, the seeds of which had been sown thirty years before by Athanasius, but which the temper of the time had hitherto repressed. The three principal of these were patricians of the highest rank and wealth, whose names indicate the great families which they represented—Paulla, Marcella, and Fabiola; to whom we may add Melania, a rich young Spaniard, whose sudden flight to Egypt during Jerome's former visit had excited a strong popular feeling, and indeed suspicion, against him. Described in the vivid style of Jerome's letters, and in the epitaphs (or funeral orations) which he has left of two of them, the characters of all of them stand out with a clearness which might well tempt us to describe these last daughters of the Scipios and the Fabii; but we are now only concerned with them as the "lady superiors" of what Jerome was fond of calling "the household Church." We will speak chiefly of Marcella, who was indeed the centre of the party, and who, though the devoted friend of Jerome, was the spiritual child of Athanasius. He had lived in the palace of her mother Albina during his abode at Rome, and Marcella had taken his early lessons for the inspiration of her life.

If Marcella was, as she is said to have been, one of the most beautiful, she was certainly also the most learned of the Roman ladies; and her letters to Jerome are an amusing instance of the "free thought" of the time; indeed, they are full of Scripture difficulties, which he cannot always solve. She seems early to have devoted herself to an unmarried life, and her rejection of Cerialis, the nephew of Constantine, and the richest senator of Rome, caused the bitterest annoyance to her mother and her relations; and although she surrendered to them a large part of her fortune, the simplicity of her life, and her absolute rejection of the luxury of the day, was a further wound to their pride. Her character was assailed by every calumny, and she soon determined to withdraw herself to the palace of her ancestors on the Aventine, which became the centre of the religious society, though it scarcely numbered any of the clergy, of Rome. Its chief members were patrician ladies like herself: first Asella and Læta, of the last of whom Jerome has drawn one of his best pictures, when he describes her father, the old Pontifex, become a Christian in his old age, and dandling his Christian grandchild in his arms; next was Fabiola, the penitent of the party, who had married a second husband while the first was still living, and expiated her offence by a public penance in the Church of St. John Lateran; lastly came the family of Paulla, herself and her two daughters, Blæsilla and Eustochium,—the first a thorough Roman fashionable lady, who, till her last illness, was divided (the expression is Jerome's) between her glass and her devotion; the second, a young girl of a pious and devoted character, who was afterwards her mother's companion to Palestine. The life of these ladies at once reminds us of Port Royal and its Parisian converts; they were a band of devotees, many of whom still lived in the world, but given up to prayer and good works, and even to deep and earnest study. Paulla and Marcella had studied first Greek, and afterwards Hebrew, in order that they might chant the Psalms in their original language. But Marcella was evidently the presiding spirit of the party. The rough Jerome always treats her with great respect, not without an occasional grim joke at her learning; and it is plain that she often spoke her mind to him. "I know," he says, "that when you read this you will knit your brow, and, if you could, would stop my mouth with your fingers;" but his deliberate opinion is best expressed in a letter on her death, which occurred in the first sack of Rome, when she and her adopted daughter, Principia, were cruelly ill-treated by Alaric's soldiers. "The whole time that I was in Rome," he says, "she never saw me without questioning me on points of history or of doctrine; never content herself, like a true Pythagorean, with the first answer, or allowing herself to be imposed upon by authority without inquiry. Often in her presence I had to change my character, and become disciple instead of teacher." The gentler side of her character is well touched by Paulla, when she appealed to her in vain to join them in Palestine. "Our dearest Marcella," she calls her, "the gentlest, and sweetest, and tenderest of friends,—illa omni melle et dulcedine dulcior."

This little institution, "the gilded Thebais" of the Aventine, presided over and directed by Jerome, soon became the centre of a powerful reform amongst the upper classes of Rome, and contributed more than anything else to establish the monastic system in Italy. Up to this time there had been numerous scattered monasteries in all directions, and the two great bishops of the north, Ambrose and Eusebius of Vercellæ, had each supported it in his diocese; but Jerome tells us that no Roman lady had embraced or even favoured it before Marcella. It was, indeed, intensely unpopular in Rome; and the monks were assailed, on the one hand by the literary men and the clergy, while their lives were in danger from the fury of the mob. The poet Rutilius, a Gaul domiciled in Rome, is roused into unusual animation in describing the anger with which he "turned away his eyes" from the little island of Capraia, "the living tomb of a fellow-citizen:"—

"Aversor scopulos, damni monumenta recentis,
  Perditus hic vivo funere civis erat.
Impulsus furiis homines divosque reliquit,
  Et turpem latebram credulus exul agit.
Num rogo deterior Circæis secta venenis?
  Tunc mutabantur corpora, nunc animi."

Indeed, the new teachers were often exposed to far rougher handling, and "the male and female beasts of the senatorial order," as an angry monk described them, urged on the Christian mob to open violence at the funeral of Blæsilla. They interrupted the procession with loud cries—"This young woman has been killed by fasts: let us stone this detestable race of monks,—throw them into the Tiber." The passionate grief of Paulla only excited them the more: "Behold," they cried, "how they have seduced this unhappy matron! It is a plain proof how little she wished to be a *monkess*, for never woman amongst the heathen has wept thus for her children."

But neither Jerome nor his disciples were of a temper to quail before opposition. During his three years' residence at Rome (from 378 to 381), where he filled the dignified office of secretary to the Pope Damasus, he poured forth letter upon letter, which were in fact so many controversial pamphlets, to his converts, assailing with the bitterest ridicule and invective the licentiousness and feebleness of the clergy, who were not slow to retort upon his own character. "Before I knew the family of the holy Paulla," he says in a bitter letter to Asilla, as he was leaving Rome,—

> "I was popular with the whole city. They called me a saint, a man of humility and learning. In the judgment of all, I was destined for the Papacy. . . . Now I am a man steeped in every vice. Some attack my bearing, others my looks and my very smile; others suspect that my simplicity is but a cloak for evil. . . . I have lived there for three years, and it is true that numbers of virgins have been my hearers, that I have read and expounded to them the Scriptures, and that they have consulted me as their friend. Has any one ever seen in my conduct anything unbecoming a Christian? Can they charge me with anything except that I am a man (*nisi sexus meus*)?—and this insinuation is only made when it is known that Paulla is going to Jerusalem."

In fact, after three years of this bitter polemical war, Jerome was driven from Rome; and though he left behind him many eminent converts, male and female, who chose to remain in their own homes, and set the example of enfranchising their slaves, and founding hospitals and monasteries, his efforts were chiefly directed to induce them to leave "Babylon," as he called it, and follow him to the great monastery which Paulla was about to found at Bethlehem. This work had been already in great measure done for him. The passion for pilgrimages to the Holy Land and to Egypt had already begun: the ardent Spaniard, Melania, had ten years before visited Athanasius at Alexandria in the last year of his life, and in the course of some wild adventures, had spent her large fortune in the support of the Egyptian monks. Paulla, Eustochium, and Fabiola, all followed her footsteps; and the two first rejoined Jerome at Antioch. They passed thence to Jerusalem, and afterward visited together nearly the whole of Egypt. The remainder of their lives was spent in the monastery of Paulla at Bethlehem, in the immediate neighbourhood of which another was presided over by Jerome.

Here for the present we must pause. A great contemporary movement was going on under St. Martin in Gaul, which afterwards became for many centuries the chief seat of the monastic system in Christendom. About a hundred years later, a still more powerful impulse was given to the same spirit by Benedict of Nursia, who, almost without intending it, gave a complete organization and unity to efforts which had hitherto been only isolated and transitory. It was not till his time that Western monachism was complete: after him it may be called the form of spiritual life which nearly all the more earnest minds among the clergy adopted, and which for many ages produced the missionaries, thinkers, and preachers of the Church. Our present object has been limited to describing its origin, the causes which led to it, and its first supporters and disciples. We have seen that it began as an honest, though superstitious, reform in a time of general immorality, and that its first advocates were men of genius and practical sagacity, who, feeling its fitness, in some respects, to meet the wants of the time, were slow to discern its errors. In a further review of M. de Montalembert's new volumes we shall see that the wild times, during which it became the chief Christian power, developed fully both its excellences and its defects.

W. C. Lake.

# ECCE HOMO.

*Ecce Homo: a Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.* London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

IN whatever way the fact may be accounted for, it is certain that this book has been read with deep interest by many who are not wont to be readers of theology. Introduced to the world with no preliminary pomp of announcement; bearing no author's name upon its title-page; not attributed even by report to any one well-known writer until all doubt of its success was at an end; it has been eagerly read everywhere, warmly attacked, and still more warmly praised. It has great defects, but we cannot regret the attention it receives. We may well feel that the central truth of Christianity is one so deep and wide in itself, and so capable of infinitely varied application to the changing circumstances of different ages in the Church's history, that its interest can never be exhausted; nor can a view of it, taken from a new point of sight, be put aside as uninstructive because it is confessedly incomplete, nay, even though it should seem to represent, out of their due form and proportion, some of the features of the Divine original.

In great part, no doubt, the interest of the book is that of its subject. The title appears to promise an attempt to conceive historically the Person of our Lord as revealed to us in his work on earth. To succeed in this attempt would be to bestow upon the Church the greatest possible boon. If it should ever be given to any man to conceive truly the story of our Lord's life; to trace out the order and meaning of each part of his disclosure of Himself to men; to expound his teaching, in word and work, as one connected whole; to discover the relation of that teaching to the state of the world as it was in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, and to human nature as it is always and everywhere; to trace to its sources the opposition, the enmity, the malignant ferocity with which those who did not receive the teaching pursued the Teacher to a violent death; and, finally, to expound the connection between our Lord's Person and the Church gathered in his name after He was removed from earth, and subsisting now in the Christendom which rules over, and gives moral and intellectual life to the world,—that man will have done more to instruct Christians and convince unbelievers than the whole mass of theologians and apologists of former days, or of our own. To have done even a little toward the accomplishment of so inestimable a result would entitle any writer to our warmest gratitude. In fact, the need of attempting the work is becoming felt and confessed. It is seen more and more distinctly, both by enemies and by friends, that all other questions are governed by the one master question, whether the Son of God did indeed come in the flesh or no. All who believe, or desire to believe, feel the craving for a fuller and distincter knowledge of Him whom (if Christianity be true) it is everlasting life truly to know. Thinking men are agreed that all other issues raised are indecisive, and that all attacks on Christianity must fail, until the existence and triumph of the Church can be accounted for, at least plausibly, by those who deny the reality of the Founder's history, his person and his work.

Most readers will, we think, have opened "Ecce Homo" with an expectation that it was intended to attempt the solution of the problem which we have just now stated. The very title suggests to us an endeavour to paint to our mental eye the character and history of Christ as He was once made known to men on earth. The object in view might, as far as the title goes, be merely historical; it might be theological; it might be apologetic; it might be devotional;—but that the primary aim of the author must be to trace out the development of our Lord's character and teaching in connection with the history of his life would have been, we think, the only natural inference from the name which he has selected. A reader opening the volume with this anticipation would be confirmed in it by the first paragraph of the author's Preface, which seems to sketch a plan not very different from the one we have tried to indicate above. He says,—

> "Those who feel dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ . . . may find it necessary . . . to trace his biography from point to point, and accept those conclusions about Him . . . which the facts, critically weighed, appear to warrant. This is what the present writer undertook to do for the

satisfaction of his own mind, and because, after reading a good many books on Christ, he felt still constrained to confess that there was no historical character whose motives, objects, and feelings remained so incomprehensible to him. The inquiry which proved serviceable to himself may chance to be useful to others."

The last paragraph of the Preface will, however, prepare the reader for what he soon finds to be the fact; namely, first, that whatever the writer's ulterior hopes may be, the present work deals only with one part of the subject as he himself conceives it; and secondly, that his own conception of the subject differs considerably from that which the title-page will naturally suggest to his readers. The point may seem one of little consequence, yet we regret that anything should interfere (as we think the choice of a title, inappropriate though striking, does) with the distinct conception of the author's purpose. It seems to us that a reader may well complain that he is kept, until he comes almost to the end of the book, in expectation of something which he does not find in it,—a more or less complete review of our Lord's life and character in connection with his work as the Founder and Legislator of the Church.

The real scope of the book is more correctly, though still but partially, described by the last words of the Preface. It is "to furnish an answer to the question, 'What was Christ's object in founding the Society which is called by his name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?'" Ostensibly the work is intended to answer, from a general view of the historic evidence in our hands, three questions; namely, first, What must be supposed to have been our Lord's object in founding his Church? secondly, By what power, and through what means, and against what hindrances, did He achieve his object? and thirdly, What was the true intention of his legislation for the Church so founded and perpetuated? The author puts aside for the present every other question connected with our Lord's work on earth. He promises, at some future time, a volume on our Lord "as the creator of modern theology and religion." But except in the way of incidental notice in connection with one or other of the above questions, he declines to enter as yet into the deeper and more inward questions which lie around his subject. Moreover, in answering the questions with which he attempts to deal, the author avails himself almost exclusively of the first three Gospels, the Acts, and those Epistles of St. Paul which the rashest criticism has scarcely ventured to assail. And (at least in the earlier part of the investigation) he declines to assume anything more, with regard to these portions of the Canon, than their *general* truthfulness, as almost contemporary records of a history substantially real. He says,—

"In defining as above the position which Christ assumed, we have not entered into controvertible matter. We have not rested upon single passages, nor drawn upon the fourth Gospel. To deny that Christ did undertake to found and to legislate for a new theocratic society, and that He did claim the office of Judge of mankind, is indeed possible, but only to those who altogether deny the credibility of the extant biographies of Christ. If those biographies be admitted to be generally trustworthy, then Christ undertook to be what we have described; if not, then of course this, but also every other account of Him, falls to the ground."—(P. 41.)

It will be evident, then, that the work before us is far from claiming to be a complete discussion of its great subject. Our Lord's work and its results are regarded in it only in their general outline, and almost wholly *from without.* The author places himself beside a supposed inquirer, prepared to work his way (as we believe that he himself has done) toward Christian belief, but determined to take nothing for granted at the outset, but that which cannot be denied without destroying all common ground upon which an investigation can proceed. Our present Christendom exists. It is the development of a society formed in Judæa eighteen centuries since, which struggled for existence throughout its first three centuries with the Roman Empire, and at last absorbed the empire into itself. That society must have had a founder. The only story of its founder which ever met with acceptance in the society itself, was one substantially the same with that which our Gospels embody. It seems monstrous to doubt that the account is true, at least in its general outline; for the Gospels can be proved to have been received as true before the actual facts of Christ's life and death could possibly have faded out of remembrance. But at all events this account is the only one now extant which can have the slightest claim to our attention as historic. If our Lord's character and work are discussed at all, it must be on this basis. If we depart from it we are altogether in the realm of conjecture, not of history. Even Renan has felt this. He assumes the *general* truth of the Evangelic history, in outline, as the basis of his own theory.

The argument of the book is, we think, essentially apologetic; by which, of course, we mean simply that it lies almost wholly within the province of Christian evidences, not of theology proper. It is addressed to intelligent and candid thinkers, who are not at present Christians on full conviction, but willing to work their way in the author's company toward conviction; scarcely for those who have already accepted our Lord's teaching as having the fulness of Divine authority. Gradually, as the argument proceeds, the author appears to have extended its basis. In the second part of the book,—dealing professedly with the third of the questions which he proposes to answer,—he writes more freely as a Christian addressing Christians, and makes freer use of the Christian Scriptures. But we think we have not misconceived the apologetic intention of the book, as that upon which the author's plan is framed really, though not formally, and perhaps in part unconsciously. And if so, it is evident that great injustice will be done to him, if passages in which he is carefully limiting his utterance by the requirements of an early stage in the proof, are quoted as if they were intended to express the writer's whole belief. He whose argument is intended for minds in doubt or unbelieving, must assume nothing which he intends to prove afterwards, and therefore must often use language which falls very short of his own conviction. Such language may well seem dry, hard, and even irreverent, if the reader forgets that it is meant for those who are without, not for those who are within the circle of faith.

We believe that many readers of the book have been pained by the appearance of what they have thought irreverence here and there. Nay, it has been said that its spirit is alien from that in which our Lord's character and teaching should be approached. We are not disposed to deny that passages justly open to objection may be found. Still less do we think that the author says the whole truth on any part of his vast subject. And on such a subject, sometimes, partial truth grates upon the ear almost as harshly as positive error. But of any intentional irreverence we entirely acquit the author, believing that what wears its appearance, is due mainly either to the real necessity of the argument, or, secondly, to an anxiety, sometimes overstrained, to make it plain that the faith in which he writes is a faith earned by conflict, not passively accepted from tradition; or, thirdly, to a determination, unnecessarily rigid, to exclude from his present work all expression of a belief founded on the results of another department of the inquiry, which is reserved for a future opportunity.

It would indeed be easy to give colour to very opposite estimates of the general cast of thought of an author whose mind moves so little in the general plane either of dogmatic theology or of modern philosophical criticism. Few books are more capable of being unfairly represented by extracts. Few are less capable of being estimated from a summary or an abstract. The author's whole view of his subject is essentially a *layman's* view,—practical, almost lawyer-like in the directness with which its points are made out. It is, in short, an application of work-day common sense to a subject ordinarily reserved for technical or devotional treatment. In this lies mainly the secret both of the charm of the book and of its incompleteness. The style is remarkable for clearness, vigour, and simplicity. It has a reality and living force which make even old things seem new, and never leave the reader for an instant in doubt of the exact meaning of what is new. It abounds everywhere with passages as fresh in thought as they are vigorous in expression; and some of them will be remembered and valued by many who do not care to pursue the argument to its close, or to ask themselves how much the book adds to the common stock of just and useful thought on the subject of which it treats. On the other hand, it is useless to deny that passages may be found which (as we verily believe) do great injustice to their author's state and tone of mind; passages which will be felt to be exaggerated, onesided, wanting due regard, in outward form at least, for the solemn sacredness of their theme. Much may be urged in mitigation of the blame which these errors deserve. We have already suggested some considerations which go far to explain how the author has been led into them. No really fair reader will allow himself to be so far repelled by them as to hesitate to admit the great value and beauty of the book taken as a whole. But they are indications of a defect (to say the least) in the author's mind which makes his view of his subject necessarily incomplete, and sometimes erroneous. The spirit of loving reverence for the Divine Master is a primary requisite for all inquiry as to his work. And of some of the finer shades of this feeling we fear that he has given us reason to consider him at present incapable. But the Church will lose very much if the pain which this defect now and then occasions, should prevent good men from appreciating the power of thought, always vigorous and independent, if sometimes crude; the earnest feeling of the reality and importance of his subject; and above all, the singular power of giving beautiful expression to elevated thought; the combination of which gives the undoubted stamp of genius to the whole work.

To the apologetic meaning and value of the book we must return presently; but first it will be right to give an outline of the contents, and a few characteristic extracts. The author aims in the first place to define the *purpose* of our Lord's work. This was not to found a new school of philosophy, or to give a new religion or rule of life to men, merely as isolated beings; but to reconstitute an already existing theocracy in the new form of an all-embracing kingdom—visibly embodied as a society distinct from all others by two simple and significant ordinances; having Christ himself for its divinely appointed head; into which all men everywhere and in all time should be invited; and of which all men should actually become members who were willing to acknowledge allegiance to Christ as their King, their Lawgiver and Lord while here, their Judge hereafter. *Faith* is the Christian name for this loyalty to the unseen King of the universal kingdom. Faith is, therefore, the one indispensable qualification for reception into the number of his actual subjects. The ultimate object of the existence of this world-wide society of human beings, having a common relationship, in Christ, of brotherhood to each other as the children of God, is to bring its members to a state which includes but is much more than one of moral blamelessness,—to the holiness which inwardly loathes evil, delights in goodness, and pursues even with enthusiasm the good of others. The very conception of holiness is the creation of Christ. The attainment of holiness is distinctively the result of Christ's influence, the fruit of love to Him; found more or less frequently and perfectly, but always found in some men, wherever Christ is known, and never found elsewhere. We take one most impressive passage from chap. vii. (On the Conditions of Membership in Christ's Kingdom), only wishing that we had room for more:—

> "In a sense it is true that Christianity does mean this" (*i. e.*, practical obedience to Christ's rules of life, and the unquestioning acceptance of his theological teaching). "Christ demanded as much, and was assuredly not satisfied with less. . . . Nevertheless, whereas every secular state enacts and obtains from its members an almost perfect obedience to its laws, the laws of the Divine state are fully observed by scarcely any one; and the most that can be said, even of Christians that rise decidedly above the average, is that they do not forget them, and that by slow degrees they arrive at a general conformity with them.
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> "The reason of this will appear when we treat in detail of Christ's legislation. It will then become clear that Christ's legislation is of a nature infinitely more complex in its exactions upon every individual than any secular code, and that accordingly a complete observance of it is infinitely difficult. For this reason it is a matter of universal consent among Christians, that no man is to suffer exclusion from their society for any breach of Christ's laws that is not of a flagrant and outrageous kind. Though it is common to hear a man pronounced no Christian for not believing in what is called the Atonement, yet no such excommunication is passed upon men in whom some very unchristian vices, such as selfishness or reckless party-spirit, are plainly visible. The reason of our tolerance in the latter case is that we all acknowledge the immense difficulty of overcoming a vice when it has become confirmed, and we charitably give the man who has visibly not overcome his vices credit at least for struggling against them.
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> "This is quite right; only we ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Everything which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown by prejudices, and strewn with fallen theories and rotten systems, which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished; it is monstrous that Christ, who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of bewildered seekers of truth. How could men have been guilty of such an inconsistency? By speaking of what they do not understand. Men, in general, do not understand or appreciate the difficulty of finding truth. All men must act, and therefore all men learn in some degree how difficult it is to act rightly. The consequence is, that all men can make excuse for those who fail to act rightly. But all men are not compelled to make an independent search for truth, and those who voluntarily

undertake to do so are always few. They ought, indeed, to find pity and charity when they fail, for their undertaking is full of hazard, and in the course of it they are apt to leave friends and companions behind them, and when they succeed they bring back glorious spoils for those who remained at home criticising them. But they cannot expect such charity, for the hazards and difficulties of the undertaking are known to themselves alone. To the world at large it seems quite easy to find truth, and inexcusable to miss it. And no wonder! For by finding truth they mean only learning by rote the maxims current around them."

The second* of the author's questions, namely, Through what difficulties and by what means the success of our Lord's work was achieved, is answered in two deeply interesting chapters of the First Part,—the fifth and sixth. We give the author's own summary of his answer, to the consideration of which we must return presently:—

"To sum up the results of this chapter, we began by remarking that an astonishing plan met with an astonishing success; and we raised the question, to what instrumentality that success was due. Christ announced Himself as the founder and legislator of a new society, and as the supreme Judge of men. Now by what means did He procure that these immense pretensions should be allowed? He might have done it by sheer power; He might have adopted persuasion, and pointed out the merits of the scheme and of the legislation He proposed to introduce. But He adopted a third plan, which had the effect not only of securing obedience, but of an immense *obligation*. He convinced them that He was a person of altogether transcendent greatness,—one who needed nothing at their hands,—one whom it was impossible to benefit by conferring riches, or fame, or dominion upon Him,—and that, by being so great, He had devoted Himself of mere benevolence to their good. He showed them that, for their sakes, He lived a hard and laborious life, and exposed Himself to the utmost malice of powerful men. They saw Him hungry, though they believed Him able to turn the stones into bread; they saw his royal pretensions spurned, though they believed that He could in a moment take into his hand all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; they saw his life in danger; they saw Him at last expire in agonies, though they believed that, had He so willed it, no danger could harm Him, and that had He thrown Himself from the topmost pinnacle of the temple, He would have been softly received in the arms of ministering angels. Witnessing his sufferings, and convinced by the miracles they saw Him work that they were voluntarily endured, men's hearts were touched, and pity for weakness blending strangely with wondering admiration of unlimited power, an agitation of gratitude, sympathy, and astonishment, such as nothing else could ever excite, sprang up in them; and when, turning from his deeds to his words, they found this very self-denial which had guided his own life prescribed as the principle which should guide theirs, gratitude broke forth in joyful obedience, self-denial produced self-denial, and the Law and Lawgiver together were enshrined in their inmost hearts for inseparable veneration."

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* Perhaps we owe the author an apology for venturing on a slight rearrangement of this part of his book. We have found the change a help to ourselves in estimating the real intention and worth of his argument, and think it may be to others. What we have stated as the author's first *two* questions are answered in Part I. with chap. xv., which is placed in Part II.

The answer to the third question, What was the distinctive nature of Christ's legislation for his kingdom? fills the whole of the Second Part,—in bulk nearly two-thirds of the volume. The outline we give must be bare indeed, but may help those who wish to preserve a remembrance of the main points in a discussion the interest of which necessarily depends very much upon its details. It is shown that our Lord expects his subjects not to adopt a private or isolated rule of life, but "to merge their private interests absolutely" in those of his Church, which is a society, it must be remembered, "not exclusive but catholic or universal;" that is, to which all mankind have the right of admission, and of which all are potentially if not actually members. The law of the kingdom is, then, first, that of entire devotion to Christ himself, and then, as flowing from devotion to Him, love to our fellow-men, carried to the length of "enthusiasm," of self-sacrifice, after Christ's example. For Christ taught his disciples self-devotion "as a master teaches, not sparing words, but resting most on deeds,—by the Sermon on the Mount, but also by the Agony and the Crucifixion." He is Himself, by his example and his inspiration, the substance of his own law. His disciples are to have his spirit, his "enthusiasm of humanity," as the guide of their life, and so are to become a law to themselves. So guided, they will learn from Him to fulfil his new code, which requires a "*morality not negative*," as morality had always been hitherto, but "*positive*" (chap. xvi.). The new law, then, passing on to consider its several branches, is shown to include within itself the duties of (1) universal philanthropy, "attention to the physical wants of others" (chap. xvii.); (2) edification, *i. e.*, the obligation to seek the building up of others, with ourselves, in holiness" (chap. xviii.); (3) mercy towards the morally lost, for "*Christianity would sacrifice its Divinity if it abandoned its missionary character, and became a mere educational institution.* Surely this article of conversion is the true *articulus stantis aut cadentis Ecclesiæ.* When the power of reclaiming the lost dies out of the Church, it ceases to be the Church. It may remain a useful institution, though it is most likely to become an immoral and mischievous one. Where the power remains, there, whatever is wanting, it may still be said that 'the tabernacle of God is with men'" (chap. xx., p. 258). Yet with this law of mercy must coexist (4) the law of resentment, or "indignation against vice," without which there can be no real mercy to the vicious (chap. xxi., pp. 259 *et seq.*); and also (5) the law of unlimited forgiveness of injuries done to ourselves, even if aggravated by the fact that the wrongdoer is a Christian brother, except so far as regard to the real good of the offender may render it an unwelcome duty to seek the chastisement of his fault by proper authority (chaps. xxii., xxiii.)

We quote one or two passages for their practical significance and value, as well as for their force of thought and expression. Thus, on the "objection of practical men, . . . that the love of Christ does not, in practice, produce the nobleness and largeness of character which has been represented as its proper and natural results (p. 169); . . . that instead of binding men to their kind it divides them from it; . . . that the laws it makes are little-minded and vexatious prohibitions of things innocent; . . . that its only beneficial effect is that of forcing into activity, though not always healthy activity, the faculty of serious reflection;"—

> "This may be a just picture of a large class of religious men; but it is impossible, in the nature of things, that such effects should be produced by a pure personal devotion to Christ. . . . Certainly the direct love of Christ, as it was felt by his first followers, is a rare thing among modern Christians. His character has been so much obscured by scholasticism as to have lost in a great measure its attractive power. . . . That is wanting in most religious men 'which Christ held to be all in all,—spontaneous warmth, free and generous devotion.' That the fruits of a Christianity so hollow should be poor and sickly is not surprising.
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> "But that Christ's method, when rightly applied, is really of mighty force, may be shown by an argument which the severest censor of Christians will hardly refuse to admit. Compare the ancient with the modern world; look on this picture and on that! One broad distinction in the characters of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world, there were scarcely one or two, if any, who, besides being virtuous in their actions, were possessed with an unaffected enthusiasm of goodness, and besides abstaining from vice, regarded even a vicious thought with horror. Probably no one will deny that, in Christian countries, this higher toned goodness, which we call holiness, has existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is, that there has scarcely been a town in any Christian country since the time of Christ, where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?"

Take, again, the following passage on the altered form and varied applications which the law of philanthropy may need to receive in our own time:—

> "Thus the enthusiasm of humanity, if it move us in this age to consider the physical needs of our fellow-creatures, will not be contented with the rules and methods which satisfied those who first felt its power. . . . We are advanced by eighteen hundred years beyond the apostolic generation. All the narrowing influences which have been enumerated have ceased to operate. Our minds are set free, so that we may boldly criticise the usages around us, knowing them to be but imperfect essays towards order and happiness, and no divinely or supernaturally ordained constitution, which it would be impious to change. We have witnessed improvements in physical well-being which incline us to expect further progress, and make us keen-sighted to detect the evils and miseries that remain. The channels of communication between nations and their governments are free, so that the

> thought of the private philanthropist may mould a whole community, and, finally, we have at our disposal a vast treasure of science, from which we may discover what physical well-being is, and on what conditions it depends. In these circumstances the Gospel precepts of philanthropy become utterly insufficient. It is not now enough to visit the sick and give alms to the poor. We may still use the words as a kind of motto, but we must understand under them a multitude of things which they do not express. If we would make them express the whole duty of philanthropy in this age, we must treat them as preachers sometimes treat the Decalogue, when they represent it as containing by implication a whole system of morality. Christ commanded his first followers to heal the sick and give alms, but He commands the Christians of this age, if we may use the expression, to investigate the causes of all physical evil, to master the science of health, to consider the question of education with a view to health; and while all these investigations are made, with free expense of energy and time and means, to work out the re-arrangement of human life in accordance with the results they give.
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> "Thus ought the enthusiasm of humanity to work in these days, and thus, plainly enough, it does work. These investigations are constantly being made, these reforms commenced. But perhaps it is rather among those who are influenced by general philanthropy and generosity, that is, by indirect or secondary Christianity, than among those who profess to draw the enthusiasm directly from its fount, that this spirit reigns. Perhaps those who appear the most devoted Christians are somewhat jealous of what they may consider this worldly machinery. They think they must needs be most Christian when they stick most closely to the New Testament, and that what is utterly absent from the New Testament cannot possibly be an important part of Christianity. A great mistake, arising from a wide-spread paralysis of true Christian feeling in the modern Church."

The Second Part contains a chapter on the Lord's Supper, more naturally belonging to the first, from which we take a few lines, for the sake of the noble ending of a sentence which begins crudely enough:—

> "The kingdom Christ was founding was to be everywhere *imperium in imperio;* its members were to be at the same time members of secular states and national bodies. It was therefore a matter of extreme importance to preserve the distinctness of the Christian society, and to prevent its members from being drawn apart from each other by the distractions of worldly claims and engagements. For this purpose, certain *sacramenta* . . . were most desirable; and Christ ordained two, the one expressing the distinctness of the Church from the world, and the other the unity of the Church within itself. Of the former, Baptism, mention was made when we considered Christ's call; concerning the latter, the Common Supper or συσσίτιον of Christians, it is convenient to say something now. A common meal is the most natural and universal way of expressing, maintaining, and, as it were, ratifying relations of friendship. The spirit of antiquity regarded the meals of human beings as having the nature of sacred rites (*sacra mensæ*). If, therefore, it sounds degrading to compare the Christian Communion to a club dinner, this is not owing to any essential difference between the two things, but to the fact that the moderns connect less dignified associations with meals than the ancients did, and that most clubs have a far less serious object than the Christian society. The Christian Communion *is* a club dinner; but the club *is the New Jerusalem; God and Christ are members of it; death*

*makes no vacancy in its lists; but at its banquet-table the perfected spirits of just men, with an innumerable company of angels, sit down beside those who have not yet surrendered their bodies to the grave.* . . . The union of mankind, but a union begun and subsisting only in Christ, is what the Lord's Supper sacramentally expresses."—(Ch. xv., pp. 172-5.)

The extracts given will suggest, we think, the judgment which a careful examination of the volume will confirm, namely, that its originality consists rather in the author's way of conceiving and obtaining his conclusions than in the novelty (speaking generally) of the conclusions themselves. It is this which makes any analysis of the book disappointing. Stripped of their proper colouring, and presented in hard outline, the results lose much of their fresh and living interest. This is almost inevitable. But we write for those who have read or will read the book for themselves.

We return to consider the author's answer to the question, by what power and means our Lord achieved the great results of his work as the Founder of the Church. We give it in his own words, from Chapter V., entitled, "Christ's Credentials." The passage comes almost immediately before one which we have already extracted:—

"This temperance in the use of supernatural power is the masterpiece of Christ. It is a moral miracle superinduced upon a physical one. This repose in greatness makes Him surely the most sublime image ever offered to the human imagination. And it is precisely this trait which gave Him this immense and immediate ascendancy over men. If the question be put—Why was Christ so successful? Why did men gather round Him at his call, form themselves into a new society according to his wish, and accept Him with unbounded devotion as their legislator and judge?—some will answer, 'Because of the miracles which attested his Divine character;' others, 'Because of the intrinsic beauty and divinity of the great law of love which He propounded.' But miracles, as we have seen, have not by themselves this persuasive power. That a man possesses a strange power which I cannot understand, is no reason why I should receive his words as Divine oracles of truth. The powerful man is not of necessity also wise; his power may terrify, but not convince. On the other hand, the law of love, however Divine, was but a precept. Undoubtedly it deserved that men should accept it for its intrinsic worth; but men are not commonly so eager to receive the words of wise men, nor so unbounded in their gratitude to them. It was neither for his miracles nor for the beauty of his doctrine that Christ was worshipped. Nor was it for his winning personal character, nor for the persecutions He endured, nor for his martyrdom. It was for the inimitable unity which all these things made when taken together. In other words, it was for this, that He whose power and goodness, as shown in his miracles, were overwhelming, denied Himself the use of his power, treated it as a slight thing, walked among men as though He were one of them, relieved them in distress, taught them to love each other, bore with undisturbed patience a perpetual hailstorm of calumny; and when his enemies grew fiercer, continued still to endure their attacks in silence, until, petrified and bewildered with astonishment, men saw Him arrested and put to death with torture, refusing steadfastly to use in his own behalf the power He conceived He held for the benefit of others. It was the combination of greatness and self-sacrifice which won their hearts, the mighty powers held under a mighty control, the unspeakable condescension, the *Cross* of *Christ.*

"By this, and by nothing else, the enthusiasm of a Paul was kindled."

This is beautifully said, and as truly as beautifully, if only we take care (*which the author does not*) to remember that we have here *one* instrumental cause, but not the only cause, of our Lord's "success," if we may use the word without irreverence. We assume that the author, equally with ourselves, would regard the will of God, who sanctified and sent his Son into the world, as the ultimate ground of all the results of the Incarnation; and that the question is only with regard to the means by which that will wrought out the result in consistency with the free moral agency of man. And we give an entire assent to all which is said of the personal attraction put forth by our Lord's revealed person and character upon all who were susceptible of any ennobling influence, both while He was on earth, and when He was set forth as crucified and risen by his disciples after the Ascension. This doubtless was the charm which, in the first instance, led many of his disciples while He was on earth to follow Him. They knew little of the mystery of his person, or the nature of his work; but they felt that never man spake like this man, or was what He was. They felt that He and none else had the words of eternal life. They saw that He was mighty in word and deed, before God and all the people, and trusted that it was He which should redeem Israel. They were not very careful to analyse the grounds of their attachment to Him. But if we accept the simple account given by St. John of the commencement of his own discipleship, the spell which drew him first to follow Jesus was, that he had learned to see in Him the Lamb of God* who took away the sins of the world. If we trust St. Luke, the woman who was a sinner loved Him much, because she knew through Him that her sins, which were many, were forgiven. The publicans and sinners drew near to Him to hear Him, because He told them of the love of a Father in Heaven, to whom, with all their unworthiness, they might arise and go, confident that He saw them afar off, and would receive them with love, not as servants but as children still. Simon Peter, dismayed by the display of his Master's Divine power, into the cry, "Depart from me," is won back and retained in true allegiance by finding in Him, then and afterwards, the love which can encourage, and will deign to employ in spiritual service, even him "a sinner." "The love of Christ constraineth us," St. Paul wrote, "because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then all died; and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again. . . . For God made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."

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* We think the author's attempt (pp. 5, 6) to explain this title one of the most unsatisfactory passages in the book.

This, we think, then, is one great defect in the remarkable work before us. It does not sufficiently recognise the fact of *sin* as one of the universal facts of human nature. It does not sufficiently recognise the *sense* of sin, and what Butler calls the "perception of sin *as of evil desert*," as the special fruit of the discipline under which Israel (and in a very inferior degree Greece and Rome also) had been placed before Christ came. And consequently it does not sufficiently recognise the truth that Jesus Christ, revealed as the Saviour of his people *from their sins*, was the charm which above all drew souls to follow Him. It does not give anything like sufficient importance to the central truth of the Atonement, as the ground of that filial relation to God which our Lord proclaimed to all men. Without the recognition of the Atonement, which is its true basis, the belief of the filial relation becomes incompatible with the belief that man is sinful and God is holy. Those who deny atonement must also either deny the love of God, or extenuate the guilt of sin. We say only that the author does not give sufficient prominence to the Atonement, not that he denies or ignores it. There are incidental references to the truth, though they are indistinct; and probably the author reserves a fuller exposition for his intended discussion of the theology of Christ's teaching. We are far from wishing to hold him to any particular form of expression. We do not claim more from him than that he should give to the fact of the Redemption *from sin* that prominence which the teaching of the Apostles unquestionably gives to it. But this he has not done. And we must think it a capital defect that the author has not placed distinctly among the very first of the causes which drew men to Christ, his claim to be regarded as having power on earth to forgive sins. Even while yet on earth He revealed Himself, He was more distinctly revealed afterwards, as One who reconciles and makes it possible to unite the deepest sense of sin with the firmest confidence of a love of God for sinners; and this because "He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead unto sins, might live unto righteousness." And "by his stripes we were healed."

There is yet another of the chief attractions to Christ which the author has failed to estimate at all adequately, if he has not left it altogether without recognition. Weighed down by the consciousness of guilt, men felt also most painfully that they were powerless to emancipate themselves *from sinful habit*. They found that, even when they would fain do good, evil was present with them. They saw that too often even the desire to do right was wanting, and that they could not rekindle it in themselves or in their sinful neighbours. And to men feeling this, Jesus offered Himself as sent to baptize them with the Holy Ghost and with fire;—as the source and fountain-head of the converting, regenerating, sanctifying Spirit of God, the spirit of holiness and of adoption, the spirit of power and of love and of a sound mind. This offer, once believed to be real, had an unspeakable attraction for all who felt, as all who were not quite sunk in worldliness or sensuality did feel, the misery and degradation of sin. Surely, then, in any worthy estimate of the attraction of Christ's Gospel, this essential element should on no account be disregarded. Surely, in explaining the secret of the power by which these were won to Christ, this great element should have found emphatic recognition. And it is almost wholly omitted. The recognition of the work of the Holy Spirit is faint and indistinct to a degree most strange and disappointing in a book which says so much, and so nobly, of personal devotion to Christ as the Christian motive, and the spirit of Christ's example as the Christian law.

Therefore, interesting and beautiful as the book is, we cannot accept it as an adequate treatment of the great questions which it aims to answer. To ourselves it seems that its permanent value as an addition to Christian literature will be found rather in an apologetic argument suggested (as we think) throughout, though it is seldom brought to the surface. We venture to attempt to trace this in distinct outline, first quoting a very striking passage, which seems to indicate that it has really been present to the author's mind, whatever may be the reasons which have led him to cast his book into a form which does not obtrude this collateral purpose upon the reader.

The passage on which we found our conception of the apologetic argument which seems to us to be distinctly suggested by the author, but to deserve and require a fuller development than he has given to it, will be found in the chapter on "Christ's Credentials." No reader can fail to regard the whole chapter as one of the most remarkable portions of the book, but we must be content to quote only the few lines which are to our immediate purpose:—

"*Now the present treatise aims to show that the Christ of the Gospels is not mythical, by showing that the character those biographies portray* [*sic*] *is, in all its large features, strikingly consistent, and at the same time so peculiar, as to be altogether beyond the reach of invention, both by individual genius, and still more by what is called 'the consciousness of an age.'* Now if the character depicted in the Gospels is in the main real and historical, they must be generally trustworthy, and if so, the responsibility of miracles is fixed on Christ. In this case the reality of the miracles themselves depends in a great degree on the opinion we form of Christ's veracity; and this opinion must arise gradually from the careful examination of his whole life. . . ."—(P. 43.)

The argument indicated, if we conceive it rightly, is of the following nature. From any one of our Gospels taken singly an outline of our Lord's life and teaching may be obtained, which, when carefully considered, ought to furnish a picture of his character. Let each Gospel be thus examined. The result will be, first, that the conception of our Lord's character thus obtained from each Gospel alone will be found to be wonderfully distinct, vivid, and consistent with itself. The principles of action and teaching will be seen to be in perfect harmony with each other. Now very few biographies which are not essentially truthful will bear this first test of reality—the impression of unity in variety, simplicity of motive, consistency in action,—in a word, of a real personality, as the object of the representation. If the character depicted be in itself singularly unlike every one of the ordinary types of human individuality, and yet has underneath a deep basis of real humanity,—if the conception of the character as a whole seems scarcely to have been present to the mind of the biographer, is nowhere painted in words, and must be formed by the reader for himself as the unforced result of patient study of details,—if when formed it is manifestly most unlike the type of character which those men embodied whom the Jews of the first century, or even the Christians of the second, were most apt to count worthy of admiration,—if it stands before us in the majesty of a strength, simplicity, gentleness, dignity, and purity unknown elsewhere, unconceived but in that one ideal of Godlike humanity,—then surely the inference is not precarious that the facts, from the combination of which the image of that wonderful character is reflected, are themselves not fictitious but real.

Let this process be repeated with each of the other two "synoptic" Gospels. If then the result be, as it will be, that the ideal obtained from each is not another, but manifestly one and the same, while yet the different selection of facts related, and the variations in the way of relating the same central fact, exclude the supposition that either drew from the other, or even took his view of the object represented from the same point from which the other regarded it,—then certainly the inference becomes greatly strengthened. The proof of reality, arising from this unity in diversity, this harmony as of different notes in the same chord, becomes a proof which technical logicians may perhaps despise, but which no mind, having anything of the practical instinct which distinguishes truth from falsehood in history, can disregard.

And when we go on to notice further that the same conception of Christ's character which we derive from the first three Gospels, evidently underlies the whole of the constantly recurring allusions to the Lord's example and work in the Book of Acts and the Epistles, it becomes still more impossible to dispute the substantial truth of that history, without which presupposed, the very existence, and still more the triumphant progress, of the early Church, becomes an effect without a cause.

But the argument gains yet more in cumulative force when we turn at last to that fourth Gospel, which even Renan dates before the close of the first century, and admits to be the genuine (though, as he persists in maintaining, the *only partly historical*) work of the Apostle John. There we have scarcely a single incident which is recorded in the other Gospels, and (as objectors continually remind us) a teaching remarkably unlike on the surface, in form and even in its topics, to that which they report. We have the account of a ministry conducted not in Galilee alone, but in great part at Jerusalem or in Judæa. And yet no candid student will deny that underneath this diversity of outward form he meets still the same Divine yet human personality. The things said, the things done, are mainly other than those said and done in the three Gospels; but the speaker is himself one, the actor one essentially. The character of Christ is still the same. He is as truly man, "of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting;" as truly, and not more certainly, revealed to be the Son of God, the Saviour of the world; He is as patient with sin and waywardness in those who are willing to be taught; as severe toward the arrogant self-assertion of Scribes and Pharisees; as considerate of others, as forgetful of himself; as much and scarcely more conscious of Divine Sonship, and of the authority which belongs to the appointed Judge of all men; as truly, and not more truly, the Good Shepherd, who giveth his life for the sheep; as ready to forgive sin to the penitent, as stern in warning those who harden themselves wilfully against the truth; as plainly, and not more plainly, revealed as the Lord of nature, of human life and death, and of the world to come; as full of sympathy with human sorrow and suffering, as truly Himself a sufferer, as is the Christ of the first three Gospels.

Can it be, then, that the portraits which so differ in every accessory, are so evidently taken from distinct points of view, and yet so wonderfully agree in all which gives the expression and meaning of the face and form, have really *no original*, no archetype at once Divine and human? Or is it not plain that He whom we have learnt to know from them, and whom the Church from its earliest days has worshipped, such as He is revealed in them, did indeed live once on earth, and died for us, and rose again?

The argument of which we have sketched an outline above, and which we think is the clue running through and connecting all parts of the book before us, and giving purpose and meaning to its multifarious details, will lead us (as indeed the author suggests in the passage already quoted) to important conclusions with regard to the narratives of miraculous action with which all the Gospels abound. It will be observed that we have not *assumed* the truth of those narratives in their details. We assume only, with the author, that it is impossible to doubt that his disciples believed our Lord to have wrought many miracles, and that our Lord himself claimed the power of working them. But having now vindicated our right to believe that the character of our Lord is thoroughly historical, entirely real, not the product of human imagination, and is such as each one of the Gospels presents it to us, we ask further, first, whether it is credible that He of whom we speak would advance any claim, or allow others to ascribe to Him any power, which He did not truly possess? Was He one who could deceive, or allow others to practice deception for Him, or could be Himself deceived in such a matter? And we ask, secondly, whether any miracle recorded in our Gospels be half so wonderful as the appearance on earth of Him, the reality of whose life and death is established beyond all reasonable doubt? If the life and character of our Lord be historical, as we believe that they may be proved to be by stronger evidence than can be produced in support of any other fact in history, then the Son of God did indeed come upon earth, as truly made man. Is any miracle harder to believe than the Incarnation itself, which must be real unless the whole life and teaching of our Lord be a baseless fable? Can we believe this, and refuse to believe its necessary adjuncts and concomitants? The Divine Actor is greater than the divinest act. Believing Him, we cannot think any work ascribed to Him incredible.

We have indicated, we fear very imperfectly, what we believe to be the general drift of the argument present to the author's mind. But the peculiar form in which it appears to have been most distinctly apprehended by him is that of a singularly subtle harmony between the character of our Lord, as reflected in his recorded actions, on the one hand, and in his practical teaching or legislation for others, on the other hand. We could wish that the idea had been more distinctly expounded. If apprehended, it gives to the author's treatment of his subject a unity which it might otherwise have seemed to want. His analysis of our Lord's legislation, in the second part of the book, is really in its results an exhibition of our Lord's own character as meant to be reproduced in his disciples. The teaching is just such as grew naturally out of the character of the Teacher. The character of the Teacher is the exemplification of the law He gave to others. He who so taught, and with such results, must Himself have been all that our Gospels tell us He was. And yet there is scarcely anything in our Lord's recorded words to call attention to this coincidence. His biographers seem almost unconscious of its existence. It is pre-eminently an "*undesigned* coincidence," which is significant in proportion to the complexity of the things compared, and the multiplicity and exactness of the agreement between them.

Want of space compels us to leave much unsaid. There are many collateral questions raised in the progress of the argument which we should gladly have discussed. Such are the author's exposition of our Lord's temptation (chap. ii.); of the Baptist's testimony to our Lord as the Lamb of God (p. 5); of our Lord's treatment of the woman brought before Him in St. John viii. 1—11 (p. 102); of the words, "Father, forgive them" (p. 276). Such again are his answer to the complaint made against the Christian Church, that though it announced principles fundamentally irreconcileable with slavery, it never pronounced the institution itself unlawful (p. 138); and a passage ending with the words, "shocking it may be, but not therefore unchristian" (p. 278), in which we fancy we see a strong indication of sympathy with one of the two parties in the recent trans-Atlantic war, scarcely to have been expected after the previous discussion of the question of slavery. Such passages add greatly to the interest of the book, whether we accept or reject the author's opinion on the special point.

We commend, then, the "Ecce Homo" to the careful study of all who feel that on its great subject they have still much to learn, and can welcome light from whatever side it comes. The author has brought to his treatment of it rare powers, both of thought and of expression; a mind familiar with antiquity, yet in close contact with his own age; a deep sense of the infinite benefits of Christ's legislation, and of the Divine Majesty of Christ's character. If we have spoken freely of what we think errors and defects in the book, it is because we feel that it has at present, and deserves to have, a degree of influence upon the minds of educated and thinking men, such as very few books in any generation can exert.

EDWARD T. VAUGHAN.

NOTE.—We are requested to state that the article on "Ecce Homo" was in print before its writer had read an admirable review of the book in the *Guardian* of February 11th, or was aware of the existence of a letter from the author of the book itself to the Editor of the *Spectator*, which is reprinted in that review.

# ANCILLA DOMINI: THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ART.

## II.—SYMBOLISM AND THE GROTESQUE.

"SYMBOL, *σύμβολον, συμβάλλω, σύμβολα*, the two halves of a coin or like object which any two contracting parties broke between them and preserved; hence, a token, ticket, or *tessera;* a watchword, distinctive mark, or formula; the Creeds of the Church," &c., &c. Such is the set of ideas which a reference to Liddell and Scott, for one of the words we have to deal with, brings rapidly before us. Now words, like pictures, are *tesseræ*, or symbols of things or of thoughts: and we wish, by way of beginning, to notice the primal connection between such symbols written and such symbols painted; between what logicians would call the representative symbol, and the vicarious or substituted symbol. The representative symbol is the hieroglyphic or picture: the vicarious symbol is the spelt word; the sound (*φωνή*) expressed by letters; the name which stands in the mind instead of the thing, or the general notion of the thing. The bunch of grapes over a house-door, or the counterfeit presentment of a punch-bowl, represent the liquor to be had within; the note for five pounds passes vicariously for the five sovereigns, not at all resembling them: and in the same way the picture calls its object to the spectator's mind, while the word passes current instead of it as a matter of convenience.

It needs no proof that these two early stages of symbolism, word-making and picture-making, go on together in the infancy of language.

This expression implies both poverty and progress, or continued effort in expressing new ideas. Accordingly we find that savage orators make great use of verbal symbolism by trope and figure; and civilized people are constantly driven to use similes (if they have invention enough to frame them) by mere paucity of words. New or progressive thought always finds the same difficulty in expressing itself, and surmounts it by the use of metaphor, symbol, image, figure, simile, &c., &c. We shall not go into the distinctions between these terms. They all involve the substitution of a more obvious or familiar idea (printed or spoken) for a more recondite or important one. We had better say what meaning we attach to the word Symbolism (in art) for the purposes of the present Essay.*

By Symbolism in art, poetic or pictorial, we understand the attempt to suggest higher, wider, purer, or deeper ideas by the use of simpler, humbler, or more familiar thoughts or objects. What we mean by the Grotesque in art is—1. That kind of art in which lofty or great ideas are represented by symbols necessarily inadequate to express them, so that some kind of quaintness and surprise is part of the result. 2. There is a grotesque of contrast, surprise, inconsistency, and irony, where the mind of the artist willingly faces great and terrible ideas in the state in which they are generally presented to it, *i. e.*, associated with ordinary or ludicrous ones. In this case the result will combine elements of the terrible and the ludicrous in various proportions, from Dante's Demons to Shakspere's Witches, and from them again to Hogarth's graver works, and thence to George Cruikshank and the more serious caricature.

It is the first of these broad divisions of the grotesque which is more obviously symbolic. As will be noticed hereafter, many of the emblematic parts of Holy Scripture are of this nature, as the visions of Joseph or of Nebuchadnezzar. These are symbolic grotesques, since no man's mind can really picture them to itself. And thus, also, symbolism and the grotesque are especially concerned with the progress of imperfect art, which cannot say the thing it would. And all art is imperfect when it seeks its highest objects. St. Augustine spoke like a painter in the well-known words, "Fecisti nos ad Te, Domine; et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te." No man can do or express the thing he desires, here in this world. Whether it be in literature, where ideas are conveyed by means of words and letters; or in art, where they are expressed by forms and colours—ideas constantly have to be suggested to men's minds, which they cannot entirely or at once manage. All who are accustomed to teach know the value of simile, especially in elementary teaching. They well know what a number of trite comparisons and cut-and-dry illustrations they are obliged to keep by them as the stock or instruments of their trade.

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* We have no other account to give of the word Grotesque than that it is an Italian adjective, connected with the idea of caverns and hollows, in which ancient and strange sculptures may have been found. Perhaps ideas of Pan and the Fauns, and suchlike cavern-haunting figures, combining noble with ignoble form, may have something to do with it.

It seems, indeed, as if both art-symbols and word-symbols originated in this way, from the imperfection and the progress of men's natural means of communicating their ideas. But many ideas and representations are in their very nature symbolic. They answer our purpose when we exchange them with each other, but we know all the time that neither our thought nor its picture can be adequate to or literally representative of its subject. In speaking of the eye, the arm, or the hand of God, Holy Scripture does not imply that a human body is any part of his attributes. What is said about his "repentance," or change of purpose, does not impute to Him the variations of man's will, because such words describe Him not actually, but by analogy. The same remark, indeed, applies to expressions which attribute to Him what are called human virtues. Even Mr. Maurice would probably allow that it may be said that human virtues are "symbolic" of Divine perfections, rather than "similar" to them. So that all attempts to represent Divine or even angelic presences are essentially symbolic; and this may account for the daring efforts in that direction which have been made in continental art, by men probably of pious and reverent mind. They may be taken as pictorial analogies, and pass unrebuked.

But very noble and vivid ideas have been for ages conveyed to men's minds by the use of such symbols of God's presence as the hand with fingers raised in blessing; or the triangle, which points to the fundamental doctrine of the Faith. Of the Cross, as a token of His sacrifice for man, we need not speak.* And as types like these convey high thoughts to the mind with a force which is quite independent of the speaker's power of expression, whether he use art-language or spoken language, there is no wonder if symbolism has been one of the most important means of all mental culture, high and low, early and late. Now there must have been a time when pictorial symbolism and symbolism in words were virtually the same thing, not merely analogous things as they are now. Art and letters, or literature, seem to have begun absolutely in the same way. The first letters, so to speak, were rude sketches of things, or hieroglyphics. A further step was to make them phonetic, or symbols of sounds: in other words, to form an alphabet of letters, no longer visibly resembling names of objects, instead of a picture-alphabet of hieroglyphics, which did more or less resemble them. The invention of letters bears an analogy to the invention of moveable types, instead of the old stereotype block-book. For example, *Beth* in Hebrew, or *Beit* in Arabic, is the name for a house or booth. The initial sound of this name is something like *B*, and is represented by ב, evidently formed from the old hieroglyphic picture of the object. Henceforth the sign ב is taken to represent the *B* initial sound only,* and may be used for any number of words, instead of being limited, as the hieroglyphic is, to one.

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* The following list contains most of the earlier Christian symbols in common use:—

The Fish, as an anagram, for our Lord.

The Ship of Souls, in architecture, as at Torcello; and in emblematic painting. (See Essay I.)

The Dove, Anchor, and Lyre; the Palm-branch, Phœnix, Pelican, and Peacock.

The most frequent *Scriptural* symbols are the Good Shepherd—which De Rossi considers as the earliest of all; the Fish, as typical of the Christian, one of the draught of the Church's net; the Vine, Lamb, and Olive; and also the Lion, Dragon, and Serpent.

It will be seen that the phonetic system at once separated literature from art, inasmuch as writing of words and letters, which are *vicarious* signs of things, is entirely different from drawing pictures, which are *representative* signs of things. We may add two more illustrations from the Hebrew alphabet. *Aleph*, א, meaning "ox" as a name, was clearly once a rude sketch of that quadruped seen in perspective with exaggerated horns. *Gimel* in Arabic, or *Gamal* in Hebrew, is the name of "camel;" and the head and long waving neck (which mark the animal, especially at a distance, as the present writer has often observed in the desert) are traceable in the letter-sign ג. It is apparently finished off by a touch, indicating the tremendous fore-leg, shot out parallel with the ground at every stride, in the trot of the swift dromedary, which scorns the horse and his rider.

However, so great progress seems to have been made in pictorial writing, before the earliest times whose records we possess, that we cannot wonder if a long time elapsed before letter-alphabets were finally substituted for it. The extraordinary Egyptian gift of powerful outline must always have conveyed most vivid ideas to men's minds: accordingly, Professor Rawlinson assures us that the old picture-writing was not entirely abandoned in Egypt till Christianity introduced the Coptic, a purely alphabetic compound of Greek and Egyptian character.

So much, however, for the infancy of human expression, which of course carries us back to Egyptian symbolisms. And here one cannot help noticing how symbolism may be called one of the many voices of Religious Faith. The best remembered examples of it in Egypt bear witness to Immortality, and prefigure Death, and Judgment, and Punishment, and Mercy. These are the first efforts of the higher symbolic grotesque. They are repeated in all the solemn and strange Byzantine pictures and mosaics of Judgment which frown on sacred walls from Torcello to Mar Saba; and they culminate and end with Giotto and Orcagna. We cannot attempt anything like a detailed account of Egyptian symbolisms,—Champollion, Paul Durand, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and Bunsen, are open to all: and we trust that the nobly imaginative interpretations in Mr. Ruskin's last work may be continued in some form. The *tau*, as a three-limbed cross (τ), the serpent in form of a circle, and perhaps, in after days, the lotus, as a type of the resurrection,[*] may be taken as examples of Christian adaptation of Nilotic images. It seems not unlikely that the Gnostic sects may have made such use of Egyptian symbolisms as to enforce great caution on Christian artists in adopting them; and on this matter we may again refer to St. Clement of Alexandria's list of permitted representations.[†]

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* See Professor Rawlinson's Appendix to his "Herodotus," vol. ii., pp. 256 *et seq.* The quotation from Clement's "Stromata" is particularly valuable.

We cannot, however, avoid noticing the early power of Egyptian art. Properly speaking, the word "archaic" cannot be applied to any of its stages. The Heliopolitan obelisk, and the four great sandstone tablets which stand, scarcely known and quite undescribed, in the sandstone belt around the granite nuclei of Serbal and Sinai, are of the earliest times of Egyptian art: the latter are coeval with the Pyramids, and as art they are unsurpassed.[‡] The hawk of Egypt makes his first appearance in art in the red, arid, and unknown valley which contains the great mines of Soris and the fourth dynasty, and his form is cut as those men only could do it who believed that the fierce bird was the beloved symbol of their gods. No doubt the high merit of Egyptian animal-sculpture and painting must be connected with the typical importance attached to the creatures themselves[§] as personifications of Deity.

[*] From its sinking at night;—

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake."

*Tennyson's "Princess."*

[†] There is a curious representation (in the beautiful work by Messrs. Texier and Pullan) of a mosaic pavement lately discovered at Nismes. It is supposed to have been the floor of a lodge or conventicle of the Valentinian sect. There is a pavement of intersecting circles, black and white, with red squares quartered with white in their centres. Round two sides are compartments, with obviously Egyptian figures.

See also Didron's "Annales Archéologiques," vol. i., p. 72, referring to Gnostic use of the Egyptian symbol of a lion-headed serpent.

[‡] We have long looked for the publication of copies and tracings made from these tablets by the well-known explorer, Major Macdonald, whose discovery of the ancient turquoise mines of Mughâra is of the greatest interest. A brief description, probably by his hand, will be found in Smith's "Biblical Dictionary," under article "Mines." His title as King of Sinai, and Lord of the Mines of Pharaoh, will probably be long remembered by the Towâra camp-fires.—(See an article by the present writer on Sinai, in "Vacation Tourists" for 1863.—Macmillan.)

[§] However, as Professor Rawlinson observes, the human figure itself is more ably and

The same remark will apply to the bulls and eagles of Nineveh, which embody War and Command in a manner seldom approached and quite unsurpassed. The Veronese griffins must be considered as analogous examples in Christian art, impressed as the mind of their sculptor must have been with the visions of Ezekiel and with the Apocalypse.[*] It is a pity that no faithful representation of the Danish raven, the Landeyda, or World-waster, has been preserved. Most likely he flapped above his attendant spears, much as the Ninevite eagles in Layard's bas-reliefs. With tokens like these begins the symbolism of chiefs and heroes—the heraldry of knightly war since the heroic age. The Baltic raven is not the only raven,—it pleased Oreb and Zeb in their day to be styled the Raven and the Wolf; and to this day (see Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine") Sheykh Abd-el-Aziz of Moab, well known to many travellers, is called El Nimr, the Leopard. Hence comes all heraldic imagery, from the blazon of Telamon and Capaneus[‡] to the crossed shield which told of a greater thing than barbaric menace. This form of grotesque symbolism could either descend to familiar or humorous allusion, as often in the many punning names and devices of what was called "canting" heraldry; or it could rise to the most noble and dignified imagery, as in the well-known Brandon dress and motto, worn by him who married a king's daughter, wearing on his wedding day a mantle half cloth of gold, half frize:—

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,
Tho' thou be matched with cloth of frize;
Cloth of frize, be not too bold,
For thou art matched with cloth of gold."

The mention of heraldic symbolism might take us far from our main subject, which is to trace the connection between symbolic art and grotesque art, and to show how advanced symbolism passes into the higher grotesque, and is indeed identical with it. This has partly been done, inasmuch as it has been shown that the names Symbolic and Grotesque apply to all attempts to represent things which are fairly above man's power of conception and expression. We must not turn aside into the kindred subjects of Illumination and Glass-Painting, connected as they are with religious and heraldic symbolism. Our best examples might be taken from MSS., and all we can do here is to call the attention of every one who can get access to it, to the noble work of the Bibliothèque Royale, produced by M. le Comte Bastard, called simply "Peintures des Manuscrits." It is a splendid and perfect set of copies of MSS. from the eighth

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less conventionally represented in sculptures of this date than in those of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasty—the supposed Augustan age of Egyptian art.

[*] "The Griffins." "Modern Painters," vol. iii.

[†] Æsch. Septem. contr. Thebas.

century, and we have never before seen a series of examples in which the beginning and growth of Gothic naturalism, out of the old stock of Roman or Byzantine traditional work, can be so well traced. Some of the earliest eighth century initial letters, in what is called the Merovingian style, seem to be by Byzantine hands, and are strangely formed of birds and fishes, much like those on old-fashioned dinner-plates, quaintly arranged, but without the least sense of nature. That is the old conventional work, and some initials from an ancient commentary on Genesis by St. Augustine of Hippo are its best specimen. Lombard work of the same century, evidently by scholars of Byzantine teachers, is different. There are nondescript beasts, it is true, but there are riders on them whose seat on creature-back is admirable: they sit down and upright, with the hands kept low, and with the pliant strength of the knights of Athens in the Elgin marbles. Animals of chase are introduced, and all shows the beginning of a rapid progress. The whole history of Illumination seems to be contained in this volume. But we can do no more than mention it; we must go back to our old division of art into Byzantine and Teutonic, Classical and Gothic, Southern and Northern, Eastern and Western. In looking at the various methods of treatment to which these names are applied, there seem to be two essential differences, the naturalism of northern or Teutonic art, and its humour. It is not that there is no appeal to nature in that remnant of Greek and Roman art which we call Byzantine, because Byzantium represented Rome at the time of the first feeble Renaissance;* it is that all Byzantine rendering of nature was so severely conventional. The Greek had none of the rough childlike Gothic desire to make his picture or carving as *like* as possible, and to bring everything he saw within the command of his chisel and brush. Again, the wider range of Northern work allowed of and involved continual play of fancy, surprise, change from grave to gay. The Eastern work rises to the sublimity of dreadful earnestness, as in the Torcello symbolism of the Lake of Fire as a red stream issuing from under the Throne of God, the Judge. But it is never mirthful, or humorous, or ironical: and it is "the dying away of the grotesque laughter of the Goth" which distinguishes Northern and Southern art in those Italian churches where they are combined. There is a curious instance of such combination in the Duomo of Torcello (see "Stones of Venice," vol. ii., p. 16), where the band which encircles the shaft (of the columns of the aisle) is partly copied from the classical braided fillet, and partly turned into a grotesque symbol. "The Gothic energy and love of life, mingled with the early Christian religious symbolism, were struggling daily into more vigorous expression; and the builders of the Duomo turned the wreathed band into a serpent of three times the length necessary to undulate round the shaft. It knots itself into a triple chain, and shows at one side of the shaft its tail and head, as if perpetually gliding round it, beneath the stalks of the vines (at the base of the capital). The vine was one of the early symbols of Christ, and the serpent is here typical either of the eternity of his dominion, or of the power of Satan subdued."

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* Noted further on—"The Byzantine Olive and Vine."

It is in examples of this kind, or in the work of M. le Comte Bastard, that the actual transmission of the art of the Catacombs into Teutonic hands is to be noted. We have already referred to the books of De Rossi and Raoul Rochette, and endeavoured to trace somewhat of the naturalist spirit in the earlier works.

The *very* earliest, as has been said, are of no ascetic character, but are full of images and analogies from ancient heroic legend, and of cheerful symbolisms of beasts and birds, and fields and flowers, and the labours of men. Nor can any one say what the art of the Catacombs might have ripened into, if their preachers had laboured among men of the northern races. Perhaps the results would not have been very different from those which are left us. The Lombard would still have been possessed with the desire of carving and painting all he knew, or saw, or did, or thought much of, as like itself as possible. In this he would probably have been encouraged by the very earliest teachers of the Church. But before the Christian faith could deliver the relics of art into barbarian hands, she had to go through a period of ascetic separation.

Here and there in the Eastern, and later in the Benedictine cloisters, world-worn men of world-worn nations stored the relics of their civilization for the young races of the world. We have already contrasted their solemnity with the strange love of jest displayed in the Lombard work. And on this contrast we must base the following classification of our subject, which we think will be found to run all through it.

First, there is pure or early Christian symbolism, very simple both in feeling and execution, and strongly connected with the evident impulse of men's minds to see symbols of the Faith in all things. As art, this is derived from Greek or Roman sources, and has to perish with the civilization from which it sprang. It becomes more ascetic in its character as the Christian Church passes into her severer organization and discipline; and few traces, or none at all, can be found in it of grotesque humour, though it is often grotesque, simply from the workman's being unequal to his subject. This has already been considered.

Secondly, there is the wild grotesque, between symbolism and pure jest, first found in the early Lombard work. It is developed again and again in Teutonic art,—in architecture, in illumination, and latterly in engraving. The work of Albert Dürer in later days connects it with the higher grotesque. On the other hand, it is connected with the modern caricature, or drawing of current events and persons for the sake of humorous exaggeration of their "character," to which beauty is sacrificed. Hogarth is absolute master in this department of art, as he seldom exaggerates, his work being purely realist, and also as he is the greatest master who has ever worked out such subjects in oil colour, and is in fact the founder of the English school of domestic incident. George Cruikshank and Leech are his latest followers in the school of caricature, so called, while the club which bears his name contains many faithful and powerful disciples, who deal with subjects of familiar life.

Thirdly, many of the greatest works of the greatest men may be classed as belonging to the high symbolical grotesque, or sublime or terrible grotesque. These names are variously applicable to such works as Giotto's "Last Judgment" or Orcagna's "Triumph of Death," to Holbein's "Dance of Death," to many of Albert Dürer's greatest works, to Tintoret and Michael Angelo, to William Blake and some works of Turner.

We have mentioned one or two points of contact or connection, so to speak, between the new art and the old,—between the Teutonic work, with its naturalism and its humour, and the Classical or Byzantine, with its conventionalism, solemnity, and great sense of beauty. The latter, as we have said, early culminated, at Pisa, in that marvellous group of buildings which scarcely bears the name of Buschetto, strangely forgotten as it has been. Count Bastard's work will enable any one to trace the advance of naturalism in the art of illumination, and we can only refer in passing to Mr. Ruskin's chapters on the connection between illumination and modern landscape ("Modern Painters," vol. iii.). Giunto of Pisa has the name of the first innovator on Byzantine painting in Italy; and Orcagna's tremendous frescoes in the Campo Santo bear the stamp of Eastern severity in expectation of judgment, perhaps even more strongly than Giotto's in the Arena Chapel. In Florence, Cimabue and Giotto mark the transition from the old to the new. Mrs. Browning's poem, "Casa Guidi Windows," beautifully revives Vasari's story how Margheritone, the last master of gold backgrounds and traditional features, died "*infastidito*" at the success of Cimabue and the new school. She remarks also, with great insight, how cheerfully the men of the progressive school endured and enjoyed each other's success: "Strong Cimabue bore up very well against Giotto," &c.

And having so far marked points and times of junction between ancient and modern art, and found that naturalism and humour are their two most salient distinctions, let us try in some measure to understand the latter characteristic of Teutonic work. It seems to be a part of the feeling of men accustomed to the struggles of the Northern life, to labour, and risk, and victory. It is the way of young races,—unconscious founders of nations,—who rejoice in the sense of progress and conquest, not without tremendous experience of toil and suffering endured and inflicted.* It is, without doubt, in the marches and battles of Gothic races, from the Danube to Alexandria, that the character of men like the Lombard carvers was formed. Near contemplation of death is a great test and modifier of both national and individual character, and it will be really worth our while to consider how differently it affected the two earliest Christian art schools. With the Christian of the first days death was looked on with an awed but eager expectation. The act of dying might be painful, but in death were all things he desired. And the trial meanwhile was often of the sharpest. Our tendency at present is rather to underrate than overrate the number of actual martyrdoms, but no one whom we know of has yet mustered courage to deny that, in large cities throughout the Roman world, a numerous Christian population really lived in danger of life, and exposed to certain loss and ignominy, for long spaces of time together. There was likely to be little care for jesting or humour in these men's minds. Persecuted, but not forsaken, they could produce art which would bear the stamp of sure hope and great suffering. They had, in great measure, to turn their backs on the world, and therefore on all the incongruities and contradictions which find food for what we call humour. The asceticism of Egypt and the East may be traced to something like an absolute necessity of escape from the world's ways. In the first days men fairly cast off the world to preach the Gospel. Soon came the time when they cast off the world to suffer for the Gospel. And when the world was conquered, and its worst corruptions had entered within the Church's pale, men fled for refuge into the life of the hermit or the cœnobite. In every case the Christian character, in the men who first exhibited it in mass, was one of passive contest with the world. Things were too real for irony or pleasantry, or for what moderns call melancholy: besides that thoughtful men in the East seem constitutionally inclined, like Solomon, to say of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it? The symbolic and other art of such men, rude in its beginning, would make progress for a time from the very earnestness of the men who followed it, but it would rest in conventionalisms and at last stagnate in them, and would all along be affected by the ascetic form which the whole Church was assuming. The Christian Goth was still a warrior and conqueror; Christian Greeks and Romans were still children of a decaying civilization and half-enslaved race. Under the distresses in which they lived they had hope in death only, and lacked the barbaric strength and conquering energy which have made the Teuton in all ages know that he is to possess the earth before it possesses him, and that toil and conquest are appointed for him continually till that death in which he also looks for mercy.*

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* The essential resemblance which American character still retains to English is shown by the invincible taste for broad, keen, or bitter humour, now and then relieved by pathos.

It is quite true that the earliest Christian symbolism was independent of technical skill, because of the great thoughts which it conveyed; and that imitative excellence seems out of place in representations of the Vine of Souls, the Lamb, the Dove, or the Pelican. Yet if imitative study of nature be neglected, the symbol, as we have shown, becomes simply a hieroglyphic. And though they could observe keenly and record faithfully, the conventual painters avoided anything like realization. In all their painting and mosaic, Nature is subdued to decorative purpose and conventionally treated (see "Stones of Venice," ii., pp. 95, 108, 168, and iv. 176—" The Vine, Free and in Service," and "The Byzantine Olive"). While Gothic art was essentially progressive, because of its continual appeal to Nature, and the true omnivorous artist-instinct of all its workers, who eagerly represent all things *for their own sake, as God's work*, it being fit that man should give Him glory by recording his study and delight therein.†

For Gothic Naturalism means delight in Nature, and Realism means desire and determination to have the real thing, whether the "thing" be imaginative or actual. And the Byzantine would consider natural things—the ravens and the lilies,—but would scarcely delight in them for their own sake. Of the lily he would make a fair border pattern, or an abacus, with all the stiff grace of conventional form. The raven would probably be associated in his mind with the Brook Cherith; or he would think the ungainly fowl only fit to symbolize the evil one. The Goth, like the old Egyptian, would show a strong appreciation of ravenism itself. He would delight to do justice to the hammer-like head, and bayonet-like bill, and high, powerful shoulder, and grim, ominous gait. He could feel the typical beauty and purity of flowers; he loved lilies too, and carved them as "like" as he could; but the raven was his chosen symbol, the standard of the dominant race of all the Northern swarm. Christian seed did not alter the character of the Teutonic soil on which it fell, and as the men of the older races looked on Death with desire, the Northmen looked on him with defiance. To one he was the end of suffering, to the other the last of many labours. Both knew Death as their last enemy; but it was the custom of the North to rush on an enemy with scornful welcome. And it is this instinct of defiance to all powers of evil which gives a suggestion of rough sport to some of the grandest works of ancient Gothic days.

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* We must again refer to Mr. Ruskin's examples ("Stones of Venice," vol. ii., Appendix, p. 361) of the Lombard carvings at Verona and the Byzantine work at Venice. He calls special attention to the energy of the first and the languor of the second.

† See, once more, the argument which Mr. Browning has put in the mouth of Fra Lippo Lippi :—

"For, don't you mark, we're made so, that we love
*First when we see them painted*, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times, nor care to see;
And so they *are better painted;* better to *us*,
Which is the same thing; Art was given for that:
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

It seems to have been a combination of these two feelings,—the ascetic sense of deliverance in death, and the Gothic defiance of death,—which made the "Dance of Death" so favourite a subject in the middle ages. Every one will remember the towns of Basle and Lucerne in connection with it: the one still retains its pride in Holbein, the other has hitherto preserved a part of the grim lesson of mortality in the vaultings of one of its ancient wooden bridges. It is strange to contrast the rude and quaint simplicity of the Northern "Dance of Death" with the tremendous inspiration of Orcagna, where Byzantine severity is linked with more than Gothic wildness of invention and determined realism of treatment. The "Triumph of Death" in the Campo Santo at Pisa is so well known as to require but little description here. Sir Charles Eastlake's translation of Kügler's "Italian Painting" gives a fair account of it, with illustrations, and we have seen it very well photographed. It has always seemed to us the most distressing and terrible of all works of art. There is the naked simplicity of horror often found in Gothic pictures of death, and corruption, and condemnation, realized and enforced, by the intense conceptions of the painter, with all the damnatory severity of the Byzantine imagination.* There are the three kings bidden look on corruption and know that such they shall be; there is the gigantic black-winged Death, turning away from all the old and wretched who invoke her, and flying with an expression of speed which seems to shoot her across the painted wall, upon voluptuous forms and fair indolent faces at wine under orange boughs. The broad scythe is upraised for its full sweep, and its swathes lie behind; their souls are drawn from the dead lips, as new-born children, by angels or by fiends—the greater number unto damnation,—so that some angels weep and wring their hands, some tug and scramble horribly for brands from the burning, and Raphael crouches at his Lord's feet, veiling his face from the sight. The well-known group of the angel and the demon dragging at a corpulent and tonsured soul—one by the feet, the other by the hands—is, I suppose, to be considered such a jest as the intense Orcagna could make. It certainly is one of the grimmest character. Then there is the hideous Inferno, partly destroyed by the dismal idiocy of the repainter, but retaining sufficient expression in its upper part to make it dreadful rather than disgusting. Such a sermon on the text, "Wherefore hast Thou made all men for nought?" was probably never preached by living man. Holbein and the other Northern workmen dwell mainly on the universal change of death, and little on after punishment. The miser, indeed, is threatened with "*ein schwartzer Tod*," but Death greets the old noble only with the words, "Come thou with me, good sword."

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* I have no doubt that the kindred nature of the minds of Dante and Andrea Orcagna has often been noticed. The definite exactness of description or painting is very remarkable in both. "That is the man who has been to hell," is said to have been the cry after Dante; and his strange precision in mapping out eternal pain gives warrant for the words.

Giotto may be taken with Orcagna, both being especially powerful workers in the symbolic grotesque, and marking the rapid advance of Gothic naturalism in treatment. Their backgrounds, &c., are painted with severe adherence to nature: and their works, so to speak, anticipate in spirit all the labours of the Realist schools to our own time. The Arena Chapel, whose frescoes have been beautifully copied by the Arundel Society, and published with Mr. Ruskin's description, dates from 1303, and may be taken as an example of Giotto's various powers. Its frescoes will enable any one who has access to them, or to the Arundel Society copies, to understand the thoroughly central position and character of that great painter. Not only is he, so to speak, halfway between Cimabue and Francia or Perugino in advancing powers of technical skill, but in character and tone of mind he seems to hold a central position between Orcagna and Angelico. There is all the solemnity of the one, with his intensity, and power over terrible imagery; and there is an evident searching after the religious peace of the latter, evinced in gentle severity of lines, and more particularly in the use of light tones of pure colour, such as are found in such high perfection in the work of the Brother of Fiesole. Again, Giotto, perhaps as much as any painter of any time, exemplifies the great realist principle of painting what you see. One can fairly argue from many of his pictures, let us say especially the "Entombment" at Padua, that he did indeed, by force of imaginative conception, picture to himself, and "see within his head"* as in a vision, the scene his mind desired to look at. And all natural details of his foregrounds or backgrounds are studied in a way and with a power which is exactly central between the artless labours of the Catacombs, and the grand realizations of Titian or Tintoret: no man, in fact, to this day, has ever carried out so well those two sayings, so easily said, so hard to obey, "Paint what you see as well as you can;" "Know what you have to do, and do it." His great power of suggestive symbolism may be illustrated by one or two examples from the personifications of Virtues and Vices which surround the little Arena Chapel.* There is, however, one dread image which leads us so admirably into the subject of the terrible grotesque, that we must needs take it in here. It is that of the arch-fiend and tormentor in the "Last Judgment." As so often in the Middle Ages, and indeed in Orcagna's "Inferno," he is hell himself—a kind of monstrous machine and fiery prison-house; but in Giotto's conception he has a heart, at which a serpent gnaws for ever, flat-headed and sharp-toothed. And this brings us to what is a great comparative test of power in the great masters of the high grotesque all through the Middle Ages,—that is to say, whether they were painters or poets, how have they represented the evil spirits, or enemies of mankind? Milton's Satan is the chief modern personification of the evil spirit. He has been said, perhaps hastily, to be the hero of "Paradise Lost;" at all events he is an heroic figure, not less than archangel ruined. No less a man than Sir Walter Scott applauds the feeling which made Milton reject the goblin of popular superstition ("Demonology and Witchcraft"—from which, however, we quote from memory):—"The genius of Milton alone could discard such fears." This view, no doubt, demands attention; but it may be doubted whether there is not more truth, as well as straightforward sincerity, in the Gothic idea that there is nothing in the enemy of God and man which is not hateful to both God and man. The mediæval mind looked on death and hell as enemies indeed in a most real and practical way, and could not appreciate their sublimity as ideals. And we cannot but agree with the criticism in the "Stones of Venice" (vol. ii.),—"I have always felt a peculiar grandeur in the indescribable, ungovernable fury of Dante's fiends, ever shortening its own powers and disappointing its own purposes; the deaf, blind, speechless, unspeakable rage, fierce as the lightning, but erring from its mark or turning senselessly against itself." Dante seems to have avoided alike vulgarity and sublimity; to have understood that as yet in this world man is happily unable to conceive unmitigated evil, or sound the depths of the abyss of reprobate souls or spirits. He has set before us the ideas of blind force, restrained malice and imprisoned fury, —and it is enough.

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* Tennyson's "Vision of Sin."

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* Giotto's Faith holds the cross in her right hand, and a scroll with the Apostles' Creed in her left: she has a key at her waist, and treads on cabalistic books.

Fortitude not only wears the lion's skin, and bears sword and shield as in the already usual personifications, but he makes the shield square, and covers her with it, as its end rests on the ground, like a tower: it bears the head of a lion, and heads of darts deeply infixed and broken.

Charity has a circular glory (alone of all the virtues) and a fiery cross. She is crowned with flowers, presents a vase of corn and fruit with her right hand, and receives treasure from Christ with her left, while she tramples under foot the riches of the earth.—("Stones of Venice," ii., pp. 338 *et seq.*)

The thought of the serpent may, we think, be traced in the twisted limbs and sinuous necks of the demons of the Sistine—there are panther-like heads, however, with composite ideas of fierceness and malice. Michael Angelo's sense of the grotesque is to be traced everywhere in his works, in that massiveness of limb and wildness of drapery and attitude which make up the popular idea of their character. In Tintoret, the Gothic spirit of strangeness takes the form of delight in energetic action and motion. All the motive of one of his pictures is concentrated into an instant. In the "Miracle of St. Mark" the saint has just darted from above into the scene, and in that moment the weapons of the torturers are crumbling in their hands.* The angel of his "Annunciation" is flying with the wing-stroke of an albatross; the huge shoulders of his muscular pinions seem as if they would drive him through the wall of the House of the New Dispensation like a shell.† The Venus of the Ducal Palace hovers over Ariadne with the swallow's repose of speed.‡ The whole great "Paradise" in the Sala del Gran Consiglio wheels circle within circle, with an awful unity of motion in its five hundred figures.‡ Vigorous action fills the mighty canvas of the "Crucifixion,"† and the repose and extreme beauty of the smaller "Paradise" in the Accademia are contrasted with the terror of the "Cain and Abel." These are the great Italian masters of the sublime grotesque: their humour is wild rather than mirthful when they work at the full stretch of their powers, as they seem continually to have done. In poetry or painting, the chief work of the humorous grotesque has generally been done north of the Alps. We must not attempt to speak of its development in English poetry: Chaucer and Shakspere are not to be taken by the way. Its great art-work for men was in architectural carving and in illumination, especially the former; and its vast importance consisted not only in the work itself, but in the number of persons whose energies it called out: for as in the earliest work of the Catacombs, very little technical skill or practice seems to have been necessary for a man, to enable him to express his thought in stone. Rough, strong-handed architectural carvings gave scope to the humour and fancy of the working man; which we are slowly endeavouring to call out once more. As yet we have got him no further than graceful flower-carving, without much originality of design. We know of no modern figure-subjects in church or house decorations, which show freshness of the workman's invention.* But it seems to have been as easy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to find day-labourers who could carve saints and kings, or at least quaint imagery of dragons and wyverns, as it is now to get men to "rusticate" stone, or polish it into offensive smoothness. If the workman liked snakes or snails, he could immortalize them in mouldings: if he had ugly or odd-looking companions, he could turn them into gurgoyles.† If he stood in dread of dragons or fairies, or imps or gnomes, or the semi-spiritual world in general, he could embody his alarms to the satisfaction of his employers. Whatever he may have suffered in the old days, he had one great privilege which he has not now. He could any day see green fields and broad oaks, and all the simpler forms of nature: he had what all modern Englishmen need so much—daily sight of natural beauty; and something of it did enter into him, to be reproduced in stone. He might carve quaint angels round a choir and attain to real beauty, or might rise to power and terror in grinning demons and tormented faces.

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* Accademia at Venice.

† Scuola di S. Rocco.

‡ Ducal Palace.

Very ordinary men have often the keenest sense of the worldly mixture of good with evil, and the mingled incongruities of things: and inconclusive reflection fills and stimulates their fancy, if it does not lead them far in hard thought. And men of the highest powers, accustomed to severe mental labour and lofty reflection, are often unable to work at their full stretch. They want relaxation, though they cannot rest inactive, and so they have to be content with half-indifferent exercise of their powers. Much of Dürer's work, as the parrot and label in the "Paradise," and the many-wandering fancies of William Blake, bear witness to this. But Gothic humour has its melancholy side. There is a pensive complaint in the way in which old carvers or illuminators put snakes among their roses or vine-leaves: they are innocently partial to toads and the batrachians generally: and their taste for holly and the sharp-pointed weeds of the field may remind us of modern Pre-Raphaelitism. One of the hardest things to comprehend in our revived schools is the distaste of many true painters for broad or sweeping lines, and their pleasure in sticks and straws, ferns, heather, hawthorn, and all things minute and perky. Perhaps such things are enjoyed for their difficulty. Every man who can really draw knows the satisfaction of thoroughly "bringing to book" some intricate piece of foreground subject, which no one before him has mastered or made accessory to his picture. In any case there is an enjoyment of humble difficulties in modern work, which may remind us of Gothic intricacies; though the taste for sharp projections in carving (as those of holly, or for bold ones like those of oak leaves) would arise from the natural wish for clear, well-marked shadows.

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* We trust our new Art Schools may bring out more in due time; and indeed it is not time to be impatient as yet. Let us trust that it is coming, if not come.

† Mr. Marks's charming picture of the young monk carving a *gurgoyle* will be remembered.

But we must for a while return to Michael Angelo and the higher grotesque. There is a work which all Florence attributes to him, now occupying its place of honour in the Pitti, which the present writer cannot remember to have seen described, except in Sir Charles Eastlake's translation of Kügler, where it is summarily dismissed as "a picture of three keen and severe-looking old women, by Rosso Fiorentino." If it is not by Michael Angelo, we think the name of Rosso Fiorentino ought to be better known. If it is (and we submit that any one who will look at it attentively will have great difficulty in attributing it to any one else), it has the rare interest of being a small easel picture by the hand which covered the walls and ceiling of the Sistine, and smote out the "Moses" who sits with bent brows for ever in S. Pietro in Vincoli. Let us try to describe it. Three mighty spinning-women; aged beyond the ages, wrinkled but not withered, stronger than men or the children of men, awful rather than terrible. One stands a little behind; it is she who metes out the length of a thread of life; and her task is over, the appointed span is all past. Her mouth is open, calling the name by which immortals know the soul whose hour is come. There is a trace of suspense and pain in her expression. She who spins has turned her face from the thread, her work too being done, and her eyes meet those of the "Fury with the abhorrèd shears." The latter is no fiend or hateful Erinnys in the mind of Buonarotti: both the sisters have a far-away look of strange pity; so distant and so faint, it reminds one no more of human tenderness than the evening Alpenglüth recalls the sun's warmth. Yet it is there, and with it the lips are just moved in the dawn of a strange smile, as if to say, "They who mourn unknowing, shall yet understand and be comforted." And the thread is between the shears, and the sinews of the strong fleshless hand are set, and it is closing them slowly: and still the grave eyes seek the sister's face, expressionless, impenetrable, irrefragable. "I am all that has been, and is, and shall be, and no man has ever lifted up my veil," said the statue of Isis. It is as if Michael Angelo had indeed raised it, and looked steadily on what it covered. It will require strong evidence before such a picture can be thought to be the work of a man of unknown name. The fact that its power so greatly depends on expression of countenance may make it more difficult to think of as Angelo's; at the same time, the sculptor of the "Duke Lorenzo" and the painter of the Sistine could never have wanted for power in feature-drawing.*

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* The engraving from the lost picture of the "Soldiers Bathing" is well known. Its date is 1504, when the painter was thirty years old. The hard-featured eagerness of the surprised veterans (the group is of men suddenly called to battle while bathing in the Arno) may remind many of the picture of "The Fates."

Indeed, as Byron said there was no tenderness like Dante's, so there are very few faces of pure beauty in art which excel the Sistine "Eve," and none surpassing the "Madonna" of the Medici Chapel.*

The "Moses," which is perhaps Michael Angelo's chief work in the higher grotesque, is so well known as to need no detailed description. Bad copies of it abound sufficiently to have by this time created what Oxford tutors call "a good, strong, confident ignorance" about it. He who wishes to carry away with him the statue's feeling and lesson, must see it glooming in its niche at evening—the embodied Terror of the Law. Blinding white casts of it, seen in the full glare of exhibition rooms, are pure delusion. There are few who will give themselves time, in these days, really to look at any great work of art, ancient or modern. But those who will spend a little time and thought over a good copy of the "Moses," from true interest in it, and not merely with a view to talking about it between courses at dinner, will certainly be struck by its leading idea. It is the sternness of him, as representing the Law, who was himself exceeding meek above all men. They will see, in the gloom of the statue, the feeling last embodied perhaps in a memorable way by John Bunyan,—"He spareth none, nor knoweth how to show mercy." They will notice how the fancy of early scholars, that Pan was the Greek model of Moses, hung on the master's mind, so that the awful face is made flat and "simous," and the limbs are bent almost into faun-like contortion.† They will see how strong was that imagination of truth, and that grotesque wildness of conception, which laid emphasis on the shaggy beard and hair of him who had sojourned forty years in the Sinai desert, and endured forty more of penal wandering; and on the powerful eye which was not dimmed, and the natural strength that never was abated.

Such are one or two of the highest existing works of the sublimer grotesque. Two hundred and four years cover the time between Giotto's portrait of Dante in 1300, and Michael Angelo's "Bathing Soldiers" in 1504. Such a transition is enough for one essay, and our permitted space will not allow us to cross the Alps, and note the progress of the Northern grotesque, its apparent degeneracy, and possible revival in our own time. We hope to take up the subject again;—it seems likely to lead us to dwell more especially on the work of the great original engravers; of men almost all capable of great works in colour, but whose greatest thoughts are best known in terms of light and shade. We shall try to point out the analogy between their work and that of the Illuminators of earlier times, and show how the thoughts of the one class of men were recorded in colour without light and shade, while the others, having all the difficulties of increased knowledge, technical and other, to contend with, were compelled to lessen them by working in black and white without colour. The names and works of Dürer and Rembrandt, of Hogarth, Blake, and Turner, of Cruikshank, Leech, and Alfred Rethel; and—last, not least—of that powerful and sinister spawn of the guillotine, Gustave Doré, will need separate notice, scanty as it must be after all. We may return for the time to our old distinction between Realists and Purists. It is clear that the former only can deal with the grotesque: especially with its more humorous forms. Whether laughter be the expression of secret pride or secret pain, all things which produce it in any form involve ideas of inconsistency, incongruity, oddity, ugliness, surprise, or startling change. And the leading ideas of Purism are calm, unmixed beauty, absence of evil, and indeed of change. For change bears witness to decay, and the necessary forms of evil and of death, the great change; which the Eastern Christian met in the strength of his humility, and the Gothic Christian in devout humiliation of his strength. The Gothic Realist has to record the ways of men as well as their hopes; and this takes him out of the Purist element, and throws him into the world, to take his share of its tribulation and doubt and confusion of thought; to mark transitions from goodness to wickedness, and from both to absurdity; to note the mixed motive of Christian men, and the better feeling, and perhaps the repentance, of those who for a time reject Christ. The Purist deals with harmony: the Realist with contrast also; besides that, he is generally full of the true Northern irony, and more likely (as many of our own people to this day) to laugh in suffering and weep for joy, than proceed conversely.

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* There is a good cast of this statue in the Crystal Palace; also of "Day and Night," and the "Duke Lorenzo."

† The horns of the statue have nothing to do with the suggested form of the goat. This is affirmed in the admirable criticism in Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria," vol. ii., p. 126. Compare Pope's line ("Dunciad," iii. 10)—"And Pan to Moses lends his heathen horn." Scott quotes it in "Demonology and Witchcraft," substituting Satan for Moses, in accounting for the popular grotesque form of the enemy of mankind. The real origin of the horns (which are obviously unlike a goat's) is a mistaken translation in the Vulgate, Exod. xxxiv. 29, "Ignorabat quod CORNUTA esset facies sua," &c. The similarity of the two Hebrew words, קֶרֶן, "*a horn*," and קָרַן "*he shone*," probably led to a confusion of the two, or rather to a translation of the verb in the sense of the noun.

Work which bears the impress of the convent can scarcely be humorous. It is possible, no doubt, to conceive of Fra Angelico as understanding and even enjoying a joke; but one can scarcely imagine that he ever made one. Several pleasantries by St. Francis of Assisi are on record—(see Sir J. Stephen's "Essays on Ecclesiastical History"),—but they seem to have been purely practical, and to have fully made up for any amusement they may have given spectators by the excessive suffering and vexation they must have caused to their objects. They cannot have been any important addition to the sum of human hilarity. And, indeed, most of the great Italians, as has been observed, seem to have worked habitually at the full stretch of their powers, and to have exceeded the bounds of the lofty or terrible grotesque only at rare intervals, when they felt equal only to the lighter and more superficial view of things. And conversely, we often see men who profess to be no more than caricaturists, or chroniclers of every-day life and habit, rise into the sublime or terrible; as Cruikshank very frequently, or as Leech in the well-known woodcut of "General Février."

We have seen, too, how the highest efforts of men's genius involve them in the symbolic grotesque, where their brain vividly sets before them pictures which their hands can scarce record, so that, as Mr. Ruskin points out, all representations of the visions or parables of the Old Testament must be grotesque in art,—as the fat and lean kine of Joseph, the parables of Abimelech and Joash, and many of the prophetic visions of Daniel and Ezekiel. Perhaps the best example which we can choose may be one of the most familiar. All know how the four beasts of the Apocalypse have always been held as symbols of the four Evangelists, and almost all will have seen representations of them. Many perhaps have made the attempt, and felt the difficulty, of picturing on their own brain what manner of vision that was which revealed those indescribable forms to the inner eye of the beloved disciple. It will be seen and felt that all such attempts issue in grotesque, sometimes of the wildest character: and of this Albert Dürer's woodcuts of the Apocalypse are perhaps the best and readiest examples. The name of Dürer brings us nearer to the grotesque of our own day, which his genius has so strongly affected. His works and his character of mind present strangely marked points of contrast with those of William Blake. Perhaps a comparison might be sustained between Dürer and Blake, analogous to that which is drawn out between him and Salvator in the fifth volume of "Modern Painters." Living almost without sight of any great natural beauty, Blake had to fall back on school instruction on the antique, and to appeal too exclusively to the human figure, for that beauty which was the very desire of his soul; and so he came, as he said, to find Nature rather in his way. The citizen of Nuremberg had much natural beauty always within his reach in the Franconian Switzerland and elsewhere. The life he saw round him was not too painful or unsightly, nor were the inconsistencies of other men's conduct and faith too much for him. He felt that he had faith, and hope in death, *in common with* other men, instead of living in mournful sectarian independence,—naturally suspected as a "freethinker" in days when to think correctly and to think earnestly seem to have been things irreconcileable.

The effect of Dürer's labours on modern art and thought must be very great: it is difficult to form an estimate of the suggestive power of such works as the "Melancholia," or the "Knight and Death." He is one of those late workmen of great name, whose influence over men depends rather on their engravings than their paintings. This may be said confidently of Dürer and Blake, and, with some truth at least, of Rembrandt, Turner, and Hogarth. We do not know if the question has been fairly entered into, how far painful or ordinary subjects are unfit for colour-treatment. Perhaps one may rightly feel that there are many "motives" for pictorial illustration, which are so distressing in their nature, that no man ought to be capable of treating them with that cool elaboration which is really necessary for good colour. Such are many of Dürer's subjects, and especially the two great modern woodcuts by Alfred Rethel, called "Death the Avenger" and "Death the Friend." However this may be, "immensum confecimus æquor," and we have reached our limits,—that is to say, we have arrived at the threshold of the schools of Modern Realist art. As yet, we seem to have got no farther than to point to the two beginnings of Christian art; to notice how the early and artless Realism of the Catacombs, driven into convents for protection, left later ages only the faint traditions of Byzantine art, which sufficed, however, to impress Cimabue, and Angelico, and Francia, and Perugino, and so, through Rafael's works, formed the traditional feeling of the Purist schools. We have seen also, that among the first Teutonic workers were men who desired to paint or carve all things and all thoughts; yet that many and the best of them have been men earnest in the Christian faith, and have desired and rejoiced to think that they and their labours form a part of Christian teaching. Such men have lived in all times; and Giotto is perhaps their first great representative. Then we tried to show how symbolism began necessarily with the attempts of zealous workmen to realize difficult —nay, impossible—conceptions, and, in short, to express the ineffable; and how the very first Teutonic workers introduced their spirit of surprise and laughter into their symbolisms, and appealed to the spirit of strangeness, sometimes in sport, sometimes for terror; and we glanced at the many and wonderfully various forms which the consequent grotesques assumed; and pointed to the analogy between Egyptian forms of asp and hawk, and Ninevite bulls and eagles, and Veronese griffins, and the endless imaginations of Gothic carvings, illuminations, and heraldry. And we have tried to show the two sides of Teutonic grotesque,—its seriousness because of the shadow of coming death, and its humour which defied death, because of the strangeness, and eagerness, and intensity of life,—the double work in man of God's gift of strength and his greater gift of faith. We hope to trace this farther, and to illustrate all from modern work, especially from the labours of workmen of our own mixed and many-sided race, which perhaps of all others best bears out the old Homeric epithet of ἀλφήστης ἀνὴρ, Man the Seeker.

R. St. John Tyrwhitt.

# SCHUBERT AND CHOPIN.

*Franz Schubert.* One Volume. Wien: H. Kreiszle. London: W. H. Allen. 1865.
*Lucrezia Floriani.* One Volume. Bruxelles: George Sand. 1846.
*Life of Chopin.* One Volume. New York: Liszt. 1863.

IN passing from the great gods of music, like MOZART and BEETHOVEN, to those delightful tone-poets and singers with which Germany has of late abounded, we could scarcely find any names more dear to the heart of the true musician than those of FRANZ SCHUBERT and FREDERIC CHOPIN.

Schubert, the prince of lyrists—Chopin, the most romantic of pianoforte writers, Schubert rich with an inexhaustible fancy—Chopin perfect with an exquisite finish, each reaching a supreme excellence in his own department, whilst one narrowly escaped being greatest in all—both occupied intensely with their own meditations, and admitting into them little of the outer world—both too indifferent to the public taste to become immediately popular, but too remarkable to remain long unknown—both exhibiting in their lives and in their music striking resemblances and still more forcible contrasts—both now so widely admired and beloved in this country—so advanced and novel, that although Schubert has been in his grave for thirty-eight years and Chopin for seventeen, yet to us they seem to have died but yesterday—these men, partners in the common sufferings of genius, and together crowned with immortality in death, may well claim from us the tribute of memory to their lives, and of homage to their inspiration.

In the parish of Lichtenthal, Vienna, the inhabitants are fond of pointing out a house commonly known by the sign of the "Red Crab," which, in addition to the above intelligent and interesting symbol, bears the decoration of a small grey marble tablet, with the inscription—"Franz Schubert's Geburtshaus." On the right hand is a sculptured lyre, on the left, a wreath, with the date of the composer's birth, January 31, 1797.

Franz Schubert was the youngest son of Franz and Elizabeth Schubert; he had eighteen brothers and sisters, few of whom lived very long. His father was a poor schoolmaster, who, having little else to bestow upon his children, took care to give them a good education. "When he was five years old," his father writes, "I prepared him for elementary instruction, and at six I sent him to school; he was always one of the first amongst his fellow-scholars." As in the case of Mozart and Mendelssohn, the ruling passion was early manifested, and nature seemed to feel that a career so soon to be closed by untimely death must be begun with the tottering steps and early lisp of childhood. From the first, Schubert entered upon music as a prince enters upon his own dominions. What others toiled for he won almost without an effort. Melody flowed from him like perfume from a rose, harmony was the native atmosphere he breathed. Like Händel and Beethoven, he retained no master for long, and soon learned to do without the assistance of any. His father began to teach him music, but found that he had somehow mastered the rudiments for himself. Holzer, the Lichtenthal choir master, took him in hand, but observed that "whenever he wanted to teach him anything, he knew it already;" and some years afterwards, Salieri,* who considered himself superior to Mozart, admitted that his pupil Schubert was a born genius, and could do whatever he chose. At the age of eleven, Schubert was a good singer, and also an accomplished violinist; the composing mania soon afterwards set in, and at thirteen his consumption of music paper was something enormous. Overtures, symphonies, quartetts, and vocal pieces, were always forthcoming, and enjoyed the advantage of being performed every evening at the concerts of the "Convict"† school, where he was now being educated—Schubert regarding this as by far the most important part of the day's work. At times music had to be pursued under difficulties, *Adagios* had to be written between the pauses of grammar and mathematics, and *Prestos* finished off when the master's back was turned. Movements had to be practised, under some discouragements, during the hours of relaxation. "On one occasion," writes a friend, "I represented the audience: there was no fire, and the room was frightfully cold!" At the age of eleven, he had been admitted as chorister into the Imperial choir, then under the direction of Salieri, where he remained until 1813, when his voice broke. There can be no doubt that Salieri, the avowed rival of Mozart, and as narrow and jealous a man as ever lived, was very fond of Schubert, and exercised an important influence over his studies; and yet it would be impossible to conceive of two minds musically less congenial. Salieri was devoted to Italian tradition, and was never even familiar with the German language, although he had lived in Germany for fifty years. Schubert was the apostle of German romanticism, and almost the founder of the German ballad, as distinct from the French and Italian Romance. Schubert thought Beethoven a great composer—Salieri considered him a very much overrated man; Schubert worshipped Mozart, Salieri was inexorable for him. It was evident that persons holding such dissimilar views would not long remain in the relation of master and pupil, and one day, after a bitter dispute over a Mass of Schubert's, out of which Salieri had struck all the passages which savoured of Haydn or Mozart, the recalcitrant pupil refused to have anything more to do with such a man as a teacher. It is pleasing, however, to find that this difference of opinion was not followed by any personal estrangement; and whilst Schubert always remained grateful to Salieri, Salieri watched with affectionate interest the rapid progress of his favourite pupil.

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* *Salieri*, born 1750, died 1825, now chiefly remembered as the person to whom Beethoven dedicated three sonatas.

† A sort of free grammar school, where poor students were boarded gratuitously.

The boyish life of Schubert was not marked by any peculiarities apart from his devotion to music. He was light-hearted, disposed to make the best of his scanty income, a dutiful and obedient son, fond of society, and of all kinds of amusement. We find nothing to account for the lugubrious titles which belong to so many of his early works, and which seem to fall across the spring-time of his life like the prophetic shadows of coming sorrow and disappointment. Between the ages of eleven and sixteen his compositions were "A Complaint," "Hagar's Lament," "The Parricide," and "A Corpse Fantasia!" He left the "Convict Academy" in his seventeenth year (1813), and returning to his father's house engaged himself vigorously in the tuition of little boys. The next three years were passed in this delightful occupation, but the continuous stream of his music never ceased, and 1815 is marked as the most prolific year of his life. It witnessed the production of more than a hundred songs, half-a-dozen operas and operettas, several symphonic pieces, church music, chamber music, &c., &c. It is remarkable that at this early period he wrote some of his finest songs, and that whilst many of his larger works at that time, and for some years afterwards, continued to bear a strong resemblance to Mozart, some of these ballads are like no one but himself at his very best. Such are the "Mignon Songs," 1815, and the "Songs from Ossian."

Early in 1816, Schubert produced the most popular of all his works, "The Erl King." It was composed characteristically enough, in the true Schubertian fashion. One afternoon Schubert was alone in the little room allotted to him in his father's house, and happening to take up a volume of Goethe's poems, he read the "Erl King." The rushing sound of the wind and the terrors of the enchanted forest were instantly changed for him into realities. Every line of the poem seemed to flow into strange unearthly music as he read, and seizing a pen, he dashed down the song as we have it, in just the time necessary for the mechanical writing. The song so hastily composed was destined to have a remarkable future. It was sung some years after by Vogle at Vienna, and produced a great sensation. The timid publishers, who had hitherto declined to publish Schubert's compositions, now began to think him a young man of some talent, and Diabelli was induced to engrave and sell the song. Schubert got little enough, but in a few months the publishers made over £80 by it, and have since realized thousands.—A few hours before his death, and when he was quite blind, Jean Paul desired to have it sung to him.—It was amongst the few songs which solaced the last days of Beethoven.—Two years before Goethe's death (1830), and two years after Schubert's, Madame Schröder Devrient was passing through Weimar, and sang some songs to the aged poet; amongst them was the "Erl King." Goethe was deeply affected, and taking Schröder's head between both his hands, he kissed her forehead, and added, "A thousand thanks for this grand artistic performance: I heard the composition once before, and it did not please me, but when it is given like this, the whole becomes a living picture!" The startling effect produced by Madame Viardot in this song may still be fresh in the memory of some of our readers.

In 1816, Schubert applied for a small musical appointment at Laibach, under Government. The salary was only £20 a year; but although now a rising young man, and highly recommended by Salieri, he proved unsuccessful. However, he was not destined to struggle much longer with the trials of the pedagogue's vocation, and soon afterwards he consented to take up his abode in the house of his friend Schober. Schubert soon gathered about him a small but congenial circle of friends, and from the very scanty biographical materials before us, we are able to catch some glimpses of them.

Schober was several years his friend's senior, and lived a quiet bachelor life with his widowed mother. He was not especially musical himself, but passionately attached to art in all its forms, and when unable to give, was all the more ready to receive. Schober was a poet, but his great merit will always consist in having recognised and assisted Schubert in the days of his obscurity, and the one poem by which he will be longest remembered, is the poem inscribed on his friend's coffin, beginning,—

> "Der Friede sei mit dir du Engelreine seele!"
> "All bliss be thine, thou pure angelic soul!"

GAHY was a close friend of Schubert's, especially towards the close of his short life. He was a first-rate pianist, and with him Schubert studied Beethoven's symphonies, arranged for four hands, which could then so seldom be heard, besides immense quantities of his own fantasias, marches, and endless pianoforte movements.

At once the most singular and the most intimate of Schubert's friends was MAYRHOFER, the poet. Tall and slight, with delicate features and a little sarcastic smile, he came and went, sometimes burning with generous emotions, at others silent and lethargic. He seemed to be swayed by conflicting passions, over which he had no control. He was constantly writing poetry, which Schubert was constantly setting to music. But as time went on, his nervous malady developed itself. He wrote less, and for hours gave himself up to the dreams of confirmed hypochondria. He held a small post under Government. One morning, going into his office as usual, he endeavoured in vain to fix his attention. He soon rose from his desk, and, after a few turns up and down the room, went up to the top of the house. A window on the landing stood wide open,—he rushed to it, and sprang from a great height into the street below. He was found quite unconscious, and expired in a few moments.

Schubert could not have got on well without the brothers HÜTTENBRENNER; to the end of his life they fetched and carried for him in the most exemplary manner. They puffed him incessantly, at home and abroad; they bullied his publishers, abused his creditors, carried on much of his correspondence, and not unfrequently paid his debts; they were unwearied in acts of kindness and devotion to him, never frozen by his occasional moroseness—never soured or offended by the brusqueness of his manner. They have still in their possession many of his MSS., every scrap of which they have carefully preserved, with the exception of two of his early operas, which the housemaid unluckily used to light the fires with.

The last and most important of this little *coterie* was JOHANN MICHAEL VOGLE, born in 1768. He was educated in a monastery, and although he sang for twenty years in the Viennese opera, he never lost his habits of meditation and study, and might often be met with a volume of the New Testament, Marcus Aurelius, or Thomas à Kempis in his hand. Twenty years older than Schubert, and possessed of a certain breadth and nobleness of character in which his friend was somewhat deficient, he very soon acquired a great ascendancy over him. They became fast friends, and Vogle was the first to introduce Schubert to the Viennese public. He could hardly have been more fortunate in his interpreter. Vogle not only possessed a remarkably fine voice, perfect intonation, and true musical feeling, but he was universally respected and admired; and as he had ample means of studying the real spirit of Schubert's songs, so he had frequent opportunities of extending their popularity.

Schubert himself was now about twenty years old. His outward appearance was not prepossessing; he was short, with a slight stoop; his face was puffy, and his hair grizzled; he was fleshy without strength, and pale without delicacy. These unpleasant characteristics did not improve with years. They were partly, no doubt, constitutional, but confirmed by sedentary, perhaps irregular habits, and we are not surprised to find his doctors, some years later, recommending him to take fresh air and exercise. Schubert, though a warm-hearted, was not always a genial friend, and his occasional fits of depression would sometimes pass into sullenness and apathy; but music was a never failing remedy, and Gahy used to say that, however unsympathizing and cross he might be, playing a duet always seemed to warm him up, so that, towards the close, he became quite a pleasant companion. Hüttenbrenner, it is true, called him a tyrant, because he was in the habit of getting snubbed for his excessive admiration. "The fellow," growled out Schubert, "likes everything I do!" Schubert did not shine in general society. He possessed neither the political sympathies of Beethoven, nor the wide culture of Mendelssohn and Schumann. Almost always the greatest man present, he was frequently the least noticed; and whilst drawing-room plaudits were often freely lavished upon some gifted singer, few thought of thanking the stout, awkward, and silent figure who sat at the piano and accompanied the thrilling melodies which had sprung from his own heart. Only when music was the subject of discussion would he occasionally speak like one who had a right to be heard. At such times his face would seem to lose all that it had of coarse or repulsive, his eyes would sparkle with the hidden fire of genius, and his voice grow tremulous with emotion.

In 1818, Count Esterhazy, a Hungarian nobleman, with his wife Rosine, and his two daughters, Marie and Caroline, aged respectively 14 and 11, passed the winter at Vienna. Schubert, who as a rule refused to give music lessons, was induced in this one instance to waive his objections, and entered this nobleman's house in the capacity of music master. He found the whole family passionately devoted to the art. Marie had a beautiful soprano, Caroline and her mother sang contralto, Baron Schönstein took the tenor, and the Count completed the quartett by singing bass. Many of Schubert's most beautiful quartetts were written for the Esterhazy family;

amongst them, "The Prayer before the Battle," on the words of La Motte Fouqué, and numbers of his songs (such as "Abendlied," "Morgengruss," "Blondel zu Marien," and "Ungeduld") were inspired by the charms of their society, and the scenes which he visited with them.

At the close of the season the family thought of leaving Vienna, but Schubert had become very dear to them, and they could not bear to part with him, so he went back with them to Hungary. Count Esterhazy's estate was situated at the foot of the Styrian Hills, and here it was that Schubert fell in love with the youngest daughter, Caroline Esterhazy. As his affectionate intercourse with the family was never interrupted, we may suppose that Schubert kept his own counsel at first, and was never indiscreet enough to press his suit. The little girl was far too young to be embarrassed by his attentions, and when she grew older, and began to understand the nature of his sentiments, she was still so fond of him and his music that, although she never reciprocated his love, there was no open rupture between them. Caroline played at platonic affection with great success, and afterwards married comfortably. She could, however, sometimes be a little cruel, and once she reproached her lover with never having dedicated anything to her. "What's the use," cried poor Schubert, "when you have already got all!"

Had not art been his real mistress, he would probably have been still more inconsolable. Perhaps no one ever knew what he suffered from this disappointment in early love. Even with his most intimate friends he was always very reserved on these subjects. That he was not insensible to the charms of other women is certain, and in the matter of passing intrigues, he was perhaps neither better nor worse than many other young men. But it is also certain that no time or absence ever changed his feelings towards Caroline Esterhazy, for whom he entertained to the last day of his life the same hopeless and unrequited passion. In Baron Schönstein, the family tenor, he found another powerful and appreciative admirer, and a vocalist second only to Vogle. "Dans les salons," writes Liszt in 1838, "j'entends avec un plaisir très vif, et souvent avec une emotion qui allait jusqu'aux larmes, un amateur le Baron Schönstein dire les lieder de Schubert—Schubert, le musicien, le plus poète qui fut jamais!"

Schubert was not a happy man, and as he advanced in life he lost more and more of his natural gaiety and flow of spirits, and at times would even sink into fits of the deepest despondency. He writes to a dear friend in 1824,—

> "You are so good and kind that you will forgive me much which others would take ill of me—in a word, I feel myself the most wretched and unhappy being in the world! Imagine a man whose health will never come right

again, and who in his despair grows restless and makes things worse,—a man whose brilliant hopes have all come to nought, to whom the happiness of love and friendship offers nothing but sorrow and bitterness, whom the feeling—the inspiring feeling, at least of the beautiful, threatens to abandon for ever, and ask yourself whether such an one must not be miserable? Every night when I go to sleep I hope that I may never wake again, and every morning renews the grief of yesterday; my affairs are going badly—we have never any money."

No doubt Schubert suffered from the exhaustion and relapse which is the torment of all highly sensitive and imaginative temperaments. But his troubles after all were far from imaginary. Step by step life was turning out for him a detailed and irremediable failure. Crossed in early love, he devoted himself the more passionately to art, and with what results? He had, indeed, a small knot of admirers, but to the public at large he was comparatively unknown. He set about fifty of Goethe's songs to music, and sent some of them to the poet, but never got any acknowledgment, nor was it until after his death that Goethe paid him the compliment of a tardy recognition. Although many of his airs were sung by the peasants in Hungary, and treasured up in the monasteries, when Weber came to Vienna in 1823, he was unacquainted with any of his music, and called him a dolt; and in 1826, when Schubert humbly applied for the place of vice-organist at the Imperial Chapel, Chapel-master Eibler had never heard of him as a composer, and recommended Weigle, who was accordingly chosen instead. Although the publishers accepted a few of his songs, he constantly saw the works of men like Kalkbrenner and Romberg preferred to his own. Of his two great operas, "Rosamund" was practically a failure, and "Fierrabras" was neither paid for nor performed. Public singers not unfrequently refused to sing his music, and his last and greatest symphony, the Seventh,* was pronounced to be too hard for the band, and cast aside. Much of this failure may be attributed, no doubt, to his constant refusal to modify his compositions, or write them down to the public taste. His behaviour towards patrons and publishers was not conciliatory—he was born without the "get on" faculty in him, and was eminently deficient in what a modern preacher has called the "Divine quality of tact." In the midst of all these disappointments, although Schubert was never deterred from expressing his opinion, his judgment of his rivals was never embittered or unjust. He was absolutely without malice or envy, and a warm eulogist of Weber and even Rossini, although both of these favourites were flaunting their plumage in the sunshine whilst he was withering in the shade.

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* This remarkable work has lately been produced with the most admirable perfection by the Crystal Palace orchestra, under the direction of their able conductor, Mr. Manns. Some people complain of its length—for our part we cannot see why it should ever leave off. "Length!" says Schumann, "a heavenly length!"

In 1824 he revisited the Esterhazys, in Hungary. His little love was now 16, but with her dawning womanhood there was no dawn of hope for him. And yet he was not unhappy in her society. His many troubles had made him so accustomed to pain—it was so natural for joy to be bitter, and life to be "mixed with death," "and now," he writes, "I am more capable of finding peace and happiness in myself." All through the bright summer months, far into the autumn, he stayed there. Many must have been the quiet country rambles he enjoyed with this beloved family. Marie seems now to have become his confidante, and from the tender sympathy she gave him, and the care she took of every scrap of his handwriting, we may well believe that a softer feeling than that of mere friendship may have arisen in her breast as they wandered together amongst the Styrian hills, or listened to the woodland notes which seem to be still ringing through some of his inspired melodies. Gentle hearts!—where are they now?—the honest Count and Rosine—the laughing, affectionate girls—the simple hearted, the gifted, the neglected Schubert?—not one of them survives, only these memories—like those sad garlands of Immortelles, which are even now from year to year laid upon the tomb of Germany's greatest song-writer.

There remains little more to be told of Schubert's life—yet one scene before the last must not be passed by.

For thirty years Schubert and Beethoven had lived in the same town and had never met. Schubert worshipped at a distance. "Who," he exclaimed, "could hope to do anything after Beethoven?" On their first meeting, Beethoven treated Schubert kindly but without much appreciation, and contented himself with pointing out to him one or two mistakes in harmony. Being quite deaf, he requested Schubert to write his answers; but the young man's hand shook so from nervousness that he could do and say nothing, and left in the greatest vexation and disappointment. It was only during his last illness that Beethoven learned with surprise that Schubert had composed more than 500 songs, and from that time till his death he passed many hours over them. His favourites were, "Iphigenia," "The Bounds of Humanity," "Omnipotence," "The Young Nun," "Viola," and "The Miller's Songs." Between the intervals of his suffering he would read them over and over, and was repeatedly heard to exclaim with enthusiasm, "There is, indeed, a divine spark in Schubert. I, too, should have set this to music." But the days of Beethoven were numbered, and in March of the year 1827 he was overtaken by his last illness. Several of his friends, hearing of his dangerous state, came to visit him—amongst them came Schubert, with his friend Hüttenbrenner. Beethoven was lying almost insensible, but as they approached the bed he appeared to rally for a moment—looked fixedly at them, and muttered something unintelligible. Schubert stood gazing at him for some moments in silence, and then suddenly burst into tears and left the room. On the day of the funeral, Schubert and two of his friends were sitting together in a tavern, and after the German fashion, they drank to the soul of the great man whom they had so lately borne to the tomb. It was then proposed to drink to that one of them who should be the first to follow him—and hastily filling the cup, Schubert drank to himself!

In the following year (1828) he finished his seventh and last great Symphony, in C, and produced amongst other works the Quintett in C, the Mass in E flat, and the Sonata in A minor. His health had been failing for some time past, but although he now suffered from constant headache and exhaustion, we do not find that he ever relaxed his labours in composition. In the spring, he gave his first and last concert. The programme was composed entirely of his own music. The hall was crowded to overflowing—the enthusiasm of Vienna was at length fairly awakened, and the crown of popularity and success seemed at last within his reach; but the hand which should have grasped it was already growing feeble. He thought of going to the hills in July; but when July came he had not sufficient money. He still looked forward to visiting Hungary in the autumn, but was attacked with fever in September, and expired on the 19th of November, 1828, not having yet completed his 32nd year.

He lies near Beethoven, in the pretty churchyard of Währing. Even in winter it is a pleasant retreat, with its quiet walks lined with a profusion of evergreens, whilst in summer the air is scented with lilac blossoms, and wild roses twine amongst the tombs. A tablet, bearing the following inscription, is placed over the grave:—

"'Death buried here a rich possession,
and yet fairer hopes.'
Here lies Franz Schubert; born Jan. 31, 1797; died Nov. 19, 1828,
aged 31 years."

We pass from the composer to his works. Works belonging to the highest order of genius depend upon the rare combination of three distinct qualities,—(1) Invention, (2) Expression, (3) Concentration. Speaking generally, we may say that Beethoven and Mozart possessed all three. Mendelssohn,[*] the second and third in the highest degree; Schumann,[†] the first and third; Schubert, the first and second. As fast as his ideas arose they were poured forth on paper. He was like a gardener bewildered with the luxuriant growth springing up around him. He was too rich for himself,—his fancy outgrew his powers of arrangement. Beethoven will often take one dry subject, and by force of mere labour and concentration, kindle it into life and beauty. Schubert will shower a dozen upon you, and hardly stop to elaborate one. His music is more the work of a gifted dreamer, of one carried along irresistibly by the current of his thoughts, than of one who, like Beethoven, worked at his idea until its expression was without a flaw. His thought possesses Schubert —Beethoven labours till he has possessed his thought.

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[*] The *quality*, at once delicate, tender, and sublime, of Mendelssohn's creations, is not questioned; but the endless though bewitching repetitions, or inversions of the same phrase, and an identity of form which amounts to more than mere mannerism, compels us to admit that the range of his musical ideas was limited.

[†] Again, extraordinary powers of expression are not denied to Schumann. He some-

Schubert has left compositions in every style,—operas, church music, symphonies, songs, and unexplored masses of pianoforte music. His operas were uniformly unsuccessful, with the exception of "War in the Household," which is on a very small scale, and has the advantage over all the others of an experienced librettist, Castelli. The truth is that Schubert was probably deficient in the qualities which are necessary to the success of an opera. Besides melody, harmony, facility, and learning, an attention to stage effect, a certain tact of arrangement, and above all things (what Schubert never possessed) the faculty of coming to an end, are necessary. Anything like diffuseness is a fault. A successful opera must have definite points to work up to, and a good crisis. How many Italian operas depend upon three situations, one quartett, and a good murder! And how many of them are worth a page of Schubert's music?

The greater number of his Masses and psalms are still unpublished; the few we have had the good fortune to hear possess all the breadth and sweetness of his secular works. The twenty-third Psalm, for women's voices, might be sung by a chorus of angels.

Schubert wrote in all seven complete symphonies. Of these the sixth, in C, is interesting, as showing the transition from the forms of Mozart and Beethoven to the true Schubertian. The seventh and last (1828) is a masterpiece, and tastes of nothing but Schubert from beginning to end. Comparisons of merit are usually senseless or unjust, but different qualities are often best observed by the light of contrast. In Schubert's pianoforte music and symphonic writing for strings or full orchestra, we miss the firm grip of Beethoven, the masterful art-weaving completeness of Mendelssohn, the learning of Spohr, or even the pure melodic flow of Mozart;—grip there is, but it is oftener the grip of Phaëton than the calm might of Apollo,—a weaving there is, no doubt, but like the weaving of the

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times hits you, like Robert Browning, with the force of a sledge-hammer, but, like him, you often feel that he is labouring with some thought for which he can find no adequate expression.

Indian loom—beautiful in its very irregularity,—learning there is, and that of the highest order, because instinctive, but how often do we find a neglect of its use in the direction of curtailment or finish,—melodies there are in abundance, but they are frequently so crowded upon each other with a destructive exuberance of fancy, that we fail to trace their musical connection or affinity. In speaking thus we are dealing of course with characteristics and tendencies, not with invariable qualities. Movements of Schubert might be pointed out as rounded and complete, as connected in thought and perfect in expression, as the highest standard of art could require; but these will be found more often amongst his pianoforte four-hand and vocal music than in his larger works. We must, however, admit that the exceptions to this rule are triumphant ones, and criticism stands disarmed before such works as the Quintett in C, the Sonata in A minor, and the Seventh Symphony.

In describing this symphony, Schumann* has not fallen into the shallow mistake of explaining to us the particular thought which the author had in his mind; but whilst admitting that probably he had none, and that the music was open to different interpretations, he neither there nor elsewhere in the mass of his criticism, explains how the same piece of music can mean different things, or why people are so apt to insist upon its meaning something. The fact is, when we say a piece of music is like the sea or the moon, what we really mean is, that it excites in us an emotion like that created by the sea or the moon; but the same music will be the fit expression of any other idea which is calculated to rouse in us the same sort of feeling. As far as music is concerned, it matters not whether your imagination deals with a storm gradually subsiding into calm—passionate sorrow passing into resignation—or silence and night descending upon a battle-field,—in each of the above cases the kind of emotion excited is the same, and will find a sort of expression in any one of these different conceptions.†

Thus a very little reflection will show us that music is not necessarily connected with any definite conception. Emotion, not thought, is the sphere of music; and emotion quite as often precedes as follows thought. Although a thought will often, perhaps always, produce an emotion of some kind, it requires a distinct effort of the mind to fit an emotion with its appropriate thought. Emotion is the atmosphere in which thought is steeped,—that which lends to thought its tone or temperature,—that to which thought is often indebted for half its power. In listening to music we are like those who gaze through different coloured lenses. Now the air is dyed with a fiery hue, but presently a wave of rainbow green, or blue, or orange, floats by, and varied tints melt down through infinite gradations, or again rise into eddying contrasts, with such alternations as fitly mirror in the clear deeps of harmony the ever-changeful and subtle emotions of the soul. Can any words express these? No! Words are but poor interpreters in the realms of emotion. Where all words end, music begins; where they suggest, it realizes; and hence the secret of its strange, ineffable power. It reveals us to ourselves—it represents those modulations and temperamental changes which escape all verbal analysis—it utters what must else remain for ever unuttered and unutterable—it feeds that deep, ineradicable instinct within us of which all art is only the reverberated echo, that craving to express, through the medium of the senses, the spiritual and eternal realities which underlie them! Of course, this language of the emotions has to be studied like any other. To the inapt or uncultured, music seems but the graceful or forcible union of sounds with words, or a pleasant meaningless vibration of sound alone. But to him who has read the open secret aright, it is a language for the expression of the soul's life beyond all others. The true musician cares very little for your definite ideas, or things which can be expressed by words—he knows you can give him these; what he sighs for is the expression of the immaterial, the impalpable, the great "imponderables" of our nature, and he turns from a world of painted forms and oppressive substances to find the vague and yet perfect rapture of his dreams in the wild, invisible beauty of his divine mistress!

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* See an admirable translation by M. E. von G., in the *Shilling Magazine*, Oct., 1865.

† In illustration of the number of similar ideas which will produce a similar emotion, and of the different ways in which the same emotion will find an utterance, see an article in the *Argosy*, II., by Matthew Browne,—"It has seemed to me that no note of pain, shriek of agony, or shout of joy—*for either would do*,—could be strong enough to express sympathy with a meadow of buttercups tossed and retossed by the wind."

How often in Beethoven is it impossible to decide whether he is bantering or scolding, and in Mendelssohn, whether he is restless with joy or anxiety!

Although music appeals simply to the emotions, and represents no definite images in itself, we are justified in using any language which may serve to convey to others our musical impressions. Words will often pave the way for the more subtle operations of music, and unlock the treasures which sound alone can rifle; and hence the eternal popularity of song. Into the region of song Schubert found himself forced almost against his will. He could get himself heard in no other, and this, after all, proved to be the sphere in which he was destined to reign supreme. His inspirations came to him in electric flashes of short and overwhelming brilliancy. The white-heat of a song like the "Erl King," or "Ungeduld," must have cooled if carried beyond the limits of a song. Nowhere is he so great as in the act of rendering some sudden phase of passion. Songs like "Mignon" and "Marguerite Spinning" remind one of those miracles of photography where the cloud is caught in actual motion,—the wave upon the very curl. Schubert was always singing. The Midas of music, everything dissolved itself into a stream of melody beneath his touch. All his instrumental works are full of melodies piled on melodies. We need not wonder at the number of his songs. He began by turning every poem he could get hold of into a song, and had he lived long enough he would have set the whole German literature to music. But he who, like Coleridge, is always talking, is not always equally well worth listening to. Schubert composed with enormous rapidity, but seldom revised or corrected, and his music sometimes suffers from a certain slipper-and-dressing-gown style, characteristic enough of a man who was in the habit of rising late, and finishing his breakfast and half-a-dozen songs together. His warmest admirers cannot be quite blind to an occasional slovenliness in his accompaniments; but like Shelley, he is so rich in his atmospheric effects that we hardly care to look too nearly at the mechanism. His songs may be divided into seven classes. We can do no more at present than barely enumerate them, pointing out specimens of perfect beauty in illustration of each.

I. *Religious*—'Ave Maria,' ii. 248;[*] 'The Young Nun,' ii. 222.
II. *Supernatural*—'The Double,' v. 183; 'The Ghost's Greeting,' iii. 431.
III. *Symbolical*—'The Crow,' ii. 409; 'The Erl King,' i. 2.
IV. *Classical*—'Philoctetes,' iv. 97; 'Æschylus,' iv. 125.
V. *Descriptive*—'The Post,' ii. 406; 'A Group in Tartarus,' i. 112.
VI. *Songs of Meditation*—'The Wanderer,' i. 20; 'Night and Dreams,' ii. 225.
VII. *Songs of Passion*—'Mignon,' iv. 176; 'Thine is my heart,' i. 132; 'By the Sea,' v. 181; 'Anne Lyle,' ii. 348.

Notwithstanding the opinion of an illustrious critic to the contrary, we must be allowed to doubt whether Schubert ever reached his climax. Those works of his latest period not manifestly darkened by the shadow of approaching death—*e. g.*, "Seventh Symphony" and "A minor Sonata"—bear the most distinct marks of progress; and during the last year of his life he had applied himself with vigour to the study of Bach, Händel, and the stricter forms of fugue and counterpoint. What the result of such severe studies might have been upon a mind so discursive, we can only conjecture. He might have added to his own richness more of Beethoven's power and of Mendelssohn's finish; but in the words of Schumann, "He has done enough;" and as we take a last glance at the vast and beautiful array of his compositions, we can only exclaim again with Lizt, "Schubert!—Schubert, le musicien, le plus poète qui fut jamais!"

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[*] We quote the "Wolfenbüttel" Edition, in five vols., edited by Sattler. The first number refers to the volume, the second to the page.

What SCHUBERT was to the songs of Germany, CHOPIN was to its pianoforte music; but whilst the genius of Schubert ranged freely over every field of musical composition, that of Chopin was confined within certain narrow limits. Born into the mid-current of that great wave of Romanticism first set in motion by Schubert, he was destined, with the aid of Lizt and Berlioz, to establish its influence permanently in Paris. Paris—at once so superficially brilliant and so profoundly acute—the same in theology, philosophy, and the arts—always slow to receive German influences, and always sure to adopt them in the long run—Paris became in reality the great foreign depôt of the Romantic school.* But political events had something to do with this. About 1832, the effervescence of the first years of the July Revolution seemed to pass naturally into questions of art and literature, and as the French are occasionally tired of blood but never of glory, the great battle of the Romantic and Classical schools was fought out in the bloodless arena of the arts.

It was the old contest, with which in so many other forms we have grown familiar—what Mr. Mill calls † "the struggle between liberty and authority,"—or as Mr. Carlyle said at Edinburgh the other day, "the question of whether we should be led by the old formalities of use and wont, or by something that had been conceived of new in the souls of men." Dead fruit has to be shaken periodically from every branch of the tree of knowledge. But if any good is to be done, the shaking must be severe and thorough. The constantly recurring question between the new wine and the old bottles admits of no compromise. "What compromise," ‡ asks Liszt, "could there be between those who would not admit the possibility of writing in any other than the established manner, and those who thought that the artist should be allowed to choose such forms as he deemed best suited for the expression of his own ideas?" We know how the question was settled. We know how Mendelssohn saved the movement from suicidal extravagance in its early stages—whilst Schumann has done something towards sanctioning its very excesses. The cause of freedom, in music as elsewhere, is now very nearly triumphant; but at a time when its adversaries were many and powerful, we can hardly imagine the sacred bridge of liberty kept by a more stalwart trio than Schubert the Armourer, Chopin the Refiner, and Lizt the Thunderer.

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* In the abuse so cordially lavished by the Germans on the French, they should remember how much of their popularity in theology, philosophy, and the arts is due to French writers, who make readable, or put in circulation, what would otherwise never be read. The rapid posthumous popularity of Schubert is greatly due to the fact of every one of his songs having been translated into French.

† Mill on "Liberty," chap. i.

‡ Dr. Lizt's fifth chapter, "Life of Chopin," contains a statement of the points at issue. This is the only readable part of the book; it is very able.

Frederic Francis Chopin was born in 1810, at Zelazowa-Wola, near Warsaw. His family was of French extraction, and though gifted with a certain native distinction, seems to have been neither rich nor prosperous. Frederic was a frail and delicate child, and a source of constant anxiety to his parents. He was petted and coaxed on from year to year, and seemed to gain strength very slowly. He was a quiet and thoughtful child, with the sweetest of dispositions—always suffering and never complaining. At the age of nine he began to learn music from Ziwna, a passionate disciple of Sebastien Bach; but it does not appear that either he himself or his friends were at that time aware of his remarkable powers. In 1820 he was introduced to Madame Catalani, who for some reason gave him a watch,—whether merely as a woman she was attracted towards the pale and delicate boy, or as an artist, with a certain prophetic instinct, when his life was yet in the bud,—

> "She too foretold the perfect rose,"—

we cannot say. At any rate, the bud soon began to open. Through the kindness of Prince Radziwill, a liberal patron of rising talent, Chopin was sent to the Warsaw College, where he received the best education, and where his musical powers began to make themselves felt. At the age of sixteen he became the favourite pupil of Joseph Elsner, Director of the Conservatory at Warsaw, and from him he learned those habits of severe study, and that practical science, which gave him in later years so complete a mastery over his subtle and dreamy creations. At college he made many friends, more especially amongst the young nobility, and upon being introduced to their families he assumed without an effort that position in society which he ever after retained, and for which nature had so peculiarly fitted him. "Gentle, sensitive, and very lovely, he united the charm of adolescence with the suavity of a more mature age—through the want of muscular development he retained a peculiar beauty—an exceptional physiognomy, which, if we may venture so to speak, belonged to neither age nor sex. . . . It was more like the ideal creations with which the poetry of the Middle Ages adorned the Christian temples. The delicacy of his constitution rendered him interesting in the eyes of women. The full yet graceful cultivation of his mind, the sweet and captivating originality of his conversation, gained for him the attention of the most enlightened men, whilst those less highly cultivated liked him for the exquisite courtesy of his manners." *

The manners of Chopin seem to have impressed every one with the same sense of refinement. Tinged with a certain melancholy which was never obtrusive, and which exhaled itself freely in his

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* Madame Sand.

music alone, he was nevertheless a most charming companion. Only those who knew him well knew how reserved he really was. He received every one with the same facile courtesy, and was so ready to be absorbed by others, that few noticed how little he ever gave in return. He was unmoved by praise, but not always unmortified by failure; yet he never lost that quiet and affable dignity which some may have thought a little cold and satirical, but which to others seemed at once natural and charming. He was usually cheerful, but seldom showed deep feeling. He was not, however, deficient in impulse nor wanting in depth, and beneath a somewhat placid exterior lay concealed the warmest family affections, a burning patriotism, a passionate love, and a stern, unutterable devotion to the true principles of his art.

Soon after completing his education at Warsaw, he visited Vienna, where he played frequently in public; but Liszt had been before him, and he found those large audiences whose ears had been so lately stunned with the thunder of cascades and hurricanes, wholly unprepared to listen to the murmuring of the waterfall, or the sighing of the midnight wind. The genius of Chopin could never cope with the masses. "I am not suited for concert-giving," he said to Liszt. "The public intimidate me,—their breath stifles me. You are destined for it, for when you do not gain your public, you have the force to assault, to overwhelm, to compel them." But he found some compensation for the indifference of the many in the enthusiastic admiration of the few. A little circle of friends, consisting of several distinguished amateurs, and some of the first artists of the day, began to gather round the new pianist, and the public prints soon took the hint, and described him as "a master of the first rank," and the most remarkable meteor then shining in the musical firmament, &c.*

After the Revolution of 1830, the position of Poland seemed more hopeless than ever, and Chopin, like so many of his compatriots, determined to leave his country and seek a temporary asylum in England. But unforeseen events delayed the accomplishment of this plan. On his way to England, he often said, with a smile, "he passed through Paris;" but when he left Paris it was not for London, but for an island in the Mediterranean. Great was the curiosity in some French circles when Chopin's visit was announced. All the first musicians and connoisseurs, including Dr. Liszt, M. Pleyel, Kalkbrenner, Field, and others, assembled in M. Pleyel's concert-rooms to hear him. Chopin played his First Concerto and several of his detached pieces, and the sensation which he produced is still fresh in the memory of Lizt and others who were present on that occasion. But whilst all were astonished, some were not convinced, and sober pianists like Kalkbrenner took exception to such unconstitutional effects as the new *virtuose* was in the habit of producing by using his third finger for his thumb, and *vice versa.* Chopin was at once received into the best society, and here he breathed the atmosphere most congenial to him. Unlike Schubert, he was not averse to giving lessons, but chose only pupils of the highest natural endowments, and when we add that the most distinguished and beautiful women in Paris eagerly sought his instructions on any terms, we can imagine him engaged in a more unpalatable occupation. Chopin, in a word, became the rage: he was *fêted* in the "*salons,*" and sought after by the highest nobility. Amongst them he formed many admirable pupils, who closely imitated his style, and generally played nothing but his music.

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* *Gazette de Leipsic*, 1829, No. 46.

Meanwhile he lived quietly in the Chaussée d'Antin—shunned the celebrities, literary and philosophical—seldom entertained, and objected to the invasion of his privacy. But his friends and admirers would sometimes take no refusal, and occasionally invaded his apartments in a body. Through the kindness of Dr. Liszt, who was usually the ringleader in such disturbances, we can easily transport ourselves in imagination to one of these impromptu *levées.* It is about nine o'clock in the evening. Chopin is seated at the piano, the room is dimly lighted by a few wax candles. Several men of brilliant renown are grouped in the luminous zone immediately around the piano.

HEINE, the sad humourist and fellow-countryman of Chopin, leans over his shoulder, and as the tapering fingers wander meditatively over the ivory keys, asks "if the trees at moonlight sang always so harmoniously?"

MEYERBEER is seated by his side: his grave and thoughtful head moves at times with a tacit acquiescence and delight, and he almost forgets the ring of his own Cyclopæan harmonies in listening to the delicate Arabesque-woven mazourkas of his friend.

ADOLPHE NOURRIT, the noble and ascetic artist, stands a little apart. He has something of the grandeur of the Middle Ages about him. In his later years he refused to paint any subject which was wanting in true dignity. Like Chopin, he served art with a severe exclusiveness and a passionate devotion.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX leans against the piano, absorbed in meditation,—developing, it may be, in his own mind, some form of beauty, or some splendid tint, suggested by the strange analogies which exist between sound and colour.

"Buried in a *fauteuil,* with her arms resting on a table, sat Madame SAND, curiously attentive, gracefully subdued" (Liszt). She was listening to the language of the emotions,—fascinated by the subtle gradations of thought and feeling which she herself delighted to express, she may have there learned that wondrous melody of language which so often reminds one of a meditation by Chopin. Is it in memory of some such golden hours that she writes,—"There is no mightier art than this, to awaken in man the sublime consciousness of his own humanity; to paint before his mind's eye the rich splendours of nature; the joy of meditation; the natural character of a people; the passionate tumult of their hopes and fears; the languor and despondency of their sufferings. Remorse, violence, terror, control, despair, enthusiasm, faith, disquietude, glory, calm,—these and a thousand other nameless emotions belong to music. Without stooping to a puerile imitation of noises and effects, she transports us in the spirit to strange and distant scenes. There we wander to and fro in the dim air, and, like Æneas in the Elysian fields, all we behold is greater than on earth, godlike, changed, idealized!"*

It was soon after the extraordinary creation of "Lelia," in which all the phials of her passionate scorn are poured out upon man, whilst everything, except "*das ewig weibliche*,"† is exalted in woman, that Madame Sand first met Chopin. She was then suffering from that exhaustion and lassitude which generally follows the attempt to realize an impossible ideal. Her creation was still before her, but it did not satisfy her,—like the statue of Pygmalion, it wanted life. What was, after all, the world of dreams to her, if there were no realities to correspond to them? She would not ask for a perfect realization, but, womanlike, something she must have. She who "had surprised such ineffable smiles on the faces of the dead,"‡—she who "had dreamed of scenes which must exist somewhere, either on the earth or in some of the planets, whose light we love to gaze upon in the forests, when the moon has set,"§—seemed to find for the time an outward reflection of her ideal world in the mind and music of Chopin. Her strong, energetic personality at once absorbed the fragile musician. She drew him as a magnet draws steel. He was necessary to her. She felt that one side of her nature had never been adequately expressed. She was many-sided. She would have everything in turn. She would lay heaven and earth under contribution. The passing moment was her eternity. Nothing seemed to her limited which filled the present phase. For a time, in the course of her imperious self-development, the part represented to her the whole, and thus it happened that Chopin, whose whole was only a part, was offered up, amongst others, upon the altar of her comprehensive and insatiable originality.

In his twenty-seventh year (1837) Chopin was attacked with the lung disease which had threatened him from his earliest childhood. Madame Sand had now become his constant and devoted companion, and with her he was induced to leave the heated *salons* and perfumed *boudoirs* of Paris for the soft and balmy breezes of the south. They finally settled in the island of Majorca, and for the events which followed we must refer the reader to the pages of "Lucrezia Floriani," where Madame Sand is "La Floriani," Chopin the "Prince Karol," and Liszt the "Count Salvator Albani." Those who have lingered in feeble health by the shores of the Mediterranean, know how from those sunny waters and cloudless skies a sweet, new life seems to pass into the veins, whilst, as it were, Nature herself arises to tend her sickly children. The grounds of the Villa Floriani were bounded only by the sand of the sea-shore—here and there the foliage dipped into the water. Can we wonder if, in this momentary and illusive rest, health returned to the overtasked and exhausted musician, or that some of his loveliest inspirations arose as he lingered by the blooming coast, gazed upon the summer sea, or floated out into its moonlit waters ?

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* "Consuelo."

† "The eternal feminine"—Goethe.

‡ "Spiridion."

§ "Lettres d'un Voyageur."

He returned to Paris with a show of health which was soon to disappear beneath the shocks of passion and disappointment which now awaited him. The dream of Chopin's life was union with Madame Sand in marriage. He had not followed her in her speculations—he did not agree with her conclusions—he only prayed that what had become dearer to him than life itself might be secured to him for ever, and he asked the woman he loved to sacrifice her philosophical opinions to his passionate devotion. But unfortunately marriage found no place in Madame Sand's system of morals. She considered it a snare to a man, and a delusion to a woman. This controversy first brought out the glaring differences of character which had always existed between them, and from the hour of Madame Sand's deliberate refusal, Chopin was seized with a restless and inextinguishable jealousy. Although Madame Sand had been considerate and consistent enough to remove every cause, yet Chopin was never satisfied, and in his misery and impatience he began to attack her philosophy and religion. It was a fatal step ! Off his own peculiar ground, he was not able to meet her. The "Floriani" confesses that at last she grew tired of his endless reproaches, and the knell of their separation at length sounded. It could not be otherwise. They met and parted in dreamland, and it is the keenest satire on Madame Sand's philosophy of passion, that an intimacy, begun with the conviction that here at last were all the elements of a deep and enduring union, should end with the mournful confession that "two natures, the one rich in its exuberance, the other in its exclusiveness, could never really mingle, and that a whole world separated them !"*

But the love that was only an episode in the life of Madame Sand proved to be the whole life of Chopin. "All the cords," he would frequently say, "that bound me to life are broken." From this time his health visibly declined. He was soon seized with another severe attack of his old complaint; but he was now no longer tended by his incomparable nurse. Her place was supplied by his favourite pupil, M. Gutman, "whose presence," he said, "was dearer to him than that of any other person." Contrary to expectation, he rallied; but a great change had passed over him; he had lost much of his outward equanimity, and looked so pale and cadaverous, that his friends hardly recognised him. He soon began to resume his former occupations, but with an ever-growing restlessness which announced too surely the beginning of the end. He seemed utterly careless about his health: "Why should he care?" he would sometimes ask; there was nothing to live for now; "no second friend." He had "passed through Paris,"—Paris could never be the same to him again,—he had best leave it, and go anywhere,—to London. So his friends and disciples assembled once more in M. Pleyel's rooms, and there they heard him for the last time. In vain they besought him to delay his visit; Chopin was bent upon leaving Paris immediately, and although threatened with a relapse, at the most inclement season of the year he started for England.

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* "Lucrezia Floriani."

His fame had preceded him, and the highest circles opened their ranks to receive him. He was presented to the Queen by the Duchess of Sutherland; played twice in public at Willis's Rooms, and at many private concerts. He went much into society, sat up late at night, and exposed himself to constant fatigues. Against the advice of his physicians, he next visited Scotland, and returned to London in the last stage of consumption. One more concert, the last he ever played at—in aid of his exiled countrymen, the Poles—and then he hurried back to Paris. But his favourite physician, Dr. Molin, who had saved his life more than once, was dead, and Chopin had no confidence in any other. His unnatural energy was now succeeded by the deepest lassitude and dejection. He scarcely ever left his bed, and seldom spoke. M. Gutman, Louise, his own sister, and the beautiful and accomplished Countess Delphine Potocka, were his constant attendants.

One evening towards sunset, Chopin, who had lain insensible for many hours, suddenly rallied. He observed the Countess draped in white standing at the foot of the bed. She was weeping bitterly. "Sing!" murmured the dying man. She had a lovely voice. It was a strange request, but so earnest a one that his friends wheeled the piano from the adjoining parlour to his bedroom door, and there, as the twilight deepened, with the last rays of the setting sun streaming into the room, the Countess sang that famous canticle to the Virgin, which it is said once saved the life of Stradella. "How beautiful it is!" he exclaimed. "My God, how beautiful!—Again, again!" In another moment he swooned away.

On the 17th of October, 1849, having entered upon his fortieth year, Chopin breathed his last in the arms of his devoted pupil, M. Gutman. Many of his intimate friends came to see him; his love of flowers was well known, and the next day they were brought in such quantities, that the bed on which he lay, and indeed the whole room, disappeared beneath a variegated covering of a thousand bright tints. The pale face seemed to have regained in death all its early beauty; there was no more unrest,—no signs of care,—he lay sleeping tranquilly amongst the flowers.

On the 30th day of October his requiem was sung at the Madeleine Church in Paris,—Signor Lablache, Madame Viardot, and Madame Castellan claiming the principal solos, and M. Wély presiding at the organ. He lies in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, between Cherubini and Bellini.*

Chopin was essentially a national musician. Although he lived much in France, his music is never French. "He sings to one clear harp, in divers tones," the swan-song of his people's nationality. His genius was elegiac. He is more often tender than strong, and even his occasional bursts of vigour soon give way to the prevailing undertone of a deep melancholy. His country is ever uppermost in his thoughts. His polonaises reflect the national ardour of a noble but unhappy patriotism. His mazourkas and scherzos are full of the subtle coquetry and passionate sensibility of his gifted countrywomen, whilst his ballads† are nothing but the free, wild songs of his native land, transcribed for the first time by himself.

He, first of all musicians, understood the dignity of manners and the language of deportment, and with varied utterance he seems to be continually reminding us that—

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

His dance music has added a strange and fascinating solemnity to the graces of the ball-room,—elevating a mere pastime into what may almost be called a philosophy.

As a romance writer for the pianoforte, he had no models, and will have no rivals. He was original without extravagance, and polished without affectation. It is to him we owe the extension of chords struck together in *arpeggio*, the little groups of superadded notes,

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* Most of the above details are derived from T. Fétis's "Biographie des Musiciens," and from Liszt's "Chopin."

† There are sixteen published. They are very little known. No. 12, "My Joy," and 10, "Riding Home from the Fight," are quite remarkable.

"falling like light drops of pearly dew upon the melodic figure," he also invented those admirable harmonic progressions which lend importance to many a slender subject, and redeem his slightest efforts from triviality. Of Schubert he once remarked, that "the sublime is desecrated when followed by the trivial or commonplace." A certain rollicking fun, and vulgar though powerful energy, that frequently peeps out in Schubert's marches, was abhorrent to him. Perhaps he hardly appreciated the enormous range of men like Beethoven or even Schubert. His own range was limited, but within it he has probably never been equalled in absolute perfection of finish. His works are marked by a complete absence of commonplace, and you will search throughout them in vain for a slovenly chord or an unskilful combination. His boldness is always justified by success, and his repetition by a certain weird and singular pathos.

He was great in small things, but small in great ones. His two concertos with orchestral accompaniments are more ambitious than successful. The other instruments, like the general public, seem to stifle and embarrass him, and we long to have Chopin alone again at the pianoforte.

Thus much in general. Volumes more might doubtless be written about these men and their music, but they had better be left to speak for themselves to the listening ear and the loving heart. We lay down the pen of the critic,—we look up once more at the familiar features of FRANZ SCHUBERT and FREDERIC CHOPIN. They have long been to us a running commentary upon all nature, and the gentle companions of our solitude; May never comes with its glittering freshness and myriad bloom, but the songs of Schubert are ringing in our ears,—nor June with its glowing tints and tender twilights, but the melodies of Chopin seem to haunt the air.

"For the stars and the winds are unto them
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to them,
And the south-west wind and the west wind sing!" *

H. R. HAWEIS.

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* "Atalanta in Calydon."

# RECENT GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL PROGRESS IN ZOOLOGY.

IN few departments of natural science have so many definite and well-marked advances been attained, within the last few years, as in geographical and historical investigation. The principles of general classification have been gradually but continuously developed by successive investigators. Comparative anatomy has been built up by the cumulative labours of one generation after another, until its student now stands on the elevated platform where the genius of Owen has placed him; but in its geographical and historical aspects, the study of biology has only within our own times obtained its due consideration. Histology, indeed,—the examination of the ultimate structure of organized bodies in relation to their development,—was wholly unknown until the observations of the microscope were brought to bear on zoology: but it is beyond our present purpose to offer any remarks on the progress of animal physiology.

If we attempt to trace the history of biological research we shall find that we have, in Aristotle and Pliny, "a period of unsystematic knowledge;" then, from the revival of letters, to Willoughby and Ray, "a period of misapplied erudition," exemplified in Aldrovandus; "an epoch of the discovery of fixed characters (Linnæus); a period in which many systems were put forward; a struggle of an artificial and a natural method, and a gradual tendency of the natural method to a manifestly physiological character."* From the time of Aristotle, in whose writings there are, amidst a stupendous collection of facts, frequent glimpses of his view of the necessity of some zoological system, though scarcely so clearly developed as some of his admirers would lead us to admit, we have to wait for many dreary centuries before we meet with any worthy successor. Till modern times not a single additional step was made. With Willoughby and Ray, in our own country, natural history began to be again studied *in nature*, and the business of classification necessarily, in the first instance, forced itself upon the attention, to the exclusion of all other considerations, until Linnæus perfected his "Systema Naturæ." During this period the general physiological features of animals were directly and evidently the primary subjects of study, and attracted students to comparative anatomy, almost to the exclusion of what may be termed the minor branches of zoological science. Had it not been for such patient and long-continued toil, and for the light thrown on systematic zoology by physiology, geographical and historical zoology would have been impossible, or even more speculative than the many schemes of artificial classification which have been put forth. For whatever partial truth may underlie the doctrine of a circular progression in the series of affinity, and of a quinary division of such circular groups, or of the relation of analogy between the members of such groups as distinct from the relation of affinity, it must be admitted that our accumulation of facts is not yet sufficiently exhaustive to afford complete demonstration of any such theories.

For the most part, since the time of Linnæus, naturalists had been employed rather in the collection of a vast accumulation of facts and specimens, heaping up the materials of the language, compiling a vocabulary of zoology, the subject-matter for future systematists, than in forming and arranging those materials into the shape of a grammar and an accidence. Not that their labours were useless or superfluous, they did but ascertain and record the facts which are now beginning to enable us to understand the language of Nature, and to read her lessons in the vernacular.

It was impossible for any student of nature, after the epoch of Linnæus, to overlook the fact that certain types of animal life, as well as particular species, were characteristic of particular regions of the earth. When, for example, the fauna and flora of Australia first attracted attention, so strange and anomalous were the types of that continent, that there was a difficulty in finding any place for many of them in the existing systems of naturalists. It had long been known that marsupial mammals were the predominant type of their class in Australia (the single exception, beyond the rodents and bats, being the dingo dog, so doubtfully indigenous as scarcely to deserve mention as exceptional), that wingless birds were characteristic of New Zealand, and that humming birds were peculiar to the New World. But alongside of these general limitations, naturalists were led to estimate, as of co-ordinate value in geographical classification, the narrow limits within which a very large proportion of the *species* of vertebrata are circumscribed, especially the larger and more remarkable mammals, as the orang-outang upon the Sunda Isles, the chimpanzee and gorilla on the West Coast of Africa, the common tapir in South America, the Eastern tapir in Sumatra only, the Bactrian camel and the dromedary in Asia, the llama in a limited district of the Andes. And in like manner, in the lower groups, the *Proteus anguinus* in the caves of Carinthia, or the blind fish of the mammoth cave of Kentucky. In some respects every island of the Pacific, as well as each group of the isles which stud the North Atlantic, and in which distinct animals are found, may be considered as exhibiting a distinct fauna. Yet all the groups of the Atlantic—the Canaries, Madeiras, Cape Verde, Azores, and St. Helena—have a common character, which unites them in a more comprehensive fauna. Still more is this true of the Pacific Islands, where the points of resemblance are not confined to molluscs and insects, the only classes left from which to form an induction as to the geographical relations of the old Atlantis, but where a rich bird fauna still exists, marvellously varied, from the Sandwich Islands to the Feejees and New Zealand, yet having sufficient generic affinities to enable us to recognise a similarity of type, pointing probably to a common origin, and indicating unmistakeably a relationship, either geographical or historical, more or less remote. It has been remarked with truth that—

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* Whewell, "Inductive Sciences," iii. 297.

> "We must distinguish between zoological realms, zoological provinces, zoological countries, zoological fields, as it were,—that is, between zoological areas of unequal value, over the widest of which range the most extensive types, while in their smaller divisions we find more and more limited types, sometimes overlapping one another, sometimes placed side by side, sometimes concentric to one another, but always and everywhere impressing a special character upon some part of a wider area, which is thus made to differ from any other part within its natural limits."*

Yet so little were these principles recognised by the earlier observers, that we find them enumerating without suspicion, in their lists of the fauna of one region, species which they identified with those of a distant part of the earth under different conditions, and which did not occur in the intervening regions. Thus Russell, in his "Natural History of Aleppo," more than a century ago, had no difficulty in identifying Syrian birds with American species then recently described by Linnæus.

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* Agassiz on Classification, p. 49.

It is only eight or nine years since Mr. Sclater brought before the Linnæan Society* those views on geographical distribution which have been at once adopted and acknowledged by the whole scientific world, and further investigation has proved that the "regions" sketched out by the learned writer of the "Geographical Distribution of Birds" are equally applicable to every other department of zoology, as well as to botany.

Mr. Sclater divides the whole living creation into six distinct regions,—the Palæarctic, or Northern Old World; the Nearctic, or North American; the Ethiopian; the Indian; the Australian, and the Neotropical, or South American regions. The Palæarctic region comprises all Europe, Africa north of the Sahara, and all Continental Asia north of about the parallel 30° N. lat., with Japan and the Kurile Islands. The Nearctic includes Greenland and all North America, down to about 22° N. lat.; the line reaching farther north on the coast, and running farther south in the central mountainous portion. The Ethiopian region comprehends all Africa south of the Sahara, with Madagascar, Mauritius, Bourbon, &c., and all Western and Southern Arabia. The Sahara, destitute of indigenous animal life, must be excluded from either region, and looked upon as an area of sea. The Indian region embraces Eastern Arabia and all Continental Asia, south of the Himalayahs, and of about 30° N. lat.; together with a very large and definite portion of the Eastern Archipelago, marked by a line drawn between the islands of Bali and Lombok, between Borneo and Celebes, and between the Philippines and the Moluccas. The Australian region extends over all the islands south of the above-named line, as well as the Continent of Australia, New Zealand, and all the island groups of the Pacific Ocean. Lastly, the Neotropical stands for South America, the West Indies, and that portion of the Spanish Main lying south of 22° N. lat.

By these divisions it is not meant that no character of one region impinges on the boundaries of the adjacent one, still less that identical species are conterminous universally, or even generally, with its whole area, but that in all the products of each, animal or vegetable, there is for the most part a distinct generic stamp, and that when the conditions of existence are identical in different regions, the species of the one are represented either by forms of life specifically distinct, or more frequently by widely varied genera, performing like functions, and filling a similar place in the economy of nature. Some specific forms may have a range co-extensive with the whole region, as witness the many species of birds common to the British Isles and to Japan, not one of which is found in North America. Others are restricted to the narrowest limits, as the *Nestor productus* of Philip Island, the dodo of Mauritius, the solitaire of Bourbon, or those species of humming-bird whose range appears to be bounded by the crater of a single extinct volcano. Still all these are moulded on the type of the region to which they pertain, or, if you will, are developments of its type. Again, many species of one region have overspread a large portion of an adjacent one, where the conditions of life were favourable to their increase: thus the wild boar of the Palæarctic region has peopled Continental India. But when we pass to the islands which it could not reach, owing to its geologically recent introduction into the Peninsula, there we find other species, as the babirussa, occupying a parallel position in the natural order of things. So in the Ethiopian region various other distinct species of the swine group occur, while the peccary is its representative in South America.

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* *Journ. Lin. Soc. Zool.*, ii. 130.

When we turn to the invertebrate animals, we find that this grand division into six regions holds equally good: thus while the lepidoptera of the Palæarctic and Nearctic regions are almost invariably specifically distinct, yet there is the same parallelism of type, the climatic and other conditions being similar. In like manner there is a parallelism, without any specific identity, between the butterflies of South America and of the Indian regions: the gorgeous *papiliones*, for example, abound in both, but are never specifically identical. Again, while Mr. Sclater's division was founded exclusively on a consideration of the higher vertebrates, it has received no more conclusive corroboration than from the grouping of land shells, perhaps the least locomotive of all living forms, and of which the species are for the most part limited to the most circumscribed areas. In this class there are several great divisions, like the Linnean genera of *Helix*, *Bulimus*, and *Achatina*, which are found universally throughout the world, comprising several thousands of species. Yet while the conditions of Europe and of a great part of North America are almost identical, as are those of India and South America, there is scarcely a species common to any two zoological regions. Nor is this all. While the species from extreme points of the same region exhibit much variety, there is a homogeneity of type which would render it impossible to separate at sight the land shells of Northern China, for instance, from those of France. But through all the species of North America there is a certain character by which every naturalist could at once, with tolerable accuracy, pronounce, though he had never seen the shell before, that it belonged not to the Palæarctic but to the Nearctic fauna. The same remark holds true of the Australian, Neotropical, and Ethiopian land molluscs. We believe that we shall be supported by every student of classification in asserting that this division of regions will bear the test of each order of the lower animals, as it undoubtedly does of botany.

At the same time due allowance must be made for various disturbing causes, which operate principally in botany, and in the higher vertebrates. The first of these is, the interference of man, both direct and indirect. But this can generally be recognised, whether directly in the diffusion of domestic animals and cereals, or indirectly in that of rats and mice, and of European weeds. In birds, again, we have many species of birds of prey, whose powers of flight and indifference to climate, combined with the nature of their food, equally present at the poles as at the equator, have enabled them to overspread the whole globe without any modification of their structure. Such are the world-wide osprey and peregrine falcon. The oceanic birds, the gulls and petrels, which roam from sea to sea, can scarcely be regarded as coming within the scope of land regions, and are certainly in many instances not restrained by them. These exceptions must be further extended to many of the marsh-birds and waders, possessed of great powers of flight, and comparatively indifferent to climate. The greater part of these, however, must be classed with the migratory birds, some of which may be found in every genus, in both hemispheres, whether north or south of the equator, passing according to the season from the tropics to more temperate climates, and whose range is not restricted by the limits we have defined. It will be found, nevertheless, that such species are referable without exception to the type of the region of their nidification, rather than to that of their winter quarters.

But the greatest difficulties in the geographical classification of zoology have arisen from the peculiarities of insular fauna. In the case of the Atlantis, Mr. Wollaston, in his admirable work "On the Variation of Species," has pointed out the extraordinarily narrow limits within which many species of beetles are confined, the peculiarity of nearly the whole coleopterous fauna of the Madeiras, and has argued with cogency and great verisimilitude on the vast epochs of time which have probably conduced to this result, and in support of the theory that these Atlantic islands are the last remains of the submerged Atlantic continent, which have preserved on their mountain tops a few relics of a fauna once vast and varied. The peculiarities of type in these islands are not confined to the insects, but are equally observable in the land shells.

A similar insular distinctiveness of type has been ably discussed by Mr. Darwin in the "Zoology of the Galapagos,"—although since his visit some of the peculiar forms of the Galapagos have been discovered to be represented among the higher ranges of the Andes. Yet more perplexing is the isolation of Madagascar, whose mammals and birds, though always African in affinity, are often specifically and even generically distinct; as for instance the extinct *æpyornis*, and the aye-aye, lately seen in the Zoological Gardens. So each of the islands of Mauritius, Bourbon, and Seychelles had their dodo or their solitaire, each widely separated from the type of the other. New Zealand, again, though reproducing many of the forms of Australia, yet had a marked nationality of its own, in its wingless birds, its moa, closely allied to the emeu, kiwi or *apteryx*, *notornis*, and ground parrot or *strigops*, and in the entire absence of marsupial quadrupeds. It is hopeless to explain these anomalies altogether, but naturalists are for the most part agreed that they register vast sæcles of separation from the adjacent continent; and those most unwilling to admit the wholesale generalization of Mr. Darwin, allow that these insular forms point to a vast antiquity of origin, while just so much general resemblance has been preserved as to indicate their procession from the common centre of creation of that area.

What our geographical systematists have accomplished for the land fauna yet remains to be worked out in our ocean depths, for there, too, the geographical distribution of fishes, and all the lower forms of life with which the sea everywhere teems, only awaits the collection of materials for a sufficient induction, and the master hand, such as we hope Dr. Günther of our British Museum may one day supply, to reveal to us many a lost page of geologic history, and to bring together again long separated waters. It is from the living records of our seas and lakes, even more than from the dry land, that we may hope one day to be able to map the old world of the Tertiary period. What vistas of submergences and elevations, of desiccated oceans and upheaved continents, are suggested to us by the few facts already at our command, but unfortunately not yet classified or systematized! Thus we know that fishes of the Gulf of Bothnia are identical with those of the Arctic Ocean and White Sea on the coasts of Lapland and Finland. Yet these fishes nowhere occur on the Norwegian coasts, the only route by which, under the present distribution of land and water, they could have reached the one location from the other. Had they traversed the many hundred miles of Atlantic coast which intervene, it is scarcely possible to conceive that they should not have peopled the seas on their route, if their temperature was suited to their conditions of existence; and if not, it is utterly opposed to all we know of the habits of fishes, that they should have traversed so vast an extent of sea, where they could not thrive, in search of new waters to colonize. Yet more inexplicable under present circumstances is the specific identity of the fishes on both sides of the Isthmus of Panama, fishes essentially tropical, and which could never have weathered the Horn. So too we find in the Red Sea many Mediterranean species, which are not found in the Indian Ocean. These facts seem to point but to one conclusion. The fishes of the Baltic carry us back to that glacial epoch, before the advent of man, when the Scandinavian Peninsula was a group of islands, and the sea swept over the Lapland plains from Tornea to the Arctic Ocean. The ichthyology of Panama points to an epoch when Columbus's dream of reaching the Indies from the West might have been accomplished without the circuit of Cape Horn, or the ice-sealed North-West Passage; and the inhabitants of the Red Sea may be the living records of an epoch before the pillars of Hercules were rent, when the work of M. Lesseps was accomplished by Nature, and the exit of the Mediterranean was at Suez instead of Gibraltar.

Of equal significance, in a geographical point of view, are such discoveries as those of fishes in the salt lakes of the Sahara identical with species in the Gulf of Guinea; and of several species in the Sea of Galilee identical with those of the Nile, and others closely related to the fishes of the lakes of South-Eastern Africa and the Zambesi.

With geographical zoology, historical is intimately connected; and recent investigations have proceeded *pari passu* in both. Ascertaining the present geographical range of a species, we are naturally led to inquire whether its former was coextensive with its present range, and if not, what change of conditions has limited or extended it; how far back in the records of geologic time we can trace its presence, what were its contemporaries, which of them have dropped out of the chain of living existences, and from what causes.

In these inquiries the subject-matter of our research is comparatively limited. Most of the classes of the animal creation can have left but few traces of their presence, owing to the perishable nature of their whole structure, and the investigations of our historical zoologists have been chiefly confined to the larger mammalia among vertebrates, and to molluscs among invertebrates. The researches of Sir John Lubbock, in his "Pre-Historic Times," and of Sir Charles Lyell, in his "Antiquity of Man," are, among English writers, those which have thrown most light on the animal life of the times immediately preceding our own, though the topic was in either case collateral only to the primary object of the author. Our knowledge on this subject is, however, largely indebted to Continental authors, among whom are M. Troyon, and especially M. Rütimeyer ("Die Fauna der Pfahlbauten"), who has devoted his attention to the animal remains of the pile-dwellings of Switzerland. Has, then, our existing fauna become extended or circumscribed since the appearance of man, and have natural or artificial means brought about the changes? Within the historic period, we find a rapid diminution, and even extinction, of the most conspicuous mammals, but this has been entirely artificial. Our Scriptural and classical recollections at once remind us of the fact. The lion, now rarely met with in Asia west of the Euphrates, though in Africa his roar may yet be heard in the Atlas, as far west as Tangiers, was to a comparatively recent period common in Syria, Asia Minor, and Greece. In the former country lions had their lairs in the forests which have perished with them, and in the cane-brakes of the Jordan. They supply the imagery of Psalmists and Prophets, and lingered in Palestine to the times of the Crusades. It is long since the "king of beasts" has been extirpated from Europe. We have no fossil or semi-fossil remains of the lion, but we all remember Herodotus's account of the onslaught made on the camels of Xerxes by the Thracian lions (vii. 125, 126), though at that time they must have been gradually diminishing since the period when they form so conspicuous a feature in the mythical tales of the Nemæan hide, and in the Homeric legends. Aristotle twice mentions the existence of the lion in the district between the Achelous and the Nessus ("Anim. Hist.," vi. 28 and viii 27), and Xenophon speaks of it as inhabiting Macedonia in his time ("De Ven.," xi.). When we find how Middendorff ("Sib. Reise") and Von Schrenck ("Amur-lande") have lately traced the actual presence of the Bengal tiger in Northern Asia to lat. 48° N., that it ravages the valley of the Amoor River, and even passes over the ice, in lat. 52°, to devastate the island of Saghalien, where the climate is that of Iceland, we need not be surprised if further researches should prove the lion to have once roamed the forests of Northern Europe.*

We all know that Cæsar found not only the European bison, *Bison bonasus*, in the German forests, but that the great *urus*, the *Bos primigenius* of geologists, the true aurochs, was then common in the Hercynian forests ("Bell. Gall.," vi. 28). The urus, no doubt, no longer exists in a wild state, and is completely extinct, unless it has left degenerate descendants among our breeds of long-horned cattle, or in the half-wild race still preserved at Chillingham and Hamilton; but if so, they have sadly dwindled since Cæsar described them "magnitudine paulo infra elephantos." The European bison, unlike the urus, still exists in much diminished numbers, carefully preserved by the Russian Government in one of the forests of Lithuania.

Until the researches of the authors named above, we had no further evidence than these occasional allusions in ancient writers to the former existence of animals now extinct, or circumscribed within much narrower limits, as the contemporaries of man in Europe. The examination of the pile-dwellings in Switzerland has traced historical zoology one step further back. We name these first, because, though undoubtedly beyond any contemporary Swiss history, there is no evidence of their having preceded by many centuries the conquests of Rome, and indeed the later remains, with their bronze implements, may have been contemporary with Cæsar. Sir J. Lubbock, in his "Pre-Historic Times," though evidently leaning to an immense antiquity, most cautiously guards himself against drawing any definite conclusions as to their chronology, or as to the lapse of time between the commencement of the stone age and the latest remains of the bronze period.—(See p. 169.) But as our present inquiry is concerned only with historical zoology, it is sufficient to remark that the Swiss remains afford no evidence of any important change in the fauna of the country since the commencement of the stone period, when the inhabitants of the Alps had no better weapons than stone axes and knives; while their dwellings were constructed exactly on the models of those of the Pæonians, described by Herodotus (v. 16), and were such as are used by the Dyaks and many islanders of the Eastern Seas to the present day. Professor Rütimeyer, as quoted by Sir J. Lubbock, gives a list of about seventy species of animals found in the deposits of the Swiss pile-dwellings, of which ten are fishes, three reptiles, twenty birds, and the remainder quadrupeds. Of these, all are still found in the country, except the urus, wholly extinct; the bison, very nearly so; and the elk, red deer, wild boar, and beaver, now extirpated in Switzerland, but of which the beaver and red deer lingered there to the commencement of the present century. In the animals, then, we find no arguments whatever to suggest any physical changes since the earliest pile-drivers commenced their operations, nor any physical evidence demanding an unlimited chronology.

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* M. Lartet, however ("Ann. de Sci. Nat.," 1861), is disposed to think that the Thessalian lion of Herodotus, as well as the great tiger of North China and Tartary, may eventually prove to be the lineal descendant and living representative of the old cave tiger of our bone caverns, *Felis spelæa*.

Professor A. Newton, of Cambridge, in an admirable memoir on the "Zoology of Ancient Europe," has directed attention to remains in our own country, not dissimilar in character from those of Switzerland, discovered near Thetford. They are on a comparatively small scale, and have not yielded animal remains of any importance, excepting antlers of the red deer, some of them evidently sawn off, and great numbers of sculls and horns of the extinct *Bos longifrons*. This is the first instance in which we have had distinct evidence of the contemporaneity of the long-fronted ox with man in England. In this place, beneath the mud, on rather soft, rotten, unconsolidated peat, which is twenty feet deep, is a distinct horizontal layer, from two to six inches thick, of compressed but undecayed moss, of the common existing species, *Hypnum fluitans*. But Professor Newton has also brought to our notice a most interesting discovery in the peat at the same place, East Wretham, of the bones and shields of two individuals of the European fresh-water tortoise, *Emys lutraria*, the existence of which at any time in the British isles has never before been suspected. No testudinate remains had been previously observed in England of later date than the London clay, certainly not in any post-tertiary deposit. Its occurrence is one of the many coincidences between the fauna of ancient Britain and the nearest Continental countries. At present this tortoise is not found in Holland, Northern France, or North and Central Germany. But it occurs in Bavaria, Austria, Poland, and East Prussia, and though not now recognised as a living inhabitant of Sweden or Denmark, has been discovered in peat bogs in both countries, as has been noted by Dalman, Nilsson, and Steenstrup.

It would be beyond the limits of this short retrospect to trace out the many other species whose range in Europe was formerly either more extended than it now is, or which have become altogether extinct within its confines. An admirable epitome of them may be found in the *brochure* of Professor Newton. We can but allude to a few of them. The reindeer is stated by Cæsar ("Bell. Gall.," vi. 26) to have been an inhabitant, in his time, of the great Hercynian forest; but we know it now only as a denizen of the arctic or subarctic regions of Europe. Bears existed in Normandy so late as *circ.* A.D. 990; and Palgrave reminds us of the story of the bear slain by Raoul, the uterine brother of Richard, Duke of Normandy, in the Val Orson, from which achievement mighty political consequences indirectly ensued. The wild boar was most abundant in Britain, north and south, as its remains in the peat testify; yet though the last were exterminated in the New Forest during the civil wars, it seems to have been uprooted from all its other homes in our island not long after the reign of Henry II. Many of the skulls in the peat, like those of the oxen, bear testimony, by the injuries they exhibit, to the use of human means for their death. Of the beaver, the remains are numerous in our fens, and it is spoken of by Giraldus Cambrensis as inhabiting Wales in the twelfth century. Though still existing in small numbers in the east of Europe, it is extinct in Western Europe, and in Sweden and Norway its extermination has been recently accomplished. It may interest some of our readers to know that a gentleman in Cheshire, Mr. Bateman, is now attempting its reintroduction into England. Ornithic remains are few in our bogs, and none of the bones can be referred to birds absolutely extinct, though the common crane, the great bustard, wild swan, and wild grey goose, now so rare, bear testimony by their occurrence to their former abundance.

It is very possible that many other species, now locally extinct, may have co-existed with man in comparatively recent times; for there are two chances, which do not always concur, necessary for determining an historic period,—witnesses able to testify, and the preservation of their testimony. Historical testimony frequently brings down their range to a later period than organic remains. Unless by the record of Raoul, we should scarcely have recognised the Norman Val Orson as having actually earned its name in the tenth century. Without the tribute of Edgar what should we have known of the wolf remaining so late in England, except as the rarest skulker in remote fastnesses?

The exploration of the Kjökkenmöddings (kitchen-middens) of Denmark carries us a long step farther back into the history of the past. This has been admirably accomplished by the three learned Danes, Professors Steenstrup, Worsaaë, and Forchhammer, and the results of their labours have been rendered accessible to English readers by Professor Newton, and especially by Sir J. Lubbock. These kitchen-middens, or mounds, are the sites of ancient villages, inhabited by a population that lived on the shore, and fed principally on shell-fish, but partly also on the proceeds of the chase. In point of civilization, and probably, as we shall see, of time also, they were far behind the inhabitants of the Swiss lake dwellings, for there are no traces of cereals, or anything implying a knowledge of agriculture. The beds are chiefly composed of sea shells intermingled with bones of the higher animals, and great numbers of flint implements. It may be observed that in similar mounds on the coast of Moray, in Scotland, implying a similar position in the scale of civilization, bronze implements have been found, referable to about the eighth century. The Danish beds sometimes reach to a length of 1,000 feet, with an irregular width, varying from 150 to 200 feet. They generally present a depth of from 3 to 5 feet, very rarely of 10 feet. In many places hearths of flat stones have been found, bearing the marks of fire. Round the rude huts or tents which sheltered the hearths, the shells and bones not available for food gradually accumulated, till they formed these "*montes testacei.*"

Important zoological results have followed this examination. The shells were principally of four species,—the common oyster, mussel, cockle, and periwinkle. The common oyster was the most abundant. It has now disappeared from all the region farther inland than the Cattegat, and even there is very scarce and local. The cockles and periwinkles also, on which the ancient settlers of the realm of Denmark feasted, were much better grown than those which at the present time inhabit the merely brackish waters of the Baltic; and consequently, we may reasonably infer that at the time when these nameless pyramids of a forgotten race were constructed, the tides of the Atlantic had freer access to the East Sea, across the flats of Jutland, than at present:—

> "Among the relics found there are many birds' bones, some of which belong to the capercailzie, or 'cock of the woods,' a species not only now

absent from the Danish beech forests, but not even known to have existed there within the historical or traditionary period."

"Nor are these facts surprising," continues Professor Newton, from whom we quote,—

> "For this fine bird lives chiefly on the tender shoots of the Scotch fir (*Pinus sylvestris*), and is only found in regions where that, or some nearly allied tree, flourishes abundantly. But although the occurrence of the capercailzie's bones in these ancient 'dust-bins' proves that once the soil of Denmark must have been clothed with pine-woods, an examination of the so-called 'forest mosses' of that country, also conducted by Professor Steenstrup, shows that prior to the modern growth of beech-groves, themselves of very great antiquity, there was an epoch of oaks, extending over several generations of trees; and before that again, was the æra of pine woods, of which the remains are found plentifully in the peat. And thus the enormous remoteness of the period when the Kjökken Möddinger were deposited, is testified."

The inhabitants of Denmark at this period seem to have resembled in food and habits of life the Fuegians of the present day. Judging from the rude flint implements found in the mounds, Sir J. Lubbock refers them to the beginning of the "neolithic stone age," when the art of polishing flint implements was known, but before it had reached its greatest development. Professor Steenstrup considers these mounds to be contemporaneous with the stone age, of which so many tumuli with polished stone implements abound throughout Europe. He considers that no argument can be founded on the comparative rudeness of the flint implements of the shell mounds, for the middens would only contain the *rejectamenta*, useless as the oyster shells; and that the few better made implements which have occasionally been met with there, were lost among the shells, or broken, and therefore thrown away. It is to the tombs we must look for what skill could contrive, affection offer, or wealth command. The tumuli are the burial-places of chiefs; the Kjökken Möddinger the refuse heaps of fishermen. The two classes represent, therefore, not two different degrees, but two different phases of one single condition of civilization.

To our own mind there is much weight in the remarks of Professor Steenstrup, and we believe that the argument might be carried still further, as has been done by Mr. Wright, in the reduction of the enormous demands on chronology, which it is the fashion for all post-tertiary archæologists to make; and by which, as of course the extent of past time is illimitable, many a difficulty is set aside, or a problem assumed to be solved, which may bear a very different solution. There is a vast difference between the *facts of science*, and the possible or probable inferences we may draw from those facts. As Sir J. Lubbock cautiously remarks, "When we attempt to express our impressions, so to say, in terms of years, we are baffled by the complexity of the problem." In the words of Mr. Evans, "These ages have nothing whatever which is chronological in them." As Sir J. Lubbock has shown, we have the pile-dwelling period, and the kitchen-midden period, existing to the present day in the Eastern Archipelago and in Terra del Fuego. In many cases, no doubt, these ages were coeval,—coeval perhaps with Grecian culture and Roman domination. They may have been all coeval; and for all the light which historical zoology throws upon them, may be taken to represent ages of culture—stages of advance in civilization.

From the age of the kitchen-middens, historical research has lately conducted us, in tracing back the footprints of nature, to the palæolithic period, the age of stone implements found in the drift, and in caves with remains of the mammoth, rhinoceros, hyena, and other extinct animals. In caves throughout Western Europe have been found vast accumulations of the bones of animals, now altogether or locally extinct, together with artificial remains, consisting both of flint and bone implements. The animals are the urus, bison, reindeer, musk ox, recently or locally extinct; and the mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*), woolly-haired rhinoceros (*R. tichorhinus*), hippopotamus (*H. major*), Irish elk (*Megaceros hibernicus*), cave bear (*Ursus spelæus*), cave hyena (*H. spelæa*), and cave tiger (*Felis spelæa*). From the position of the remains and the state of the bones, split and sometimes cut, there can be no reasonable doubt of the contemporaneity of man and the reindeer in these caves. As to the others, the evidence is by no means conclusive. No domesticated animal, unless it be the reindeer, now reclaimed, has been found in them; but in this respect the inhabitants of the caves were only on a par with the fishermen of Denmark. As to man's co-existence with the other extinct animals, he cannot certainly have shared his cave with the formidable carnivora whose remains have been found therein; nor had he, so far as we can conceive, weapons for their capture. In fact, as to one, the cave bear, M.M. Christy and Lartet regard it as having become extinct before the appearance of man. But in Brixham cave, in this country, a flint flake has been found close to the undisturbed bones of the left hind leg of a cave bear.

From the cave at Aurignac, treated of at length by Sir C. Lyell, no certain deductions can be drawn, as the human remains had all been removed before the examination of the cave by competent observers, and it had probably been a burial-place long after the deposition of the animal remains. The coprolites of the hyena were found among gnawed bones outside, while none inside were so gnawed. It was hence inferred that contemporary man had blocked the inner cave against the hyena, for whom he had left the relics of his funeral feasts. M. Lartet also argues that the rhinoceros was contemporary with man — first, on chemical grounds, because the bones of this species have retained the same amount of nitrogen as human bones from the same locality; and secondly, because the bones appear to have been broken by man, and in some cases to be marked by knives.

Fainter still is the evidence for the co-existence of man and the Irish elk, vehemently urged by some who would recognise in it the mysterious "Shelch" of the "Nibelungen Lied." On the whole, there does not appear any evidence amounting to demonstration which would necessarily place the epoch of the *cave men* much farther back than the shell mounds, however far back may run the pedigrees of the extinct carnivora and pachydermata. As regards the "cave men" themselves, Sir J. Lubbock observes,—

> "We have, unfortunately, very little information. Indeed, although fragmentary human bones have been frequently found, there are as yet only two cases on record in which the caves have furnished us with skulls in such a condition as to allow of restoration" (those of Engis and Neantherdal). "It would manifestly be highly imprudent to generalize from two specimens, even if they agreed in their characters, and if their antiquity were undoubted. But it so happens that, as regards the Neantherdal specimen, the evidence of antiquity is far from conclusive, and that the two skulls are very dissimilar."—(P. 266.)

The next step in zoological retrospect leads us, if we may be pardoned for saying so, from the region of history to that of tradition and myth. In the drift period we are approaching the confines of the glacial epoch, when Europe had scarcely recovered from its refrigerating influences, and when melting snows poured down their torrents from mighty glaciers. This period has been absolutely disclosed to us for the first time from the researches of the last few years. With it the province of zoology, strictly so termed, ends, and that of palæontology begins, so far at least as the higher terrestrial vertebrates are concerned.

In the river-drift gravels have been found the bones of all the extinct animals mentioned as found in the cave deposits, and in addition another mammoth, a second rhinoceros, a fossil horse, a stag (*Cervus euryceros*), and a wild boar. Of these only the larger bones remain; every vestige of the smaller ones has perished, and no trace has yet been found of any animal as small as man, except the Moulin Quignon jaw, of less than doubtful authenticity. Of the animals, only one, the red deer, still exists in Western Europe.

To the student of zoology who concerns himself only with existing species, there is not much revealed by the drift remains, unless analogically, excepting as regards man. The intense interest they have excited arises from the flint implements with which they abound, and the consequent antiquity which must be assigned to man, far beyond what had previously been assumed. Sir Charles Lyell has elaborated the proofs of this in his "Antiquity of Man," which must long have been familiar to all our readers. But however triumphant Sir Charles's proofs of the existence of the glacial epoch, of which he has given us such a vivid and incontrovertible history, his examination of the quaternary flint-bearing beds seems less satisfactory. He observes that, "as much doubt has been cast on the question whether the so-called flint hatchets have really been shaped by the hands of man, it will be desirable to begin by satisfying the reader's mind on that point."—(P. 112, 3rd Edit.) But he has scarcely dwelt on this subject, beyond quoting the *ipse dixit* of Professor Ramsay—certainly a very high authority,—and this is decidedly in favour of their artificial origin. He also illustrates them by comparison with Australian flint implements, but with the very important admission that the Australian weapons are sharpened by friction, "whereas the cutting edge in the old tools in the valley of the Somme was always gained by the simple fracture of the flint, and by the repetition of many dexterous blows." Now this important distinction, as it seems to us, relegates the Australians at once to the *neolithic*, or commonly so-called stone age, while Sir Charles observes that "no admixture has been observed in these ancient river beds of any polished Celtic weapons, or other relics of the more modern times, or of the second or recent stone period."—(P. 374.) Without hazarding a positive statement, or presuming to contradict such high geological authority, we would only remark that "*adhuc sub judice lis est*," and that there is much to be said on the other side. Sir Charles has figured some of the almond-shaped "spear-heads," which, taken by themselves, would certainly indicate design; but these are very few, and the great mass—nay, more than 100 to 1—are merely "flakes." Now Mr. Evans admits, that "mere flakes of flint, however analogous to what we know to have been made by human arts, can never be accepted as conclusive evidence of the work of man." Professor Dawson tells us, in his "Archaia," that flakes, and so-called knives, abound strewn over the plains of Nova Scotia and Labrador, unquestionably produced by natural causes; and the same may be said, we believe, of the countless flakes which strew the Sahara and Arabia Petræa.

The arguments against the human origin of the flint spear-heads, flakes, and knives of Acheul is thus summed up by Mr. Whitley, in his "Flint Implements from Drift not Authentic:"—1. That they are only found in chalk districts, and that no corresponding implements are found elsewhere; whereas, in the recognised stone age, every possible hard rock was fashioned on the same model, and applied to similar purposes. Did pre-historic man live only in the chalk valleys, and avoid every other formation, though all others are equally rich in the traces and works of forgotten men? 2. The implements are all axes, and that at a period when there could have been little wood, for the climate must have been almost arctic, and judging from the analogy of existing savages, other forms should have been found. 3. There is a gradation in form, from the very rough fracture of the flint, to the perfect almond-shaped implement. In size they vary from two to eleven inches in length. 4. Some are almost perfectly half-formed almond-shaped tools. This may be an illustration of the form produced by the natural fracture of the egg-shaped nodule. 5. The difficulty of explaining their use. 6. The fact, that of many thousands, none have been found exhibiting any traces of having been employed for any cutting purpose, and that when the edges of the tools are partly worn by being rolled in water, the edges of all the split contiguous flints are worn to the same extent. 7. Their incredible number in a country which could only have contained a very sparse population of hunters, so that, as M. Boucher de Perthes states, "one would have thought a shower of them had fallen from the sky." As to the suggestion of established places of manufacture, can it be conceived that in a country with 40,000 square miles of chalk formation, without commerce, inhabited by barbarians of the lowest imaginable type, such a manufacture could have been localized for export or for home trade? However the flints may be explained, since it must be admitted, as Mr. Evans allows, that "flakes are produced most frequently by a single blow, and that it is at all times difficult, among a mass of flints, to distinguish those flakes formed accidentally by natural causes from those which have been made by the hand of man" ("Geologist," iv. 360), we may fairly demur to any certain chronological deductions being yet forced upon us, without some further collateral evidence than the drift beds have yet produced.

Backward from the drift period, our only light upon the history of most of our living animals is cast either by analogy, or by the development theory so ably set forth by Mr. Darwin, and supported by its concurrent and equally original propounder, Mr. Wallace. Beautiful, ingenious, and self-consistent as is the Darwinian theory, yet it has not been removed from the region of hypothesis into that of demonstrated facts, and the geological record supports it rather by supplying a succession of localized analogous forms, than by exhibiting a generative succession. In fact, however fiercely those who have adopted the theory at second-hand may have dogmatized on the subject, we feel certain that no one would be more ready than the learned author of the "Origin of Species" himself, to admit the deficiency of demonstration. As he candidly admits, "there is scarcely a single point on which facts cannot be adduced, often apparently leading to conclusions directly opposite to those at which I have arrived." All depends on the question whether the forces of nature are self-existing; and what is meant by "the uniformity of nature."

We can scarcely regard Mr. Darwin's work as making more than a speculative advance in historical zoology. He pleads that, as a scholar of Bacon and Newton, he desiderates a *vera causa* for living things. Natural selection, he argues, is such; creative agency is not. The one may be improbable,—at least it is loaded with immense embarrassments,—but he intimates that the other is chimerical. He asks of those who believe in creative interference, "Do they really believe that at innumerable periods in the earth's history, certain elemental atoms have been commanded suddenly to flash into living tissues?"—("Origin of Species," p. 483.) Has Mr. Darwin proved that they have not? For this is the real task which, in the face of existing circumstances, he should have undertaken. He has indeed dealt a heavy and a decided blow at the species-mongers, who rested content with difference of habitat, or with hereditary peculiarities, but he has not really struck at the Linnæan maxim, "*Species naturæ opus.*" The naturalness of the ultimate grouping of animals is proved by the coincidence of the morphological with the procreative test. Given mutual resemblance (whence *species*) in anatomical structure, there is also partnership in procreative power: given procreative power (whence *genus*), there is, along with this, fidelity to anatomical structure. The application of these tests requires knowledge and care, and far too hastily have many systematists divided and subdivided.

In the historical investigation of the origin of species we have nothing to do with consequences, we only require facts. No consequences will make that which is true false, or that which is false true. If man is a transmuted ape, no brilliancy of ridicule, or felicity of sarcasm, will upset the proof or disprove the pedigree. Mr. Darwin did not make nature, he only interprets it; and so he does not misinterpret, no fault can be found, however startling the facts. Do, then, the recorded or observed phenomena of species supply a solid groundwork for his speculation? Does it decipher aright the struggle for existence? Does it tally with the testimony of the rocks? Does it vanquish the infinitely ramified proof of design in the structures and instincts of animals? Does it *prove* that what have been held creative endowments are fortuitous acquirements?

As to the struggle for existence, the facts adduced by Mr. Darwin would equally harmonize with the theory that the struggle tends to *conserve* the type, as with that which maintains that it tends to *change* the type. Struggle means death to the feeble, life to the strong, and as these are preserved, a guarantee for purity of type is preserved with them. So, again, in the argument for natural selection, as unfolded in the interesting and charming chapter on the bee.

It was the author's work to prove what wonders natural selection *has done*, he has rather contented himself by setting forth in a bewitching style what wonders natural selection *can do*, guarding, however, his sketch from the charge of dogmatism, by many "I believe," "I am convinced."

Nor is the testimony of the rocks, on the face of it, in favour of the theory. Mr. Darwin has devoted an ingenious chapter to the imperfection of the geologic record. He is lavish in his drafts on the past, and suggests that many a chapter has dropped out of the chain of organic history. But it is no argument to those who crave *facts*, to plead that if the museum of nature had been well kept, it would have been for him. We admit the register of succession and advance in types; we demur to the assumption that these forms are hereditary developments. We had once believed we had the earliest dawn of life in the Silurian rocks; we have now got one step farther back to the *eozoon* of the Laurentian. But the rocks which have conserved these feeble monads, the stones which bear the traces of *arenicola*, could equally have conserved the higher forms had they co-existed. Yet the earliest crustacean, the complex trilobite, the first cephalopod, the lowest buried ganoid fish, leaps into life, so far as the record in our hands is concerned, as fully developed, as perfectly organized, as elaborately complex, as the latest representative of the group, like Adam from his Maker's hand. The Saurians, for instance, emerge on the geologic stage distinct, sharply defined: sharply defined they disappear. Nor can we admit that the chapters which Sir C. Lyell has devoted to the question of the geologic record, in "The Antiquity of Man," supply the desiderated facts. They only prove, what none are now disposed to question, that further research brings to light closer co-relation between epochs and classes; that nature, in the geologic register as elsewhere, abhors a vacuum; and that our existing *types* are being gradually traced farther and farther back into the vista of geologic antiquity. Indeed the admission, for instance, that the decrease and extinction of the great Saurians was probably due to the rise of the great mammals, is an argument at least as forcible on one side as the other.

In fact the whole theory partakes very much of the nature of an appeal to our ignorance. Mr. Darwin frankly admits that analogy would lead him one step farther, that—

> "Probably all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from one primordial form, into which life was first breathed."—*Origin of Species*, p. 484.

Or as Professor Huxley puts it,—

> "All phenomena of organic nature, past and present, result from and are caused by the interaction of those properties of organic matter which are

> called *atavism* and *variability*, with the condition of existence; or, in other words, given the existence of organic matter, its tendency to transmit its properties, and its tendency occasionally to vary; and lastly, given the conditions of existence by which organic matter is surrounded,—that these, put together, are the causes of the present and of the past conditions of organic nature."

But we ask Mr. Darwin, when he speaks of life breathed into one primordial form, his own question, Does he believe that at one period, no matter how far back, an elemental atom was commanded to flash into a living tissue? He has but moved the interference a few stages back, and we know that if time is nothing to the geologist, still less is it to the Creator. Professor Huxley's drift is transparent, but he has need of more than one tremendous postulate,—the self-existence of organic matter, the self-arrangement of its conditions of existence.

We have not space to do more than allude to what have been termed the "zoological barriers," viz., those between the vertebrate and invertebrate, between the milk-giving mammal and the lower vertebrates, and between man and the brute; in other words, the backbone, the breast, and the brain. With the brain we take not only our physical attributes, but all which isolates man, as the use of words (which are projected ideas) by man, in contrast with sounds (which are projected sensations) by the lower animals.

On a general survey of the progress of geographical and historical zoology, we are led to inquire what is the true attitude of the theologian towards scientific progress, and we answer fearlessly, that of unhesitating welcome. We ask again, Is it the ascertained facts, or is it the speculations of science, that have caused disgust to many a timid theologian? and we reply fearlessly, It is only the latter. Take, for instance, the bearing of the doctrine of geographical distribution on the Scriptural history of the Noachian deluge. In what endless difficulties and perplexities the advocates of the doctrine of an universal destruction of life on the globe were involved before the division into geographical centres of creation was clearly set forth. But reading Scripture by the light of science, and illuminating science by the light of Scripture, these difficulties vanish. We know the ingenious calculations of Raleigh and Wells as to the capacity of the ark for containing the then known species. But as continent after continent was explored, and its new contributions heaped by thousands upon the catalogue of zoology, the common view became a physical impossibility. Criticism then steps in, and suggests that the Hebrew text implied no more by the expression "under the whole heaven," in Gen. vii., than it necessarily did in Deut. ii. 25, or than the parallel Greek expression, ἡ οἰκουμένη, did in Luke ii. And this was no disingenuous subterfuge of philology, after the discoveries of natural science required it. It was the view taken by two of our ablest commentators, Bishop Stillingfleet and Mat. Poole, in the seventeenth century. Then comes geographical biology, and shows us, under the regions of creation sketched by Mr. Sclater, how for long time a parallelism, but not an identity, of type has pervaded the whole, and how impossible it is to commingle the creations of Australia or South America, for instance, with that of the northern Old World; while to it (the Palæarctic), apparently the most recent of all, belong the animals most indispensable to man, and, with a few trifling local exceptions, all those which have been domesticated by him. Read by the light of theology, the Scripture history simply demands such a flood as should have destroyed *man;* read by the light of science, there is no impossibility shown of such a catastrophe. One of our great geologists has emphatically declared that geology can yield no testimony for or against the Noachian deluge. We know that the crust of the earth has been in perpetual motion; of its gradual upheavals and depressions the rocks are our register, but of a great cataclysm in the plains of Central Asia, so short and so rapidly subsiding, we could not expect to find traces.

Much has been said and argued on the *uniformity of nature.* True as it is in one sense, in that sense in which it is commonly objected against Scripture we demur to the aphorism. In one sense there is a uniformity in nature, in another there is a variableness in *the course of nature*, as there is in the achievements of man,—as Columbus might or might not have discovered America,—as a plague might or might not be stayed by the discovery of a specific. We know not the laws which regulate the upheavals and depressions of the earth's surface; we cannot tell what law produced the glacial epoch, nor why Scandinavia is rapidly rising, Greenland subsiding, and the Spanish coasts stationary. Auvergne in France, and the Ledjah in Syria, tell us of tremendous forces which have not operated uniformly, for in a recent geologic epoch they have changed the face of the land, during the historic period they have been dormant. Such a hidden force as has upheaved and rent the Ledjah could have lifted or depressed the plains of Persia and Armenia, and desiccated them into the Caspian and the other inland seas, as surely as the Sahara has been more slowly desiccated. Into the question of chronology, as applied to the human period, we do not enter; it will be sufficiently early for that, when geologists shall have even approximately settled the unit which is to measure geologic time. We only observe that the popular interpretation of the Mosaic diluvian chronology is of no moment to the narrative, and is accidental, not essential to the record.

So as to the origin of our living species. The view of progressive development may or may not be true; it awaits the interpretation of facts: but we must emphatically protest against the too popular theory which excludes all recognition of *teleology* in the question. Morphology and teleology it has been truly said,—the recognition of a general model and of specialized modes,—can never be justly conceived as at schism till concessions to symmetry in works of human art are pronounced incompatible with a regard to use, or again till the skill of the consummate musician is held to be impeached by the simplicity of the strings. Morphology, rightly viewed, is not the negation, but one grand phase of the revelation of plan. Teleology is the other. A prospect glass or a forceps is an instrument; they each had a final cause. The use did not make them, they were made for the use, which use was foreseen and premeditated in the mind of the maker of them. We unhesitatingly say of each of them, If this had not first been a thought it could never have been a thing. Now, is the eye or the hand an instrument adjusted to a certain use, and thus revealing an antecedent purpose in the creative Mind, or is it not? For our part, it seems far most rational to admit that before it became a *fact in nature* it must needs have been a *thought in God.* Nature is full of plan, yet she plans not; she is only plastic to a plan. The plan has its warp, indeed, as well as its woof. The exquisite variety of creative adjustments reposes on a basis of a fundamental order; exhaustless specialities of adaptation are engrafted on a pervading unity of type.

We accept every fact of science, but we are entitled to demur to the theories of scientific men when only partially based on fact, or when based on partial facts. We object to such an inference as the following being classed among scientific *facts* :—

> "If man constitutes a separate family of mammalia, as he does in the opinion of the highest authorities, then, according to all palæontological analogies, he must have had representatives in meiocene times. We need not, however, expect to find the proofs in Europe. Our nearest relations in the animal kingdom are confined to hot, almost to tropical climates; and it is in such countries that we must look for the earliest traces of the human race."—*Pre-Historic Times,* p. 334.

We have found nothing yet in the researches of science to prove that the barbarous dwellers on the kitchen-middens were not the wandering outcasts from the pre-existent civilization of the valleys of the Euphrates or the Nile, nor is there any chronological argument against it. Nor have we yet seen the traces of the barbaric epoch underlying the vestiges of the earliest civilization in its sites. Nor, in the face of the relics of the Mississippi valley, of Central America, or of Mesopotamia, can we admit that there is no evidence before us of man relapsing from civilization. We object to such an assumption as was the basis of a recent paper before the Zoological Society, that "our differences and affinities are not teleological but signs of identity of origin," that "the varieties in the structure of the hair of the marsupials prove that species had not, at the date of the marsupial origin, become clearly defined," or that certain points of resemblance between the structure of the hair of rodents and of the felidæ prove the descent of the cat tribe from the former.

We freely admit that,—

> "With the increasing influence of science, we may confidently look to a great improvement in the condition of man. But it may be said that our present sufferings and sorrows arise principally from sin, and that any moral improvement must be due to religion, not to science. This separation of the two mighty agents of improvement is the great misfortune of humanity, and has done more than anything else to retard the progress of civilization."—*Pre-Historic Times*, p. 488.

But is all the blame on the side of religion? Is it not too often on that of science? To apply the remarks of a writer in a recent periodical (Rev. J. Ll. Davies),—

> "Science has been so victorious of late years, and has been adding so constantly to the strength of its main positions, that it is scarcely safe to doubt anything which is affirmed by cautious and scientific men *as a fact within their own domain.* But when from the proper and recognised conclusions of science, inferences are drawn which affect the spiritual life, then it cannot be complained of if we scrutinize those inferences carefully. If there is a region of genuine mystery, into which the science of phenomena is pushing forward its methods too confidently, it may be forced to retire, not, indeed, by spiritual intimidation, but by the opposition of realities to which it is self-compelled to pay respect."

> "How long will men think of God as if He were man—of the Creator as if He were a creature—as though creation were but one intricate piece of machinery, which is to go on ringing its regular changes until it shall be worn out, and God were shut up, as a sort of mainspring within it, who might be allowed to be a sort of Primal Force to set it in motion, but must not be allowed to vary what He has once made? 'We must admit the agency of God,' says the *Westminster Review*, 'once in the beginning of things, but must allow of His interference as sparingly as may be.' Most wise arrangement of the creature if it were indeed the god of its God! . . . Poor hoodwinked souls, which would extinguish for themselves the Light of the World, in order that it may not eclipse the rushlight of their own theory!"*

Our conviction is certain that the spirit of truth-seeking investigation applied to zoological research will lead us by a sure induction not to a God "unknown and unknowable," but to a God revealed in all the harmony of Divinity, alike in the book of Nature and the book of Revelation.

H. B. TRISTRAM.

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* Pusey's "Minor Prophets," p. 273.

# NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*An Introduction to the Philosophy of Primary Beliefs.* By RICHARD LOWNDES. London. 1865.

REVIEWING has been called "the ungentle craft;" and there is one branch of it at least in which it is difficult for the critic to discharge his duty without appearing to give some countenance to the accusation. In dealing with works of a controversial character, or treating of topics provocative of controversy, it is almost indispensable for a reviewer to lay especial stress on the points wherein he differs from his author, even though these should be fewer in number and importance than those on which he agrees with him. Assent may be sufficiently stated in general terms: dissent requires to be supported by special reasons; and the more so in proportion to the general merit of the work, and the exceptional character of the points dissented from.

We owe this admission to Mr. Lowndes, because our remarks on his book will be chiefly dissentient, while at the same time we have a high opinion of its merits. The author tells us in his Preface that he began his work with the intention of producing an epitome of the philosophy of Sir William Hamilton, and ended with dissenting from his master on the best known and most popular portion of his teaching. Though Mr. Lowndes is by no means a servile follower of Hamilton in the points where he agrees with him, yet his general relation to the Scottish philosopher may be fairly stated by saying that he follows him in his doctrine of Primary Beliefs, but dissents from him as regards the Philosophy of the Conditioned. In most of what Mr. Lowndes says in defence of primary beliefs, against Mr. Mill and others of the empirical school, we fully concur, and have great pleasure in recommending the first portion of his book, as a concise and lucid statement of what we believe to be the true doctrine on this disputed question. With the second part of the book commence the positions from which we are compelled to dissent; and it is these which, according to our estimate of a critic's duty, we feel bound to notice in detail.

Part II., chap. 2, "Of Belief," contains a criticism of Sir W. Hamilton's theory of "Belief in the incognisable," which is both incorrect in itself, and inconsistent with the critic's own admissions. After some preliminary remarks on the three states of mind called respectively Knowledge, Belief, and Doubt, Mr. Lowndes continues:—

> "Each of these, as of all other acts of judgment, being the mental bringing together of two objects of thought, requires as a condition that the object concerning which we say that we know, or believe, or doubt its truth, shall at least have been apprehended by the mind, so that we know what it is. Obvious as this appears, it seems to have, by some accident, escaped the acuteness of Sir William Hamilton, when he pronounces the Infinite to be incognisable, and yet affirms that we are so framed as necessarily to believe in its existence."—(P. 106.)

It would have been marvellous indeed if Hamilton, or anybody else, had overlooked so obvious a truth as this, in the sense in which Mr. Lowndes maintains it. That in order to believe, as well as to know, it is necessary that we should be able to bring together objects of thought, is unquestionable; and if this is all that is required to make an object "cognisable," a belief in the incognisable is of course an impossibility. But Mr. Lowndes does not seem to be aware that he is only repeating Toland's old argument against belief in anything mysterious. To believe any proposition, we must understand it; to understand, we must have the simple ideas corresponding to our words; if we have the simple ideas, we have the complex ideas composed of them; and if so, nothing is mysterious which can be expressed in intelligible language. The error of this reasoning consists in overlooking the fact that a complex idea is not a mere aggregate of simple ideas, but an organized whole, in which those ideas exist in a certain relation to each other. It no more follows that a man has a complex idea by having the simple ideas of which it is composed, than it follows that he can make a watch if its different parts are given to him separately. I may believe that certain wheels, springs, &c., may be so put together as to make a watch, though I do not know how they are put together. So I can believe that certain given ideas may be so combined as to form a complex whole, though I do not know, and am unable to conceive, how they are to be combined. Belief is possible in the mere fact of their coexistence: knowledge, or even conception, must extend to the mode of coexistence. But Mr. Lowndes's objection is not only founded on a misapprehension of Hamilton's meaning, but it is also inconsistent with his own admissions in another place. A little later on, he tells us that the existence of the substances, self and not self, is a matter of universal belief, though the substances themselves are unknown; and he actually goes so far as to say, "the *belief in this unknown something*, therefore, has existed in us, and been operative, before we were conscious of it."—(P. 140.) Are we then to conclude that a belief in the unknown is necessary to all the rest of mankind, and only forbidden to Sir William Hamilton?

We do not think that Mr. Lowndes has succeeded in refuting Hamilton's principle, that it is legitimate, nay, necessary, to believe in the incognisable and inconceivable. Nor does he succeed better in criticising the application of this principle to the case of the infinite. In attempting to refute Hamilton's assertion that we cannot conceive an infinite regress of time, he falls into the same mistake into which Mr. Mill and some other critics of Hamilton have also fallen—that of supposing that the same difficulty must equally belong to any large finite number. "To realize the notion, a million," he says, "we ought, it seems, to count a million."—(P. 215.) Not so, for we may begin to count from any point. We may begin from 999,999, and then, to reach a million, we have only to count one. But infinity is essentially distinct from all finite quantities. All finite time, however great, is limited by a further time beyond it. Unconditioned time, whether supposed as absolute or as infinite, can have no time beyond it. That we cannot conceive time as finite is admitted by Hamilton—indeed it is a fundamental position of his philosophy. But is this the same as actually conceiving time as infinite? Hamilton says No. Mr. Lowndes says Yes. He tells us,—

> "The thought of Infinity appears to be derived from that form of the conjunction of thoughts already spoken of as the basis of the logical form or axiom of contradiction. . . The object and its negation, or contradictory, are both implicitly presented to our minds in the same act of thought. . . . We cannot have the notion of limitation without in the same act having its correlative, the notion of non-limitation."—(Pp. 215-16.)

This is perfectly true, but it does not prove Mr. Lowndes's point. Contradictories suggest one another. Is the same object, therefore, equally conceivable under two contradictory notions? A finite triangle suggests an infinite triangle. Can I therefore conceive an infinite triangle, *i.e.*, an *infinite* figure *bounded* by three lines? To prove that an object is conceivable, we need a further criterion beyond its mere suggestion by its contradictory; and this criterion Mr. Lowndes has failed to give us. Indeed he proves, in the very next page, the insufficiency of his own method. "If we can think," he says, "of space as a whole, and as infinite, it is not easy to see why these two notions should not be combined, and then we should have, not an image indeed, but the notion, of an infinite whole." Substitute *triangle* for *whole*, and the same argument will prove the conceivability of an infinite triangle, or of any other contradiction.

The difficulties arising from the relation of infinite to finite time Mr. Lowndes attempts to settle very briefly. "Quantity," he says, "and therefore those rules of arithmetic which have to do with the comparison of quantities, have, and can have, no relation to infinity."—(P. 222.) The only quantity which is relevant to this argument is that implied in the relation of equal and unequal; and the assertion, that we can conceive an infinite time to which the relation of quantity is inapplicable, is in fact equivalent to the assertion, that we can conceive a length of time which shall be neither greater, equal, nor less than another length of time. We very much doubt whether any man can conceive anything of the kind.

We might proceed, in the same way, through all Mr. Lowndes's criticisms of Hamilton's theory; but we prefer to leave the destructive, and examine the constructive portion of his work. The principle on which Mr. Lowndes contends for the conceivability of the infinite may be briefly stated as follows:—Intuition, whether external or internal, and imagination, which is representative of intuition, are admitted to be limited to such objects as are concrete and finite; but there is a power of thought, or faculty of pure reason, which, by dealing with notions incapable of being depicted to the imagination, is able to transcend these limits and apprehend the infinite. This position obviously involves two questions—first, Does such a faculty exist? and secondly, If it exists, can it take cognisance of the infinite?

On the first of these questions there is no real difference between Sir W. Hamilton and his critic, notwithstanding that Mr. Lowndes, in his Preface, asserts that this distinction between imagining and pure thinking "has been ignored, or nearly so, by Sir W. Hamilton, and totally unnoticed by Mr. Mansel;" though he conjectures that it may possibly have been anticipated by "the Germans, who are so far in advance of us as metaphysicians." If it is any gratification to Mr. Lowndes to be supported by the authority of the Germans, we can assure him that the distinction in question may be found in almost any German treatise on logic or psychology, from the days of Wolf down to the present time; and we can assure him also that it is neither ignored by Sir W. Hamilton nor unnoticed by Mr. Mansel. If Mr. Lowndes will refer to Hamilton's edition of Reid, p. 291, he will find a note mentioning various English writers who have acknowledged the distinction, with the editor's own remark that "the terms *notion* and *conception* should be reserved to express what we comprehend but cannot picture to imagination," a remark which is again, in substance, repeated at p. 360. Or if he will turn to Mr. Mansel's "Prolegomena Logica," he will find a chapter "On Thought as distinguished from other facts of consciousness," in which the same distinction is expressly noticed.

But granting that the faculty exists,—a point on which Mr. Lowndes and Sir W. Hamilton are agreed,—we come to the second and more important question, Does it enable us to conceive the infinite? And here it seems to us that Mr. Lowndes has fallen into an error from not having clearly ascertained in what *conception* consists. To conceive an object is something very different from understanding the meaning of the word or words by which that object is signified. If any person were to pronounce in my ear certain sounds in an unknown tongue, and were then to ask me whether the thing signified by those sounds is conceivable or not, I could not possibly answer until the sounds were interpreted into a language which I understood. A word in an unknown tongue may mean something as inconceivable as a round square, or as conceivable as an equilateral triangle. The meaning of the words must be first known, before any question can be discussed concerning the conceivability of the thing. I can speak of a figure contained by three right lines, and also of a figure contained by two right lines. The one expression is as intelligible as the other, but the former object is conceivable, and not the latter. And the criterion in this case is, that we can *imagine* the one, and not the other. In order to make out his case, then, Mr. Lowndes ought to show, not merely that we can understand the meaning of terms which express notions not depicted by the imagination, but also that we can, apart from imagination, find a test to determine when objects corresponding to these terms or notions are conceivable, and when they are not: and this, we venture to think, he has nowhere done.

The objects which Mr. Lowndes regards as cognisable by this faculty of pure thought are—(1) substance, as the substratum of sensible qualities; (2) likeness or unlikeness, as discerned by comparison of two things; (3) negatives; (4) space and time; (5) general notions; (6) individual actions; (7) individual objects, as formed out of a variety of sensible observations. The second and the two last may be discarded, as containing nothing which is not acknowledged by Hamilton and his disciples, or which is relevant to the question of the conceivability of the infinite. Of the other four we may briefly observe—(1) that substance, by our author's own confession, is an unknown something, and therefore cannot be conceived. Can the substance, *e.g.*, of a table be conceived as distinct from that of a chair? Apart from the sensible qualities of each, there is nothing to distinguish the table, *quà* table, from the chair, *quà* chair; and the so-called notions have no proper contents: (2) that the same may be said of negatives. Apart from their relation to the particular attributes denied and the object of which they are denied, they have no contents: in that relation they may be conceivable or not, according to circumstances. *Equiangular* and *not-equiangular* suggest each other: in relation to an equilateral triangle, the first is conceivable, and the second is not; while in relation to some other figures both are conceivable: (3) that general notions, in like manner, as we have already observed, may be conceivable or not, according to their special contents, and therefore need a test of conceivability. There remain only Space and Time, to which Mr. Lowndes has devoted a separate chapter, in which, after giving an account, somewhat incomplete, of the views of Kant and Hamilton, he proceeds to state his own. He holds that we have certain "primary beliefs" concerning space,—(1) that it exists externally to the mind; (2) that some of the objects of intuition occupy space; (3) that space is of infinite extent in three directions; (4) that space exists necessarily. *Mutatis mutandis*, we have similar beliefs concerning time. Now it may be observed that Hamilton's philosophy does not deny any of these propositions, simply as beliefs: it only says that we may believe in the fact, while unable to conceive the manner. In the attempt, *e. g.*, to conceive space as actually infinite, various contradictions appear to emerge. Can there be two points at an infinite distance from each other? If we say Yes, these two points are boundaries of space, and space is not infinite. If we say No, can we conceive an extent of space in which there is no point? This, and many other apparent self-contradictions involved in the notion of infinite space, are no impediment to belief, if we hold, with Hamilton, that the infinite is not really conceivable at all, and that the apparent contradictions arise from an illegitimate attempt to transcend the proper sphere of thought. But if, with Mr. Lowndes, we contend for an actual conception of the infinite, we are bound either to furnish a solution of these contradictions, or to admit the sceptical consequence, that thought, in its legitimate exercise within its proper sphere, contradicts itself. The truth is, that, as Aristotle long ago observed, the infinite is conceivable *potentially*, not *actually*; or, as Hamilton expresses it, as the *indefinite*, not as the *infinite* proper. Mr. Lowndes, throughout his discussion, is unconscious of the distinction between these two totally different, indeed opposite notions.

As we are compelled to dissent from much that Mr. Lowndes considers as original in his own philosophy, both as regards its truth and its originality, we are bound in justice to add that, notwithstanding this dissent, we think highly of his philosophical ability. His failure, where he has failed, is mainly owing to his having imperfectly studied the literature of the subject on which he writes. Hence he is neither aware of the extent to which his own views have been anticipated by others, nor of the objections which have prevented certain portions of them from being adopted by the writers whom he is combating.

*Hidden Depths.* Edinburgh: Edmonstone and Douglas. Two Vols. 1866.

We can hardly be mistaken in accepting this well-meant tale as a woman's account of woman's wrongs. Its name is more appropriate than the author imagined. For aught that she has written, the "depths" of the subject are still "hidden." For the history here narrated reveals nothing of the deep secret of the wrong; and of course, nothing of its remedy. The tale is soon told.

A young officer, of high repute and distinction, is embarking with his bride for service in India. He is accompanied to the place of embarkation by his devoted sister, who believes him all that is pure and good. As the last farewell is being said on deck, a painful scene occurs. A poor victim of his profligacy, who had in vain endeavoured to pass herself among the soldiers' wives the day before, is found concealed in the hold, and is forcibly removed from the ship. She bursts from her captors, embraces his knees, and is of course disowned and thrust from him, and borne away in despair. All this escapes his light-hearted and foolish bride, but not his sister. After the parting, she forms the resolve to devote herself to the rescue of the poor creature. But during the night that victim is by her own act placed beyond the reach of rescue. A paper is found upon her body, addressed to her seducer, conjuring him to save her younger sister, whom she had been the means of drawing into vice. This paper causes the transference of the vow of self-devotion to the rescue of that younger sister. To this the heroine of the tale now applies herself; and the rest of the book is occupied with the tracking and finding, and again losing and again finding, the object of her search. In the course of these adventures, descriptions are given, and scenes narrated, which show it to be impossible that the author should have had any but romance-knowledge of the things treated. Putting inconvenient children out of the way by lighting a fire under their bed, and allowing it and them to be consumed, and no discovery made, and this in the town of Cambridge, is perhaps the culminating absurdity: but it is by no means alone. The statements of the social evil are exaggerated, and therefore ineffective. Such an assertion as that there is not one of our laity, nor even of our clergy, who has not been in his younger days a profligate, is one which never ought to have been made, and the falsity of which, thank God, almost every English household could prove. It is, however, consistently followed up in the narrative, by making the betrothed lover of the self-devoting heroine herself at length prove to have been the unprincipled seducer of the object of her search.

We must protest against such an insufficient and one-sided account of the great injustice at present done to woman. The fact is, that the remedy of the great evil complained of must be sought in a totally different direction from that indicated by the writer. That man's fault may be dissembled, and woman's may not, is a disproportion which no artificial restraints can ever remove. If woman is defenceless, it should be the aim of the ameliorator to provide her with stronger armour. This is in some measure done for the middle classes among us, by the inexorable law of public opinion: and it is only in those strata of society where that law is inoperative, that the evil prevails. But, inasmuch as there always will be such strata of humanity, and inasmuch as the opinion of others is ever but a precarious rule of life, we need some safeguard that shall be universal in its action, and of independent application to the individual conscience. And such a safeguard can only be found in raising altogether the tone of female education. And let us not be mistaken. We do not mean imparting more knowledge, though that would necessarily be the result; but elevating the quality of whatever is imparted, and strengthening the individual character by giving it a firmer grasp of truth. What is, for the most part, our present female education, but a machinery for the manufacture of triflers? What is there in it of preparation of the young woman for withstanding temptation, and for the effective performance of her future duties in life? What is she taught to know for herself? The merest idler from college, or from the town barrack, comes upon her as a superior being, and leads captive her attention, and her susceptible feelings.

It is not indeed to be supposed that any educational improvement will ever eradicate the evil; but there can be little doubt, in any observant and reflecting mind, that the women of England might be lifted, by improved education, many degrees in the scale of moral independence. And in speaking of improved education, we of course include in that term all that education in a Christian land comprises. The higher portions of this are, it is true, very generally taught already; but they need very different habits of mind, and a very different moral tone from those now prevailing among our young women, to render them effective for good.

*A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe, on Rivers and Lakes of Europe.* By J. MACGREGOR, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1866.

THE great Gregarach, and his immortal immortalizer, would have been almost equally astonished, to read the adventures of single independent daring with which the pages of this little book abound. Those who know its excellent and energetic author, though they may claim their full share of admiration of his performances, yet will hardly participate in any surprise at them.

The *Rob Roy* canoe is soon described in Mr. Macgregor's own words, as being "built of oak, and covered fore and aft with cedar. She is made just short enough to go into the German railway waggons—that is to say, fifteen feet in length,—twenty-eight inches broad, nine inches deep, weighs eighty pounds, and draws three inches of water, with an inch keel. A paddle seven feet long, with a blade at each end, and a lug-sail and jib, are the means of propulsion; and a pretty blue silk Union Jack is the only ornament. The elliptic hole in which I sit is fifty-four inches long and twenty broad, and has a mackintosh cover fastened round the combing and to a button on my breast: while between my knees is my baggage for three months, in a black bag one foot square and five inches deep."

In this little craft our author navigated during last autumn the rivers Thames, Sambre, Meuse, Rhine, Main, Danube, Reuss, Aar, Ill, Moselle, Meurthe, Marne, and Seine; the lakes Titisee, Constance, Unter See, Zurich, Zug, and Lucerne; six canals in Belgium and France, and twice the open sea of the British Channel. He describes his voyage as truly delightful, and he never enjoyed so much continuous pleasure on any other tour. The weather, exceptionally good, was in one sense favourable for him, but in another, unfavourable; "two inches more of water in the rivers would have saved many a grounding, and the wading in consequence; and, at worst, the rain could have wetted only the upper man, which a cape can cover; so even in bad weather, give me the canoe."

We shall not venture to retail any of Mr. Macgregor's adventures, but refer our readers to his own pages for them. Perils of rocks and of rapids are told simply, but with much vigour and truth of description. For the inhabitants, whether congregated in hundreds to see the strange Englishman and his skiff, or helping him to carry it over necks of land, or concerned in his board and lodging ashore, Mr. Macgregor always has a kind word. Though he met with plenty of rough specimens, he got no rough treatment, and hardly ever even an uncivil word.

At the end, Mr. Macgregor gives some very useful practical directions to those who may wish to follow his example. Having announced as his guiding motto

"Arma virumque canoe,"—

He bestows on each of these, the canoe, the arms, and the man, a chapter, full of the minutest instructions, even to diagrams to show the proper course of the boat among rocks and breakers.

We cordially recommend this interesting little book to our readers. Whether they ever venture on foreign waters or not, they cannot fail of being agreeably beguiled through its pages.

*The Prayer-book Interleaved, with Historical Illustrations and Explanatory Notes arranged parallel to the Text.* By the Rev. W. M. Campion, B.D., Fellow and Tutor of Queen's College, and Rector of St. Botolph's; and the Rev. W. J. Beamont, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College and Incumbent of St. Michael's, Cambridge. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Ely. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Pearl 8vo.

We do not hesitate to pronounce this most useful edition of the Common Prayer-book indispensable to every clergyman and every intelligent layman.

Immense labour has been spent upon it, and the information given is such as could without its help only be collected from various and scattered sources. At each successive portion of the book and of its accompanying directions, prefaces, and sanctioning Acts of Parliament, we have, on the opposite page, all particulars respecting the usages of foreign churches, and the former practice of our own, or of the primitive Church: details of corrections at separate times: citations of the ancient forms of Collects, and of variations in Epistles and Gospels: tables of the various arrangements of the Psalter: accounts of the interpretations and applications of Rubrics: and the reasons, or theories respecting reasons, of difficult, obscure, or discrepant directions.

Of course we do not stand pledged to the accuracy of all that is contained in a mass of information so voluminous and many-sided. This will doubtless become the subject of investigation and detailed criticism on a large scale. But the whole tone and spirit of the book is such as to lead us to anticipate that it will not suffer much by any such examination.

We have seen but one thing to find fault with. Why print on the first fly-leaf in the book, so sensational and altogether unworthy a title as "Quarries and Veins of the Prayer-book"? We may hope that, in future editions, this bit of clap-trap may disappear.

Our only fear is that, as it used in our college days to be the practice to bind up the classics with the Prayer-book for use in chapel, so the left-hand pages of this book, rich in information and interest, may sometimes be studied when the attention ought to be concentrated on the pages opposite.

*English Travellers and Italian Brigands: a Narrative of Capture and Captivity.* By W. J. C. Moens. Two Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1866.

"The book which I venture to offer to the public has no pretensions whatever to literary merit of any sort."—(*Preface.*) With this opinion of Mr. Moens' we heartily agree; and if the writer's judgment had always been as sound, he would probably never have fallen amongst thieves. But we should have pitied and admired him far more had he curtailed his narrative. Interest might then have induced us to read one volume,—nothing but a stern sense of duty has supported us under the perusal of two. Next to truth, graphic power is what we imperatively demand from a writer of travels. Now Mr. Moens has a fine opportunity of describing the eruption of Mount Etna. We have read the passage over twice. We cannot quite make out what took place. There were "scoria," and "lava," and "a horrible crackling sound;" in short, "it was truly marvellous, and baffled all description." In describing a scene by *moonlight*, he tells us that "on the left rose mountains clothed with wood, and on the right, two ridges covered with the same *bright green!*" A little reflection might have spared us, if not the quality, at least the quantity of such writing as this. Both volumes are loosely put together, and abound with unnecessary details and useless repetitions. The book opens with a long diary by Mrs. Moens. A few remarks on Sicilian brigands are supposed to connect her notes with the promised "narrative of capture and captivity." Mrs. Moens thought the hotel bills too dear. She felt nervous about earthquakes. When she was frightened she clung to her husband's arm. When she rode a donkey she took off her crinoline, &c. But as from time to time we come upon fragments of her diary thrown in to supplement her husband's, we are bound to admit that the contrast is pleasant enough, and her descriptions would often be natural and lively if she were not always stopping to smell the flowers, or making moral reflections.

On the 19th of May, 1865, a travelling party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Moens, the Rev. Murray Aynsley and his wife, started from Salerno in one of the common travelling carriages, to visit the ruined temples at Pæstum. A notice in their hotel, addressed to travellers, informed them that the road was perfectly safe under the protection of a strong military guard, and that no danger of any kind need be apprehended. The day was hot and sultry, and the party were soon covered with the white dust that lies so thick on all Italian roads. Soon after leaving the town they were joined by a detachment of soldiers, who inquired where they were going, but soon rode off and left them. A good deal of joking now began, and the ladies were bantered about the brigands, every one being in high spirits, and quite reassured by the appearance of the soldiers.

The day was passed amongst the noble ruins of Pæstum, and Mrs. Moens describes the beauty of the scene, as she sat in the long grass and flowers, with a cloudless sky above her, gazing through the massive columns at the wooded plain beyond,--and she tells us how a strange sense of melancholy stole over her, and a gloom fell upon her spirits, like the dark shadows of the columns upon the sunny plain. Soon after five o'clock the party got into their carriage to return. No soldiers appeared anywhere: the road was quite deserted; and the conversation again turned upon the brigands. "We talked and laughed about them, just as careless, unthinking people talk about their own death;" until Mrs. Moens, tired out with the heat and fatigue of the day, fell asleep. She was suddenly roused by Mrs. Aynsley's voice crying, "Here really are the brigands!"

> "I started up and saw, as it seemed to me, the fields on both sides of the road covered with armed men—some, like serpents, creeping through the standing corn, and advancing swiftly to the carriage; others rising from all quarters, from out of the corn, and from behind tall hedges. They all closed noiselessly round the carriage, pointing their guns at us. One man seized the horses' heads, and turned them across the road. The coachman did not attempt to drive on. We were completely surrounded."—(I. 108.)

A brigand let down the carriage steps, and said "Scende," and Mr. Moens and Mr. Aynsley were instantly marched off in profound silence. In a few moments more not a brigand was visible, and the ladies were left alone in their despair.

A quarter of an hour passed; then was seen a cloud of dust in the distance, and the sound of galloping horses soon reached them. "Soldati!" cried the coachman, and a band of mounted soldiers presently drew up to the carriage. On being informed of what had taken place, they galloped off in pursuit; but never from that day to this have they succeeded in capturing Manzo and his followers.

The poor ladies returned disconsolate to Salerno, and on the following morning were surprised by the arrival of Mr. Aynsley, who had been sent back to procure a ransom, which was fixed at £8,500, the band being convinced that they had got hold of "milords" so powerful that they had only to wink, and the English Government, or even Victor Emmanuel, would buy them off, and think it an honour. Mr. Moens had now ample leisure to examine and make notes of the manners and customs of the brigands; and his straggling narrative, if only it could be compressed, would be found novel and interesting enough. The band consisted of forty-two men, all dressed in uniform brown jackets, with belts containing ammunition and pistols; they wore wide-awakes ornamented with ostrich feathers; each carrying a carbine, and as many rings and gold chains as he could get; and in fact looking as much like the traditional bandit who is sold to children, to be painted and adorned with tinsel, as you will. Over this goodly company presided *Manzo*, of whom we shall hear more presently.

Some of the brigands were married; and at p. 186 we have a detailed and not very flattering account of the ladies, who were all dressed in men's clothing. There was *Doniella*, about nineteen, "a strapping young woman,' with fine teeth, and, moreover, very greedy; *Carinna*, not so greedy, and otherwise good-humoured; *Maria*, a sulky girl; *Antonina*, the lotus-eyed damsel; and *Concetta*, another sulky girl.

Two brigands were always set to watch Mr. Moens; and their treatment of him seemed to vary. Sometimes they were courteous and respectful, at others, insolent and menacing. The captain had a habit of sleeping with his legs across our friend's breast. They sometimes thumped him when he did not go up-hill fast enough; but his own pluck and high spirit seems to have saved him from a great deal of ill-treatment; and he gradually gained that ascendancy over them which belongs to superior education and character. We cannot sufficiently admire the mixture of good humour and courage displayed by Mr. Moens throughout his captivity, and told with all the artless simplicity of an unaffected and highminded English gentleman. He astonished them by always knowing where he was, for they knew nothing about the stars,—he could also tell them by his almanack when the moon would rise. They brought their trinkets to be valued by him, and relied implicitly upon his judgment. He cut them wooden spoons with a little penknife, and made a ramrod which was pronounced perfect. He wrote letters for them to their friends,—on one occasion a love-letter, which was read aloud to the band, and vastly admired. His ready wit often got him out of difficult situations. One day he noticed Scope, a villanous fellow, aiming at him with his gun. "I told him he was not half a brigand, for he didn't know how to hold his gun. I didn't believe he could hit a haystack a few yards off, and offered to let him shoot at me at a hundred yards, if he would allow me just one shot at him first at twice that distance." This so tickled the other brigands that they roared with laughter, and Scope slunk away. Every night they cast lots for who should keep watch whilst the rest slept, and Mr. Moens greatly amused them by gravely offering to take his turn. He showed them, too, that he was not one to be trifled with. Once he threatened to cane a man who thumped him on the back—the affair was talked over round the fire at night; and the captive's courage greatly admired. A little Prayer-book he had in his pocket he found of inestimable value. Every day he read the Church Service to himself, whilst the brigands, with the exception of the two who watched him, were sleeping around; and he tells us how dear those Psalms of the fugitive David became to him, and how they reminded him of the great Shepherd, who never slumbered nor slept, and who could fill even the wilderness and the solitary places with His love. On Sundays, he tells us, with a touch of the most *naïve* regret, that he was unable to convince the robbers that they ought to rest; but they listened with the greatest interest when he read and explained the Bible to them, and it is quite affecting to notice the pure and simple faith which led him to translate the Psalms and pray with poor Concetta, who had been shot and lay in dreadful suffering. Meanwhile, his own hardships were very great. The band moved constantly to and fro over the most inaccessible parts of the mountains—crossing and recrossing, to evade the troops who were scouring the country. Sometimes they fell in with them; at others they would lie in ambush and see them pass within ten yards of them. Sometimes he had to sleep in damp caverns—often to lie down in the pouring rain; at others on the mountain tops: the food was frequently scanty, and almost always nauseating to a degree. Times of plenty, when they obtained sheep and milk from the peasants, were often succeeded by days of famine, when, owing to the vigilance of the troops, they could get nothing. The same cause greatly prolonged the period of Mr. Moens' captivity. No one was allowed to communicate with the brigands, so no remittances could be forwarded, except by stealth and under great difficulties. Mr. Moens had continually to write letters demanding the ransom—50,000, subsequently reduced to 30,000 ducats (£3,000). He often had to listen to long conversations about his ears being cut off and sent to his friends, if the money did not arrive soon. The strangest relations must have existed between him and his captors. So great was his ascendancy over them, that they offered to leave Italy with him if he would become their captain, and yet to the last they threatened to kill him, and that in right earnest. He always replied, "*Se volete;*" it would save his friends much trouble and expense; adding, that for himself he did not fear death, because there was a better world beyond. How he was starved and abused, how he suffered from illness, from the cold, from the vermin (for he was never allowed to change or to wash his clothes), from the constant alarms, suspenses, hopes deferred, and anxieties of every description,—all this and much more is duly recorded for the patient reader in these prolix volumes. At length, by slow instalments, the ransom of £3,000 was paid. The brigands all wanted to kiss Mr. Moens; but he says, "I could not quite stand this." On both sides all kinds of sentimental keepsakes—gold rings, chains, spoons, pipes, &c.—were given and received, and they parted, after three and a half months' companionship, with not unkindly feelings towards each other. On the 26th of August, Mr. Moens is restored to his friends and the bosom of his family, and, laying aside his tattered coat and romantic character, becomes once more the simple English gentleman whose portrait (*from a photograph*) adorns the first volume of what has certainly the claim to be called a "narrative of capture and captivity."

*L'Exposition Universelle de* 1867. *Guide de l'Exposant et du Visiteur; avec les Documents Officiels, un Plan et une Vue de l'Exposition.* Librairie de L. Hachette et Cie. Paris: 77, Boulevard St. Germain. Londres: 18, King William Street.

The Preface to this Catalogue gives us M. Duruy's authority for two facts: first, that the idea of periodical exhibitions in general is an entirely French idea; and secondly, that the first Fine Art Exhibition took place in the latter days of Louis XIV., and the first Industrial Exhibition in 1798. Only sixteen departments took part even in the latter, and the number of exhibitors did not exceed 110. It was, however, successful enough as an experiment to be repeated by the First Consul in 1801, and again in 1802. In 1806 the number of exhibitors had advanced to 1,400; but it was not till 1819 that a fifth exhibition took place. Six other national meetings, confined to French products, took place up to the year 1849, when more than 4,000 exhibitors competed for prizes. The first International Exhibition, in 1851, taught men to compare the arts of France and England, and to set industrial skill against industrial power. Since that time, says our guide, the progress made on both sides of the Channel has been marked by a growing resemblance in the works produced: the common standard being higher in 1855 than in 1851, much more in 1862. The English manufacturers, on the whole, have made greater progress than the Frenchmen, especially in ornamental productions; but as they were decidedly inferior at starting, this was to be expected. Altogether, our "*entente commerciale*" seems to be very genuine and very beneficial.

From the sketch and description, the Exhibition building seems likely to be all that can be wished. Its situation in the Champ de Mars will add one more change to the many associations of the place,—best remembered in England, perhaps, by Carlyle's description of the "Feast of Pikes," or National Oath of Federation, solemnly taken there in July, 1790. The Exposition will be an ellipse approaching to the circular form, with its major axis marked by a vestibule, and passage throughout; there will be a garden in the centre about 140 metres long, and a "*parc*" all round—dedicated to flower shows, reaping machines, models of farm and manufacturing buildings, pisciculture, bees, silkworms, a horse, cattle, and dog exhibition, "*et l'élevage des sangsues.*" We may consider that the building will have a great advantage over our own in the fact that it is fully understood to be temporary. France does not make the mistake of treating an immense green-house as a public building, or as an architectural effort at all. We dare say there will be handsome stonework in the front porches or side arcades, but the whole building seems to be likely to produce its proper effect, and to attempt no more. It will be a very well-arranged, convenient exhibition-tent, brilliantly coloured and gracefully got up, and there will be no subsequent attempt to make the country pay for it as a permanency. The elliptical building will be divided into sectors (we suppose this term may apply to an ellipse as well as a circle) by radiating passages; and the space will thus be divided among the nations—nearly a fourth of the whole building being assigned to Great Britain and Ireland. Galleries are to be dispensed with for purposes of exhibition, though there will be an upper circle for promenades. Perishable objects are to be renewed from time to time, and indeed are to be offered for sale. This seems to give a certain advantage to their exhibitors, which may be unavoidable. At the same time we trust that the distinction between an exhibition of inventions and a bazaar of productions may be well sustained, and that the directors will curb that noble rage of the advertising tradesman, to which the stick trophy, and the pickle trophy, and the mixed biscuit trophy, bore such grotesque evidence at South Kensington.

We are naturally more interested in the Fine Art Department of the Exhibition than the Industrial. We think that some rather curious, though perhaps uncertain, lights were thrown on national character by the joint French and English Picture Exhibitions of 1855 and 1862. Who could have expected, as people said, that French art should be so unmistakeably superior in drawing, and English work have the advantage in colour? Yet this is only one consequence, among many, of what we are just beginning to be aware of,—the great industry, method, and thoroughness with which all the better sort of Frenchmen pursue what they do pursue. It is hard to estimate the advantage which their faith in system and discipline gives them in the study of art. The facts that it is a real study, requiring and rewarding the best man's best efforts, and that in it, as in all other pursuits, nothing can come of nothing, seem to be better known in France than here. This is the one evil result, no doubt balanced by many good ones, of the great demand for and pursuit of landscape art of moderate merit in England. Men plead the example of Turner,—carefully ignoring his preparatory years of pencil outline and *chiaroscuro*, and his far longer training in subdued conventional colour,—and become professed artists without being able to draw the figure at all. Consequently, they never think of human interest in their landscape, and are apt to go on monotonously producing scenes in Switzerland or Scotland by mere recipe. The severely-trained Frenchman feels both strength and ambition when his training is well over. He has not been taught to love inanimate subjects perhaps, or to enjoy the pensiveness of sunset, or the power of storm. Perhaps, like his wet compatriot in the story, he rather "abhors the beauties of nature." But he can draw the human figure with absolute precision and perfect facility; he has thoroughly learned the grammar of art and the use of materials, and, in fact, he is a master of line, light, shade, and a (perhaps narrow) scale of colour; he has done justice to and fairly learnt his own powers, and he means to use them. Consequently, his choice of subject, when he has it, is daring for the most part; his notions of historical art are high, and he rightly feels that his game is man. We feel sure that the higher choice of subject and greater aspiration of Continental painters, is connected with their severer training, and greater power over the human form; and also that a little more ambition, if equally well-instructed, would be beneficial to our rising painters, had they but a prospect of selling works of high aim. False humility in choice of subject would require severe comment if it had not the excuse of necessity. The real blame rests with the national dread of anything with a new idea in it, and the consequent demand, at best, for small studies from nature and nothing else. As soon as a man of promise has caught the eye of the public, his progress as a painter seems to be ruined; he goes on repeating his little success in various forms, lets dealers suggest his subjects, and makes money as a contented day-labourer. Hence the various cliques which newspapers dignify with the title of schools. There is the Infantile school, which is, we trust, the distress and terror of the unfortunate little boys and girls who have to sit, since otherwise it must ruin them all with conceit and vanity. There is the Historical-genre school, devoted mainly to stock subjects about Queen Elizabeth and the Puritans; either because the painters have read no history except Carlyle and Kingsley, or because buff coats, and rapiers, and partisans, and old lace, can be hired in Wardour Street or studied at South Kensington. Then there is the Sensation school of agony pictures, illustrative of accidents and police reports; and the Domestic school, well calculated to suggest to the thoughtful spectator purposes of renouncing his nearest and dearest; and the Religious school, which we detest beyond them all. These are the subjects which delight the British public; and very few men are daring or fortunate enough to be allowed to rise above them, unless it be by an occasional illustration of Tennyson's more popular poems. It is a melancholy thing to say, but between the crotchets of leaders and the necessities of followers,—between the false humility of painters, who will attempt nothing which they cannot perfectly realize, and the pressure of poverty, which forces them to give their lives to small saleable pictures,—the exact or Pre-Raphaelite principles of painting seem not to produce their due results. They have taught careful painting of inanimate nature in foregrounds, but they have not pointed out the best training, which is study of the human figure; and their humility in choice of subject has its doubtful side. The fact is, that public patronage—*i. e.*, the patronage of picture-dealers, which is all men have to look to in this country—is bad patronage, and that some State assistance to generous art is necessary. If Mr. Watts offers to paint the great hall at Euston Square with the history of England, and the directors will not allow him the expense of his scaffolding and colours,* we say the State will do well to find a wall, colours, and scaffolding for Mr. Watts. Mr. Armitage's name will be better known in Paris for years to come than it is in London, he having been employed by Delaroche as his best pupil in the great oil-painting in the Hall of the Fine Arts. Both these artists still paint pictures, it is true; but instead of being employed on frescoes which would instruct the public, they are obliged to work on easel pictures, which the public never can see, nor learn to care for. They, however, are strong enough to hold their own, rewarded or unrewarded. Where the French system has the clearest and most lamentable advantage over our own is—first, in the amount of work* it gets out of its pupils; and secondly, in the care with which it protects all its best and most hopeful from the necessity of painting to live, before their time is come to paint at all. The concurrent testimony to the importance of the French art-scholarships is one of the many remarkable features in the Report of Evidence before the Royal Academy Commission.

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* Fact. See Evidence before the Royal Academy Commission.

It is too long a stride from the Champ de Mars to Trafalgar Square, and we can say no more. But we have distinguished between an art exhibition and a commercial one; and unhappily it is not very easy to say to which class pictures painted purely for the market ought to be assigned. We have no doubt on the subject ourselves; and knowing, as we do, that the blame rests far more with the British public than with the British artist, we commend to the former the study of the paintings of Delaroche, Ingres, Gèrome, and Coignet, with those of Richter and the great Leys. Let us look well at these men's work, and then ask ourselves, how in the name of Moloch it has come about that Gustave Doré, the Marat of art, is now of all French artists best known in England?

*Some Thoughts on the Mission of the Church of England to this Age: a Sermon preached in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, on Sunday, February* 25, 1866. By ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Lord Bishop of London, Dean of Her Majesty's Chapels Royal. London: Rivingtons. Pp. 16.

THE utterances of our spiritual fathers on this matter are just now specially valuable. That is, they will be valuable, if they spring from genuine veins of thought, and from a pure conscience,—conditions which there need be no difficulty in assuming where the present Bishop of London is concerned. Yet when these are assumed, we ought not to forget the difficulties which beset the path of a *thinking* bishop in our time. He stands between the two extremes of restless speculation and morbid ignorance. He has to keep pace with the thought of the day,—to criticise and select, both on his own account, and that he may not present the aspect of a leader of the Church unacquainted with or indifferent to the things which are influencing men around him:—and he has also to keep assured and quiet the great unintelligent multitude, who only believe God's Book and God's universe, as far as their newspapers will let them. This being so, it can hardly be but that episcopal utterances will seem to present an appearance of "hedging:" speaking strongly one way, and then correcting whatever effect this strong speech might have, by equally potent words in the other direction. So that very often, when we have read a charge or a sermon from high quarters, we lay it down with a full conviction of the entire goodness of the man, and at the same time of the entire helplessness of his position: look at our parsonage, garden, and our little wee church just visible on each side of a big walnut tree, and thank Providence that we took no higher degree than we did.

Something of this feeling we confess to, after the quarter of an hour spent in reading the Bishop of London's "manifesto" sermon. It is all good, "bon*um*:" but still we may ask, "Cui bon*o*?" The results arrived at seem to be pretty much these: Faith is good, inquiry is good: faith must not shrink from inquiry, inquiry will not damage faith: the Church is to "gather up and express all men's pious feelings," and also to examine evidence, historical and psychological, and guide opinion.

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* See Evidence before the Royal Academy Commission, pp. 543-4; Ans. 5,501.

There are, it is true, a few bold and noteworthy words in this sermon. We would quote as an example the following :—

> "Quitting general statements, what shall we say is the particular office to which, in this aspect, our National Church is now called? Not, certainly, to sit desponding and bemoan the spirit of the age; not to denounce and frown upon the ever-active intellect; not to use hard words, calling doubt atheism, and inquiry sin: if convinced that there is a malady of scepticism abroad, not to content itself with seeking, by the revival of obsolete ceremonies or the mere loud iteration of disputed dogmas, to evolve through sentiment a temporary reaction against the intellect, sure, according to all experience, to end in a severe relapse."—(P. 9.)

This at all events, shows us how present difficulties *will not be met*, in the great centre of human interests over which the Bishop of London has spiritual supervision; and for this we are indeed most thankful. But we wish he had told us anything as satisfactory on the positive side. When he attempts this, his language becomes (excusably, perhaps) vague and general :—

> "But manfully, cautiously, and reverently, in the spirit of prayer, to proceed to examine the malady and note its symptoms, and then to think how each symptom ought wisely to be met."

Aye, there's the problem: and it has not yet been solved: by what weapons best to fight the Church's battles, under the new difficulties and forms of opposition, which meet us in these days. If the Bishop goes on to the solution of this, or if the admirable spirit of his sermon stimulates others to do so, it will be the best among many good results of his faithful and unwearied administration of the high trust committed to him.

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*To the Editor of the* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

MY DEAR SIR,—In my paper on Dr. Pusey's "Eirenicon," when illustrating the conduct of certain divines towards their opponents by the treatment which Dr. Pusey's arguments had received from the Ultramontane organs of the Church of Rome, I used these words :—"He is taunted, as such moderation ever has been taunted, with denying the Divine origin of Christianity."

As the Editor of the *Dublin Review* (to which, as one of the chief supports of this illustration, I referred in a foot-note) has written to me to complain of the expression, it is but fair to give the whole passage, which I accordingly subjoin :—

> "Let us suppose, for argument's sake, that Dr. Pusey proved his thesis with evidence absolutely irresistible, what would be the legitimate inference? His thesis would not have the faintest tendency to show that the Anglican Society is a portion of the Catholic Church; it would show, on the contrary, that the Catholic Church has ceased to be. And further, since Christ and His apostles have emphatically declared that she will never on earth cease to be, Dr. Pusey's reasoning would also evince that Christianity is not from God. This is the genuine conclusion towards which he is so energetically labouring; and if he could but see the real bearing of his argument, he would be the first to rejoice that it is so conspicuously weak and ineffective. On future occasions it will be our easy task to show that there is absolutely no force in that train of reasoning which our author has so sedulously urged against the Divine origin of Christianity."—*Dublin Review*, Jan., 1866, p. 238.

I may also add the following short extract, which resumes the same argument, in the last number of the *Dublin Review*, April, 1866, p. 549 :—

"In refuting, then, Dr. Pusey's historical objections to Papal supremacy, Mr. Allies is really vindicating the Divine origin of Christianity against Dr. Pusey's assaults."

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR P. STANLEY.

April 20, 1866.

P.S.—I take this opportunity of saying that, in the expression quoted from a Free Church minister in the same paper, I understand that the exact words used were, "O that we were all baptized into the spirit of the Disruption!"

# THE REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION: —OLD TESTAMENT.

THE subject of the revision of the English Bible has been overtaken by the common fate of great questions. It has been discussed insufficiently before its time, and then suffered to drop into oblivion. A few years ago it was debated very keenly. Our Reviews, theological and literary, our newspapers, with the *Times* at their head, our Parliament, not too well represented by Mr. Heywood, pretended at least to examine the question in all its bearings. Within four years, 1856 to 1859, no fewer than twenty-two pamphlets and treatises were published on this subject. Nor was the interest confined to this country. A "Bible Union" was established in America for the express purpose of revision, though the instalments of the work, produced with more haste than good speed, were not, it must be owned, very encouraging. The decision at which public opinion has arrived would seem to be decidedly adverse to any alteration of the Authorized Version. Accordingly, with the exception of a solitary article in the *Edinburgh Review*, the whole question is at present in a perfect lull. We are gradually forgetting that general excitement which called forth, so very short a time since, such intense expressions of opinion. We are content again to rest our faith on the same old translation on which our fathers rested theirs before. Is it well in such a state of things, is it desirable, to stir up the embers of a half-extinct controversy? Is it well to disquiet the minds of the poor, and play into the hands of a reckless criticism?

But the real truth is, that the merits of revision have *not* yet been fairly tried. The arguments brought forward have not gone to the root of the matter. They have been chiefly sentimental elegies on the ruin of the poor man's faith, and the disruption of English unity. At best, they have been the generalizations of Greek Testament scholarship only. The Old Testament has been left entirely out of sight.*

There is plainly room for a new treatment of the subject, which shall lay aside the well-worn phrases of commonplace. Indeed, the field is too large to be all embraced at one view, and it is but respectful to those who have gone before, to refer the reader to their incomplete and yet meritorious works.† Disparagement of any who have laboured in this sacred cause is far from being in our thoughts, and farthest of all from being intended is any disparagement of our Authorized Version. It is consecrated by time and habit; it has done good, and will do more; its mistakes are never such as to affect any material point either of faith or practice.‡ "Yet for all that, as nothing is begun and perfected at the same time, and the latter thoughts are thought to be the wiser; so if we, building upon their foundation that went before us, and being holpen by their labours, do endeavour to make that better which they left so good, no man, we are sure, hath cause to mislike us; they, we persuade ourselves, if they were alive, would thank us."§

I desire, then, to criticise the English Bible fairly and respectfully, and in so doing shall adopt the wise critical method of Sainte-Beuve, and inquire first, who were the men who wrote it, and what were their mental habits and qualities. Then I shall examine select specimens taken from it, and note those alterations which may seem necessary to make them, not scholarly, but at least intelligible renderings of the Hebrew original. We shall then have reached the centre of our subject, and be able to form a rough estimate of the extent to which a revision is needed, in order to be honest and impartial. We shall ask how the remedy is to be applied, and note the answers which have been already given by other modern nations. And we shall endeavour, in our final solution, to combine in equal proportions a regard for the interests of the inquiring student and the prejudices of the unlearned poor.

The question, who were the men who produced the English Bible, is one, to many minds, of considerable literary interest. They were the men of the sixteenth century, grave, earnest, indefatigable, whose fossilized learning may still be traced in the dusty volumes of Poole's "Synopsis." That learning may for the most part be summed up in one word: it is Rabbinical. Its grammar knows no syntax, its lexicons no cognate languages. Its grammar is Jewish, its criticism Jewish, its interpretation Jewish. It worships the vowel-points, and bows humbly to the Targums. It threw off the tradition of Rome, but held fast to that of Jerusalem.*

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* The superficial defects of the Old Testament in the Authorized Version are considered in "A Plea for a New English Version of the Scriptures. By a Licentiate of the Church of Scotland. London. 1864."

† See especially Archbishop Trench, "On the Authorized Version of the New Testament, in connection with some recent Proposals for its Revision. London. 1859."

‡ This is more than can be said of the LXX. and the Vulgate, as is shown by H. R. in "An Essay for a New Translation," &c., part i., ch. vi.

§ Preface to the Authorized Version.

Amongst these industrious conservatives, a new race of more daring scholars began to rise. The seventeenth century produced the first consecutive efforts at comparative Semitic philology. The chief impulse may perhaps be traced to the increased missionary zeal of the Church of Rome. Ever since the twelfth century, that Church had held one hand on the distant regions of the East, and the handful of Maronites who owned her sway were made to contribute their quota towards the subjection of others. They were almost as much petted by the Popes as the Jesuits were afterwards, whom, indeed, to some extent they resembled, not so much through becoming actual missionaries, as through being the sole guardians of that learning which the preachers of the faith needed to possess. A college was founded at Rome, by Gregory XIII., expressly for them, distinguished by the names, which should never be forgotten, of Amira, Sionita, Assemani.†

The impulse soon extended from Oriental to European scholars. The first name of note is Van Erpe, or Erpenius (d. 1624), of Leyden, who concentrated in himself all the Oriental learning which Europe could then afford. Golius, also of Leyden, and Pococke, first Laudian Professor at Oxford, went even beyond Erpenius, and ransacked both Syria and Arabia for teachers and manuscripts. These three are specially known as Arabic scholars. De Dieu (d. 1642) and Ludolf worked fruitful veins of discovery, the one in Syriac, the other in Æthiopic.

The effect of these studies on the lexicon would have been considerable, if the results attained had once been brought into a single body. The idea of a Hebrew lexicon, however, in those times, was sometimes too limited, sometimes too unlimited. Either a lexicon was a mere glossary, or else it was a perfect ocean, in which all the distinctness of the converging streams of language was unprofitably absorbed. Hence, to understand the grammatical sense of a passage, the student required a whole library of commentators, which, though no doubt of prime necessity to the scholar, is a mere bewilderment to the unhappy tyro.

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* The leaders of the Rabbinical school were, of course, the two Buxtorfs. For details see Gesenius, "Geschichte der Hebräischen Sprache;" Renan, "Histoire des Langues Sémitiques;" and, in a popular form, Hallam's "History of the Literature of Europe," vol. iv.

† Sionita is known as the editor of the "Parisian Polyglott" (1628-45); Assemani as the author of the "Bibliotheca Orientalis," known to most by a note in the Autobiography of Gibbon.

Still, such as they were, the lexicons of that day were a great advance on those of an earlier time. Schindler, in his "Lexicon Pentaglotton" (1612), compared Hebrew not simply with Chaldee and Rabbinic, as did Buxtorf, but also with Syriac and Arabic. But the glory of that century is the "Lexicon Heptaglotton" of Edmund Castell, the work of eighteen years, which accompanied the "Biblia Polyglotta" of Bryan Walton (1669). Never before Gesenius was the comparative method applied with so much firmness. The range of comparison was enlarged by the inclusion of Samaritan and Æthiopic, while the scattered points of similarity were bound together by a "Grammatica Harmonica" of the cognate languages, which may perhaps have inspired the illustrious Bopp with the first idea of the "Vergleichende Grammatik."

If the lexicon was the strong point, grammar was equally the weak point of these scholars. True, the "Philologia Sacra" of Solomon Glass (1623), and the "Concordantiæ Particularum" of Noldius (1679), gave some indications of sounder learning. Both, however, are roughly practical, rather than scientific, and disfigured by a most intemperate use of the figure enallage. A well-known scholar, Dathe, undertook to re-edit Glass in 1776, but had to re-mould it, in order to "accommodate it to these times." Under this revised form (so at least I suppose) it is still pronounced classical by Gesenius in 1815.

Briefly, to sum up. In these two directions, grammar and the lexicon, languidly in the one, energetically in the other, the new school of Hebraists deviated from Rabbinical tradition. In exegesis, except where Christian doctrines were at stake, they still held fast to the old interpretations. They never thought of looking for, and therefore never found, a view of Hebrew writings as wholes within the parts, as clear in thought and as symmetrical in form as the Greek or the Latin. For want of this controlling literary sense, a sense of what psalmist or prophet might or might not have said, young comparative criticism fell into numerous errors, from which Pococke and Castell themselves were not exempt.

The translators of King James's Bible, however, were scholars of a lower order than Pococke and Castell. Hebrew learning was then in a state of transition. Continental ideas were received, so to speak, by minute instalments, and the first desirable quality discovered in a new language was simply its capacity of sharpening the keen edge of memory. Yet it would be unfair to state this too broadly. All were not mere linguists of the Mezzofanti kind. The mysterious* figure of an almost solitary Arabic scholar rises all at once before us, William Bedwell, a country clergyman, who attracted the great Erpenius over to England for instruction and advice. In the retirement of his parsonage at Tottenham he composed an elaborate lexicon, "the fruit of many years' labours, which he devoted to our (Cambridge) library,"† and the use of which was enjoyed by Castell while preparing his Heptaglott. Unhappily these labours missed their reward, for the publication was forestalled by the famous Arabic lexicon of Golius.

This preliminary survey of the men and their times will prepare us to expect many imperfections in their translation of the Bible. Let it not be thought ungracious to point them out. Faults enough those old translators found in Wiclif, in Tindale, and Coverdale, and they would have been the last to shrink from the same kindly beneficial criticism. Imperfections of style,‡ if such there be, we touch not. Merely inadequate translations we can afford at present to pass over. Our aim is simply to point out the most obvious and pressing of those alterations which are needed to make an Eastern writing intelligible to an English reader. Let me add that faults which recur are for the most part noticed once only.

I begin with analysing the first four chapters of Genesis:—

Chap. i., ver. 2. "*Without form*"—read "waste." The original rendering is a philosophical refinement, borrowed from the LXX.

16. "*Two great lights.*" Insert the article, which seems scattered at haphazard through the Authorized Version.

20. "*Bring forth abundantly*"—read "teem with." A grammatical correction. Comp. ver. 24.

"*Fowl that may fly . . . in the open . . .*"—read "Let fowl fly . . . before." The fowl did not spring from the waters, in spite of A Lapide.

21. "*Great whales*"—read "the great sea monsters," as this word is rendered in Lam. iv. 3.

Chap. ii., ver. 4. "*The Lord God*"—read "God the Eternal." So first rendered by Olivètan, in 1535. Adopted by Mendelssohn, Bunsen, and Cahen ("der Ewige,"—"l'Eternel"). Compare the Rev. S. C. Malan on the Authorized Version, part i., p. 293.

Three reasons may be given for this rendering;—(1) "Jehovah" is certainly wrong. It dates back only to Petrus Malatinus, in the sixteenth century. See Drusius, "Diss. de Tetragrammato," in the

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* So mysterious, that the aid of hypothesis has been called in. Whittaker supposes Bedwell to be the same as Bedell, Bishop of Kilmore, who translated the Bible into Irish.—(See "Historical and Critical Inquiry," &c.) This, however, is, I think, improbable.

† Dr. Worthington's Letter to Hartlib (1661), quoted in Todd's "Vindication," p. 52. Another great Semitic scholar is said to have been Dr. Miles Smith, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, one of the two final revisers of the Bible, and writer of the Preface. Bedwell and Smith must have weighed for a good deal in the councils of the Translators.

‡ See Hallam's "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," vol. iii., p. 134.

"Critici Sacri." "Yahveh" is the right form; but (2) it is an appellative, not a proper noun. (3) "The LORD," adopted from the LXX., is a substitute, not a translation. Lordship is expressed by another name of God, Adonai. See especially Deut. x. 17. The remaining group, consisting of El, Eloah, and Elohim, conveys the first idea formed of God by the child or the child-church, namely, Strength. Most Semitic peoples expressed this by the singular; the Hebrews expressed it, like an abstract noun, by the plural, Elohim. From this primary idea of strength comes probably (in Arabic) the secondary one of fear:—

Chap. ii., ver. 5. [God made] "*every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew.*" But are we reading Plato or Genesis? Read "No plant of the field was yet on the earth, and no herb of the field did yet sprout forth." (So Kalisch.)
10. "*Went out,*" "*was parted,*" "*became*"—read "goeth," "parteth itself," "becometh."
14. "*Toward the east of Assyria.*" But the Tigris is not in the east of Assyria. Read "before Assyria," *i. e.*, as seen from Palestine.
19. "*Adam*"—read "the man," and so until chap. iv. 25.
Chap. iii., ver. 5. "*As gods.*" Polytheism? Read "as God."
14. "*Above.*" But the other animals are not said to be cursed. Read "among." (Literally "out of.")
Chap. iv., ver. 1. "*I have gotten a man from the Lord*"—read "with the help of the Eternal I have gotten a man."
7. "*And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him*"—read "and unto thee is his (its) desire, but thou shalt (shouldest) rule over him (it)." Comp. Rom. vi. 14.
14. "*Earth*"—read "land."
"*Be hid*"—read "hide thyself."
21. "*Organ*"—read "flute."
22. "*An instructer of every artificer in*"—read "a sharpener of every instrument of."

Here are nineteen corrections in four chapters, several of which, it is clear, intimately affect our impressions of the narrative. I pass on to the "Blessing of Jacob" in chap. xlix. Mistakes thicken:—

Ver. 5. "*Instruments of cruelty are in their habitations*"—read "their swords are instruments of violence." Possibly the word for sword is kindred with **μάχαιρα.**
6. "*They digged down a wall*"—read (as in margin) "they houghed oxen."
9. "*Stooped down*"—read "stoopeth."
10. "*Lawgiver*"—read "ruler's staff." The same mistake occurs in Numb. xxi. 18, and Psa. lx. 7.
12. "*Red*"—read "dark."
13. "*For an haven of ships*"—read "at the haven of ships."
"*And his border shall be unto Zidon*"—read "and his side shall lean upon Zidon."

Ver. 14. "*Two burdens*"—read "the pens," as in Judg. v. 16; Psa. lxviii. 13 (where A.V. "pots").

18. "*For thy salvation*"—read "for thy help." "Salvation" imports ideas foreign to the passage.

19. "*A troop shall overcome him: but he shall overcome at the last*"—read "troops shall assail him, but he shall assail their rear." An obvious correction of the verbal divisions.—In the next verse omit "out of."

21. "*Hind let loose*"—read "slender hind."

23. "*Hated*"—read "persecute."

24. "*From thence is the Shepherd*"—read "through the name of the Shepherd." An obvious correction of the points.

25. "*By the God*"—read "from the God."
"*Above*"—read "from above."

We can already take some measure of our translators' strength and weakness in the historical books. The more archaic the Hebrew, the more frequent the faults. Hence the plentiful crop of errors in Gen. xlix. and Judg. v. As the narrative becomes smoother, the mistakes become fewer. Exodus already improves upon Genesis. An analysis of the first five chapters, chiefly on the basis of Kalisch's revision, gives a sum-total of twenty-two important errors, while a similar analysis of five chapters in 2 Kings (v.—ix.) gives a probable total of only fourteen.

But we may not linger now on the strange and interesting errors of these early books.* More pressing difficulties call us, without the due recognition of which no proper estimate can be made of the need of a revision.

The prologue of the Book of Job is like a soft and gradual entrance into an enchanted land. All runs smooth† and clear and rhythmical, forming on the whole perhaps the most beautiful specimen of narrative in the English version. But no sooner is the second chapter ended, when quite a new style begins, one of broken rhythm, disjointed sentences, unintelligible English.

A list of the faults in a single chapter would be as tedious as an inventory; I have endeavoured, therefore, according to my measure of knowledge, to "restore" one, so to speak, preserving as far as possible the original texture. It is the seventeenth chapter, the first verse of which, however, ought clearly to be attached to the sixteenth:—

My life is destroyed,
  My days are extinct,
  For me the tomb!
O that mockers were not with me,
  And that mine eye rested not on their disputation.

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* Those which relate to geography will be found corrected in the excellent Appendix to Dean Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine."

† Two slight imperfections may be noticed here. Chap. i. 6, read "Now it came to pass at the set time that . . ." (So A. B. Davidson rightly); v. 19, for "from," read "across."

Lay down a pledge now, be my surety against thyself,
  Who is he that would strike hands with me?
For Thou hast hid their heart from understanding,
  Therefore wilt Thou not exalt them.
He bids his friend to the portion,
  While the eyes of his own children fail
He hath made me a by-word of the people,
  I am as one in whose face they spit.
Mine eye is made dim with vexation,
  And my limbs are all as a shadow.
Upright men are astonied at this,
  And the innocent stirreth up himself against the impious.
Yet the righteous holds on his way,
  And he that hath clean hands groweth stronger and stronger.
But as for you all, return ye, and come now,
  Yet shall I not find one wise man among you.
My days are passed,
  My purposes are broken off,
  My most cherished thoughts.*
Night would they change into day,
  A light which draweth near to darkness!
While I wait for hell as my house,
  When I have spread my bed in the darkness,
When I have cried to the grave, Thou art my father,
  To the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister,
Where is then my hope?
  Yea, my hope, who can see it?
It goeth down to the gates of hell,†
  If there is wholly rest in the dust.

The Psalms are lexically easier, but syntactically more difficult than Job. There is infinitely more variety in them both of form and idea. Far from imitating the plaintive monotone of Job, a single Psalm often goes through the whole gamut of emotion. With this variety of idea there is a corresponding variety of form. Each Psalm has a beginning, middle, and end, which ought to be marked clearly in the translation, since upon this depends the full comprehension of the conjunctions and the tenses. Nowhere is the strophic division more clear than in the forty-second Psalm, at least, nowhere would it be so, if it were not so unhappily divorced from the forty-third, which ought to form an integral part of it. Reunite them, and you discover three distinct strophes, followed by an epode three times repeated. Even to the number of lines these strophes are symmetrical. A threefold strophic division appears, too, in the eighty-fourth Psalm, the mistakes of which I venture to append as average specimens of their class:—

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* So, excellently, by Mr. Rodwell. Renan has, "Ces projets que caressait mon cœur."

† Heb., *sheol*, which probably had at first the same meaning as hell, *i. e.*, a hollow, covered place. It means invariably the abode of departed spirits, and should always be rendered by the same equivalent. The A. V. is divided between hell, the grave, and, as here, the pit. De Wette has "die Unterwelt."

Title, "*For*"—read "of."
Ver. 2 (end). "*For*"—read "to."
3. "*And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young*"—read "and the swallow hath a nest, wherein she layeth her young."
4. "*They will be still praising thee*"—read "evermore they praise thee."
5. "*The ways of them*"—read "smooth ways:" for the sake of sense and rhythm. Comp. next verse.
6. "*Baca*"—read "weeping."
"*A well*"—read "a fountain." De Wette, "quellenreich."
"*The rain also filleth the pools*"—read "the early rain also covereth it with blessings."
10. "*Be a door-keeper*"—read "stand at the threshold."

Some even of these may be thought tolerably important. Most people, however, in talking of the Psalms, have in view certain hopeless mistranslations of the Prayer-book (*i. e.*, Cranmer's) Version. Now I willingly admit that, hopelessly wrong as these may be, they have one conspicuous merit: they never sink to the level of caricatures. There is a roll in the language, and an impressiveness in the rhythm, which has almost disappeared from the literal obscurity of the Authorized Bible. Still I cannot but think a third version might still be framed, which should combine the old rhythmical echoes with at least some trace of scholarly accuracy.

I subjoin a few attempts of my own, which may serve at least to illustrate the principles advanced:—

Psalm xlix. 14. They are laid in the hell like sheep, their shepherd is death:*
The upright have domination over them in the morning,
And their beauty shall hell consume, so that it have no dwelling.
lviii. 9. Before your pots can feel the thorns,
Both the green and the burning shall He sweep away.

The rhythm will hardly allow us to keep the words "as with a whirlwind," by which the Authorized Version seeks to give the full force of the verb in the second clause of this verse. See some good remarks by Archbishop Trench, "On the Authorized Version of the New Testament," p. 25. Bunsen renders "hinwegstürmen."

lxviii. 30. Rebuke the beast of the reeds,
The company of bulls among the calves of the people;
Trample on those that have pleasure in silver,
Scatter the people that delight in war.

(The almost certain correction in the third line, adopted by Mr. Perowne from Bunsen, is strongly confirmed by the Arabic version of Rabbi Yapheth.)

cx. 3. Thy people are full of zeal in the day of thy host, in holy robes,
More than the (dew of the) womb of the dawn hast thou the dew of thy youth (or, cometh to thee as dew thy youth; as Bunsen paraphrastically).

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* So Mr. Perowne—"Death is their shepherd."

The translation of the Proverbs has faults of two kinds, those which arise from imperfect apprehension of the parallelism—such may be found even in easy passages,—and those which arise from lexical deficiencies. Instances of the former abound *passim*: as instances of the latter I shall merely note those which seem to occur in the great description of Wisdom in chap. viii. More striking instances might be found, for this book is strewn with hypotheses; but few scholars, I should think, in our day, would question the following corrections :—

Ver. 22. "*Possessed*"—read "produced." LXX., ἔκτισε.
26. "*Nor the highest part of the dust of the world.*" What can this mean ?—read "nor the body (literally *head*; *mass* is too modern) of the clods of the earth."
27. "*When he set a compass*"—read "when he marked out the arch."
28. "*He strengthened*"—read "grew strong."
29. "*His decree*"—read "his bound."
"*His commandment*"—read "his border."
30. "*One brought up with him*"—read "chief builder."
"*And I was daily his delight*"—read "and I was all (or, 'full of') ravishment day by day."
31. "*Rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth.*" Sense and rhythm seem here to have deserted our translators together—read "sporting in his fruitful world."

Ecclesiastes disputes with Job and the Psalms the claim of being the worst translated book in the Authorized Version. Passing over this and the Song of Songs, we come to "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets." Isaiah and the Prophets in general rank decidedly above the poetical books in accuracy of rendering, in logical connection, and in beauty of rhythm. In smooth and easy chapters, like some of those in the second part of Isaiah, there is comparatively little to object to, but in other chapters nearly every verse requires some correction. Take for an instance Isa. ix. 1—7, which is translated by Bishop Lowth in his happiest manner. Here is a revised translation based upon the Authorized Version and Lowth :—

Ver. 1. But there shall not hereafter be darkness in the land which was distressed:
As in the former time he debased
The land of Zebulon and the land of Naphtali,
So in the latter time he hath made it glorious:
Even the way of the sea, beyond Jordan, Galilee of the nations.
5. For every greave of him that is greaved in the conflict,
And the garment rolled in (much) blood,
Shall be for a burning, even fuel for the fire.
6. To the increase of his government and to peace there shall be no end, &c., as in A. V.

But Lowth is not always so successful. He is of very little use in the following pericope, which contains the much-quoted and much-abused Ethiopian oracle (xvii. 12—xviii. 7) :—

I.

"Ho!* a murmur of many people,
Which murmur like the murmur of the seas;
And a rushing of nations,
Which rush like the rushing of mighty waters.
The nations rush like the rushing of many waters,
But He rebuketh them, and they flee far off,
And are chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind,
And as the whirling dust before the storm.
At evening-tide, behold, terror!
Before morning, he is not!
This is the portion of them that spoil us,
And the lot of them that rob us.

II.

"Ho! the land of clashing wings,
Which lieth along the rivers of Ethiopia,
Which sendeth ambassadors by the sea,
And in reed-vessels on the face of the waters!
Go, ye swift messengers, to a nation tall and glossy,
To a people terrible from their beginning hitherto,
A nation mighty in trampling,
Whose land rivers divide.
All ye inhabitants of the world and dwellers on the earth,
See ye, when one lifteth up an ensign on the mountains,
And when one bloweth a trumpet, hear ye!

III.

"For so the Lord said unto me:
Quietly will I look on in my dwelling-place:
Like the clear heat in sunshine,
Like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest.
For afore the harvest, when the blossom is perfect,
And the flower becometh a ripening grape,
He cutteth off the shoots with pruning-hooks,
Taketh away, and severeth the tendrils.
They are left all together to the ravenous birds of the mountains,
And to the beasts of the earth;
And the ravenous birds summer upon them,
And every beast of the earth wintereth upon them.

IV.

"In that time shall a present be brought unto the Eternal of Hosts
From a people tall and glossy,
From a people terrible from their beginning hitherto,
A nation mighty in trampling,
Whose land rivers divide,
To the place of the name of the Eternal of Hosts, the Mount Zion."

For a specimen of the second part of Isaiah take chap. lii. 13—15; liii., lvi., lvii. :—

Chap. lii., ver. 13. "*Deal prudently*"—read "prosper," as margin.
Chap. liii., ver. 1. "*Is*"—read "was."
2. "*Shall grow up*"—read "grew up," and so on.
"*And when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him*"—read "that we should see him, and no beauty that we," &c.

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* Similarly in Geneva Bible.

Chap. liii., ver. 7. "*And he was afflicted, yet*"—read "yet he humbled himself, and"—
"*He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb*"—read "as the lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb."
8. "*He was taken from prison and from judgment*"—read "from distress and from judgment was he taken," as in margin.
"*And who shall declare his generation? for*"—read "and of his generation who considered that."
9. "*And he made*"—read "and one (or, 'they') made."
"*Because*"—read "though," as in Geneva Bible.
11. "*He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied*"—read "after the travail of his soul he shall see and be satisfied."
"*My righteous servant*"—read "the righteous my servant."
12. "*With the great*"—read "among the great."
Chap. lvi., ver. 5. "*Place*"—read "memorial."
10. "*Sleeping*"—read "raving."
11. "*They are greedy dogs which can . . .*"—read "the dogs are greedy, they can . . . ."
"*From his quarter*"—read "from every quarter."
12. "*And much more abundant*"—read "exceeding greatly abundant." (Who is it that remarks on the beauty of our Biblical hexameters?)
Chap. lvii., ver. 1. "*Merciful men*"—read "godly men."
3. Insert at the beginning of the verse, "As for you."
5. "*With idols*"—read "in the oak-groves." Coverdale alone is right here, against the Vulgate and Luther. Consequently, says Mr. Whittaker, he must have translated from the Hebrew. But I find that Zwingli's Bible, published at Zurich in 1536, renders "under den Eychen,"* and it is more than probable that Coverdale's Bible is to a very large extent dependent on Zwingli's. Mr. Ginsburg has proved this for at least one canonical book, Ecclesiastes.
6. "*Stream*"—read "watercourse."
9. "*Wentest*"—read "travellest."
13. "*Vanity*"—read "a breath." Vulg., "*aura.*"
14. "*And shall say*"—read "and one shall say."

I have presumed a great deal on my reader's gentleness. But what has been here adduced from Isaiah may serve as a fair sample of the prophetical books in general. Of these Isaiah is neither the best nor the worst translated. It has perhaps more mistakes than Jeremiah, but many fewer in proportion to its size than Habakkuk, the third chapter of which, in nineteen verses, requires thirty-one corrections.

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* So also the French and Italian.

It still remains to classify the faults of the Authorized Version. They seem to arise from four sources,—

1. From lexical deficiencies. The old school of Hebraists leaned entirely on Rabbinical tradition, especially as embodied in the Vulgate, a tradition which is in fact the parent of all the modern versions and many of their most startling errors. The new school rested on comparative criticism, but not as yet with much firmness. The lexicons at its command were very imperfect. Even Golius and Castell sometimes give words which do not really exist, or which at least do not exist in the sense described. Again, students of the new learning did not know how to use their lexicons properly. They were deficient in that delicate judgment and power of discrimination which made Gesenius so successful in comparing Hebrew with the cognate languages. An Arabic lexicon is a dangerous thing in the hands of a novice; with a little good-will he can make it say what he pleases. In most cases a knowledge of the general connection of the sentence will throw great light on the meaning of particular words in it. But when this is wanting, as it most commonly was in our translators, comparative criticism only increases the risk of error.

2. From the article, through omitting it where it should, and introducing it where it should not be expressed. Instances of the former abound *passim*, especially in topographical descriptions, where some well-known landmark, usually a tree, is by means of the article to be brought out in bold relief. A curious instance of the latter occurs in the Book of Proverbs (xxiii. 23), where a whole theory of philosophy is involved in this little interloper, "the." The Authorized Version runs thus,—

> *"Buy the truth, and sell it not;*
> *Also wisdom, and instruction, and understanding."*

But if our translators had been consistent with their theory, they would have printed "the" in *italics*. The words belong to no exclusive church or school or sect, but to all honest inquirers: "Buy truth, and sell it not." Such errors are easily corrected. They are due to the use of grammars in Latin, and the Latin Vulgate. The French Bible is far more disfigured by them than our own.

3. From the particles, which have made so many *cruces interpretum* in the Old Testament as well as in the New. It is hard to say which parts of Holy Scripture have been most unfairly dealt with, the Psalms of David or the Epistles of St. Paul.* The mistakes of translators in the former arise from the small number of Hebrew prepositions and conjunctions, and the wide range of their significations.

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* The specimens adduced above from the Psalms give no idea of the extent of the confusion which pervades that book. But no specimen could be given so much to the point as Isa. liii.

They form, it has been observed, a sort of material bond, which represents without expressing the true unseen bond of the intellect. A very equivocal bond, some one may say. So to us it not seldom is, but the subtle and synthetic Hebrew mind was not perplexed by the apparent ambiguity. It delighted, not indeed in ambiguity, but in the agile exercise of its powers—so agile, that when the mind moved, it seemed still to be at rest. It had what Montaigne calls "*un esprit primsaultier;*" it reached conclusions at a bound, and was not very careful to explain the intervening steps. The slightest clue enabled it to solve the enigmas of Ecclesiastes. And as slight a clue sufficed to enable it to link the impassioned versicles of David.

But we, poor western minds, need all the resources of intellect and language to catch the meaning,—the keenest eye, the finest tact, the most varied forms of expression. A host of great critics, possessing more or fewer of these gifts, have done their best to enlighten the dark places, and yet, with all their efforts, the darkness still hangs about reluctant corners. We are still sometimes obliged to grope after the thought. Such places may now easily be counted on the fingers, but in the time of King James's translators they might be counted by fifties and by hundreds.

Perhaps, on the whole, the conjunctions suffer least. The historical books are too free from self-consciousness to allow much variety in their use. But the prepositions are misapprehended impartially in both history and poetry.

I open Ewald's Grammar, and read the paragraph on the temporal meaning of לְ, at p. 554. Twelve examples are given, of which no fewer than six are distinctly mistranslated in the Authorized Version.

4. The same activity of imagination has produced another fruitful source of confusion in the use of the tenses. Present, past, and future are jumbled together in such a maze of disorder, that, as M. Reuss observes, one would say, from reading the translations, that the sacred authors either did not wish to be understood, or at least did not know how to arrange their ideas in logical sequence. But the tenses in the original are never left to the sport of arbitrary caprice. Our cold anatomical tense distinctions were not employed by the Hebrews, simply because they were not needed. Under the two categories, of that which has become and that which is becoming, were grouped a whole cloud of fine distinctions, which are only to be observed by a minute study of the context. Faults of this kind, therefore, resolve themselves into that want of power to seize the conception of the whole, which we have noticed before as the grand failing of the Authorized Version.

But, in fact, all the possible varieties of mistake in translating the Old Testament may be reckoned under one of two heads—those which destroy the connection, and those which do not. The latter preponderate in numbers, the former in importance; the latter in the historical, the former in the poetical and prophetical books.

I suspect that most who have proposed a revision have confined their view entirely to the former of these two classes. The Margaret Professor at Cambridge is of opinion "that there are at least one thousand passages of the English Bible that might be amended without any change in the general texture and justly-reverenced language of the version."* Now I do not yield to any man in earnest appreciation of the beauty of its style, but I am sure that in the Old Testament alone the calculation offered falls far below the truth. Taking the not unfair average of three mistakes a chapter in the historical books, and eight mistakes in the other books, we arrive at a total of 1,308 in the former, and 3,944 in the latter. What is to be done? What remedy for the evil can we devise?

Abroad, the question has been already asked, discussed, and answered. France, Italy, Spain, Holland, Germany, have all tried their old versions and found them wanting,—have all more or less authoritatively accepted the principle of revision. Here, at least, we are out of the domain of science, we are resting on the broad basis of facts. If the remedy has failed abroad, it may be assumed as probable that it will fail in England; if it has succeeded abroad, it may be assumed as probable that it will succeed in England. The answers given are of two kinds, and correspond with the two classes of faults discovered in the versions. Some, as for instance France, Spain, and Italy, have recoiled from the shock involved in too complete a critical revision; they have been content to correct the small errors and leave the great, to strain out the gnat, and swallow the camel. Others, as Germany, and perhaps Holland,† have had the noble courage to cut quite down to the root of the evil. They have shown the possibility of translations which shall be at once old and new, popular and accurate. And there is an obvious reason for this difference. Those countries in which exegetical studies have taken a wide development, do not long remain satisfied with an imperfect revision.

About Spain and Italy much need not be said, because the lion's share of the task of revision has devolved upon English scholars.‡

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* Professor Selwyn's "Notes on the Proposed Amendment of the Authorized Version." 1856. P. 38.

† The Dutch Translation (1637) is said by Bunsen to be equal or superior to the English. The present century has produced a "renovated Translation," by Van der Palm, a pupil of the brilliant Schultens. It appeared between 1818-30; but its use has probably been confined to the educated classes. See Translation of "Life of Van der Palm. New York. 1863." An authorized revision is said to be now in progress.

‡ The Foreign Translation Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Of Valera's Bible (1602) I know nothing; but Diodati's (1641) is so good,—indeed, our own version scarcely equals it in accuracy,—that I can only hope that the work of revision has been performed in a manner worthy of the original.

If the Italian is one of the best, the French is certainly the worst of modern Bibles. De Sacy's, however eminent on the score of style, may be put out of court, as derived immediately from the Vulgate. But even the Protestant Bible, in all its numerous editions, from Lefèvre to Ostervald, is only a second-hand revision of the Latin text.

A really critical amendment of such a version is, on the one hand, very urgent, but on the other very difficult, especially while Biblical scholarship in France is at such a low ebb. Several attempts at it, however, have been made lately, for the knowledge of which I am indebted to a very entertaining work by M. le Pasteur Pétavel, entitled "La Bible en France." In 1842-9, M. Matter, the well-known historian of Gnosticism, superintended a revision, which is, I believe, gradually increasing in popularity. But the faults of a version based on the Vulgate are so radical as to be, I fear, almost incurable.* Another fatal obstacle to the production of a really good version is the state of the language. There was no great master of style among the Reformers, except Calvin, and he unfortunately contented himself with revising Olivétan. Would that it had been otherwise! Who can tell that the whole current of French literature and religion might not, perhaps, have flowed differently, if the colourless proprieties of Ostervald had been exchanged for the idiomatic forcefulness of Calvin?

Mediocrity at any rate is not the fault of Luther's translation. The greatest writers, such as Goethe and Schiller, have resorted to it as the well of German undefiled. Its great characteristics are strength and clearness. Luther is never hazy. His work is as his life; he always looks straight before him. He may be wrong, but there is no mistaking his meaning. So anxious was he above all things to be understood, that he translated the Psalms twice before he was satisfied. But in truth he takes marvellous liberties with the Hebrew text. Even in the historical books mistakes abound, but in the more difficult parts there is hardly a chapter which retains more than the faintest traces of the original connection.

It was not to be expected that modern scholars, the De Wettes, the Bunsens, the Stiers, should rest content with these acknowledged defects. Meyer endeavoured to correct them in a sparing and cautious Revision, with which I am only acquainted by name. This was published, after ten years' toil, in 1818. The well-known commentator, Stier, who "collaborated" in the last edition, republished it, after Meyer's death, in a revised form in 1851.

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* M. S. Cahen, a Jewish scholar, has published a new translation of the Old Testament from the Rationalistic point of view. The style is horribly pedestrian, and even the criticism is somewhat disappointing. As an instance of his style, take these words in Psalm xvi. 3, "Les saints de la terre, et les hommes distingués."

I may here refer to a rather startling notice, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of a committee lately formed at Paris for the translation of the Bible, including the very opposite names of Montalembert, Crémieux, Grafry, Père Hyacinthe, the Chief Rabbi, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte. The bishops, however, have disclaimed and anathematized it.

Much greater and more important was the translation published by De Wette in 1831, which critics of the most opposite schools agree to praise. M. Gaussen, of Geneva, writes thus: —

> "Ne préfère-t-on pas aujourd'hui chez les Allemands la traduction du docteur de Wette à celle-même du grand Luther? Ne se croit-on pas plus sûr d'avoir la pensée du Saint-Esprit dans les lignes du professeur de Bâle que dans celles du Réformateur? Le premier s'est attaché toujours de très près aux expressions de son texte, comme un savant docile aux seules règles de la philologie; tandis que l'autre, par moments, semble chercher quelque chose de plus et se faire interprète autant que traducteur."*

This witness is true. But those very qualities which fit De Wette so well for the closet are the very ones which unfit him for popular use. He has written, he says, for two classes of readers, for scholars and for the people. But the scholars generally have the best of it; clearness is sacrificed to fidelity.

In 1859 appeared the first instalment of a "complete Bible-work for the Church." Its author was the no less learned than pious Baron Bunsen. It consists of a new translation, executed with very great taste and ability, with short notes, more to the point perhaps (scientifically speaking) than any other notes of the kind in any language. The great object of its lamented author (who did not live to see its completion) was to bring back the mass of the intelligent laity to the study of the Bible. He calls his work a Revision of Luther, but it is a Revision in a sense of his own. The allegiance which he pays is not to the letter, but to the spirit of Luther, whose tone and style he retains, while rejecting his errors.†

It will be clear, from the very slight sketch which has thus been given, that the plan of a merely superficial revision has completely failed. The revision of Ostervald by Matter, and that of Luther by

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* "Théopneustie," p. 229, quoted by M. Pétavel.

† There is a very interesting article on the revision of Luther's Bible in the "Theologische Studien und Kritiken" for 1849. The writer seems to despair of anything being done at present on three grounds,—(1) the severance of parties; (2) the difference of opinion as to the qualities required in a revision; (3) the continual progress of critical studies. He looks forward to the future for a "Bibel-werk" of ideal perfection. The translation is to keep as close as possible to Luther, but employ all the results of the latest investigation; appendices on Biblical Antiquities, &c., are to be added, forming for the laity what Winer's "Real-Wörterbuch" is for the learned: the Catholic and Protestant Churches are to be united in the work. Till it is accomplished, let Luther's Bible remain. "Nur ein so grosses Segens-werk wäre so grossen Opferswerth."

Stier, are both models of painstaking conscientiousness, and yet two of the most eminent scholars of France and Germany respectively have pronounced against them;—I mean Professor Reuss of Strasbourg, and Baron Bunsen. Still it is no less clear that something must be done, and done speedily—not only out of reverence for the sacred words whose meaning is darkened, not only out of charity for those who long to understand what they read, but cannot, but also because the task which it is ours by inheritance to perform is being daily undertaken by prejudiced, ignorant, or unskilful hands. Romanists, Baptists, Unitarians, Jews, have all produced their separate renderings of the Holy Scriptures, but most, if not all, have marked them with the fatal stamp of theological or philological party.

One translation, that by Dr. Geddes, a learned and liberal Roman Catholic, is spoiled by the prevalent anti-Masoretic heresy of Bishop Lowth.* Another, published by the "American Bible Union," by its blundering scholarship, and by the peculiar phraseology of the Baptists. A third, by Mr. Craik of Bristol, is rendered unintelligible by adopting Professor Lee's theory of the tenses. Still more so is the Jewish Bible, by Dr. Benisch, by reason of his compulsory adherence to Rabbinical tradition. These four are new translations; three others claim only to be revisions. Dr. Conquest's Bible, "with 20,000 emendations" (1841), has no independent value, and, as Mr. Plumptre observes, "is almost self-condemned by the silly ostentation of its title:" † it is said, however, to be widely circulated in Scotland. Superior to this is a revision by Mr. Wellbeloved and others. The latest attempt is by Mr. Sharpe, ‡ the well-known Egyptologist of the British Museum. That learned scholar must forgive us for expressing a fear that he has over-estimated his powers. Critical judgment and poetical taste may not be required in the study of hieroglyphics, but they assuredly are in the translation of the Bible. Critically speaking, the corrections are both too sparing and too bold. Had they been less sparing or less bold, a better book would have been produced. In style they are sometimes mean and always unrhythmical, producing an effect of patchwork which is far from agreeable. Here are some specimens of the translation:—

Psalm ii. 12. "Embrace purity."
xvi. 9. "Therefore my heart is glad, and my liver rejoiceth."
cx. 3. "Thy people will be ready in thy day of battle.
In robes of holiness from the birth,
From the morning is the dew of thy youth."

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* Dr. Geddes's principles, which were far in advance of his age, are stated in the "Prospectus of a New Translation," published at Glasgow in 1786.

† Mr. Plumptre's article on the Authorized Version in Smith's "Dict. of the Bible."

‡ "The Hebrew Scriptures, Translated by Samuel Sharpe, being a Revision of the Authorized English Old Testament. In Three Volumes. London. 1865."

Isa. ix. 1. "Nevertheless, the dimness," &c., wrongly, as in A. V.
2, 3, 4. Nearly as in A. V.
5. "For every soldier's shoe is muddied in the confusion, and his garments are rolled in blood; and this shall be with burning and fuel of fire."
xxvi. 19. "Thy dead ones will revive my dead body;
They arise; awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust;
For thy dew is as the dew of herbs,
And the earth shall cast out the departed spirits."

The most striking novelty in the arrangement of this edition consists in the intrusion within brackets of explanatory words. The accuracy of these is in some cases open to great question, but even were it otherwise, is it well to place a modern unauthorized gloss on a level with the sacred original? We thought the initial summaries of the Authorized Version had gone quite far enough in a wrong direction.

If we seem to be rather severe upon Mr. Sharpe, it is because we feel that he deserves criticism. This is more than can be said of "The Authorized Version of the Old Testament Scriptures, Harmonized, Classified, Revised, &c., by Alexander Vance." The author is one of those unfortunate persons who, cursed with too much leisure and too few brains, imagine themselves commissioned to set everybody else right. He has neither learning nor common sense, but in lieu of these is puffed up with self-conceit. He cannot even write plain English. One sentence will give some idea of the book:—

> "So much achieved, the next thing done was, to shuffle the whole together, exactly as one would the letters of an alphabet, and then to rearrange afresh all this prodigious mass of mutilated and isolated matter; which operation was repeated, not once, nor twice, but six or seven times over, newer and more felicitous combinations being effected, in measure and proportion as the compiler found himself to be becoming more profoundly imbued with the spirit and the genius of the sacred inspirations."—*Introd.*, p. vii.

Enough of such insanity.

Shall we then, revision failing us, decide for a new Authorized Translation? Before answering this question, I must restate under another form what seems to me the radical defect of our present version; it is the result of a compromise. If King James's forty-two translators, like the seventy of Alexandrian tradition, had each been placed in a separate cell, and bidden to produce an intelligible rendering of the original, it can hardly be doubted that some of them would, even if only to a very limited extent, have succeeded in doing so. But if any single version thus produced, say Bedwell's for instance, had been invested with authority by a royal edict, all the remaining forty-one would have raised a tumult of opposition to the version preferred. Now if, as it appears to me, an intelligible version must be the unadulterated production of a single mind; if, as we have been constantly indoctrinated from our youth up, the common version is the perfection of English style; if too, as the experience of past ages warrants us in expecting, those who seek to better the popular Bible, will excite the popular indignation, it is clear that a new Authorized Version would have to encounter three virulent oppositions, that (1) of Hebrew critics, (2) of literary critics, (3) and above all, of the people. Now any of these singly would sorely tax the energies even of the most courageous. St. Jerome, the sole Hebrew scholar of his day in the West, had merely to contend with popular prejudice, and a hard time he had of it. The translators of 1611 met simply the old popular opposition, and that not very strong, because the translations which they sought to displace had not yet grown venerable by the lapse of centuries. Hebrew criticism, moreover, that of Broughton the grumbler excepted, was lulled into slumber by the happy mistake committed in the compromise. But since King James's Bible a new power has arisen, that of literary criticism, and to this even Hebrew criticism is fain to submit, when it pronounces the importance of retaining the pure English of the Bible unimpaired.

Are we able to face this triple opposition? Certainly not; but we can at least elude it, and wisdom and charity alike counsel us to do so. There let it stand, the poor man's Bible, in all its native strength and weakness, a monument of the learning, the piety, and the literature of not the least among the great ages. But we are bound in honour to remember not the poor only, but the rich also and the educated. We have to preach not only to "navvies" and ploughmen, but also to the shrewd merchant, the well-read professional man, the keen-witted artisan. Such men are perfectly able to appreciate a close argument or a symmetrical work of art, and they are perfectly aware that the Bible in its present form falls in many respects short of these conditions. Often their interest in these matters shows itself in a way prejudicial to sound religion. They are very apt, when only half-educated, to catch up some ill-established amendment, and parade it in the face of better informed persons. It is not so long since a "Bible Christian" challenged a friend of mine with the question, "Does not πτωχοὶ εὐαγγελίζονται mean, Poor men are the preachers of the Gospel?"

Now it is very easy to puzzle an unlearned clergyman with a question like this, but how simply might he quell the objector if he could refer to a translation made by some scholar of acknowledged eminence, which represented the sacred original with equal clearness and fidelity.

Such a work appears, on first thoughts, almost too ideal to hope for. And yet at least one specimen of the kind has been produced in Germany,—I speak of the Old Testament only,—Bunsen's "Bibelwerk." Such a work must not be undertaken lightly or hastily, neither should, I think, the Old Testament be attempted simultaneously with the New. Even the Old Testament would be too much for the powers of the average scholar; but I am looking to the scholars of the future, trained in a better school and a better spirit than the scholars of our own day. Only, should any feel ambitious of supplying this great want of the Church, let him remember, that to produce a Bunsen's "Bibel-werk" it required the unreserved devotion of a Bunsen's life.*

This, then, is the remedy to which the foregoing researches have been directed,—an English "Bibel-werk," that is, in plain language, a new translation of the Bible, for use in the closet and the pulpit, combining as much as possible of the stately rhythm of the old version with the accuracy and clearness of modern scholarship.

The pulpit, indeed, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, has long ago extemporized a remedy of its own. Divines of the latter communion have, in a manner, been driven to do so, through the fact of their authorized version being in Latin. Bossuet's pulpit translations are said to have been peculiarly happy; a complete version of the Gospels has been formed by collecting the scattered fragments cited in his works.† Another great orator, Adolphe Monod,—he of whom Michelet said, "The man who has once heard him thrills with it ever after,"—was in the constant habit, when preaching, of citing the Scriptures in an original version. Nor are our own divines unfamiliar with the same expedient. Dr. Vaughan of Doncaster has published several volumes of sermons, in which every exposition of the text is based upon a new and accurate rendering of his own. But divines so competent as Dr. Vaughan are rarely found, and even at the best this ability to correct is generally confined to the New Testament. What is to be done for the Old?

Our preachers are powerless to find a remedy. They even dally with the evil, and turn the Old Testament into a vast gallery of fictitious mottoes for sermons. There is a *curiosa felicitas* about some of these which is irresistibly seductive; they are so beautiful, so suggestive, that they at least deserve to be true. In a list of such passages might probably be found Gen. vi. 3; Deut. xxxiii. 25; Isa. x. 18; lix. 19; we may add, for our colleges' sake, Prov. xviii. 1, and for our critics', Job xxxi. 35. Readers of our great lay preacher, Ruskin, will remember the exquisite use which he makes of Hos. x. 7, and the "*vindemiavit*" of the Vulgate in Lam. ii.‡ The question recurs, What can be done to restore meaning to the Old Testament?

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* See Bunsen's chapter on the "History and Plan of the Bibel-werk," vol. i., pp. cxviii-cxx.

† "La Bible en France," p. 278.

‡ De Wette, in the Preface to his translation, gives a remarkable specimen of this kind from Luther: Isa. xxxviii. 19, "Die Anfechtung lehrt auf das Wort merken."

Some would bid us require a knowledge of Hebrew from our candidates for Holy Orders. But in fact this is neither desirable nor practicable. There are many subjects of far more vital importance for a clergyman to know. Even were it otherwise, it is to be feared the inflexible will of an undergraduate would stand in the way. Few are willing to encounter the strangeness of a language so utterly alien to classical forms,—so few, indeed, that for ten men who lack the power, there are fifty more who lack the will.

But the expedient of having two co-ordinate Bibles—one for use in the Liturgy, the other in the closet and the pulpit—would, to a great extent, obviate this inconvenience. It would bring back again the days described by Gregory the Great in the Epistle prefixed to the "Magna Moralia:"—"Cum probationis causa exigit, nunc novam nunc veterem per testimonia assumo, ut quia sedes apostolica, cui Deo auctore præsideo, utraque utitur, mei quoque labor studii ex utraque fulciatur."*

Meantime, let us prepare the way for a "Bibel-werk" by diligent and painstaking study of the individual books of Holy Scripture. We thankfully acknowledge the progress already made in this direction. Mr. A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, has published the first volume of a very thorough commentary on the Book of Job, accompanied by a translation. Mr. Rodwell has given us a translation of the same book in a cheap and portable form. Editions of other books of Scripture, on the same model, would be extremely useful. Mr. Perowne's edition of the Psalms,—of which the first volume only has yet appeared,—for its good taste and sound critical judgment, cannot be too highly commended. Dr. Kay's translation, chiefly designed for the unlearned reader, is distinguished by its remarkable clearness, the love of which has led him into occasional eccentricities. Lord Congleton's, without making great pretensions, is close and faithful. It is perfectly refreshing to meet with so good a Hebrew scholar among the crowd of pretenders. The commentaries of Dr. Kalisch and Mr. Ginsburg are those of Germans writing in English, while Dr. Pusey's encyclopædic commentary on the Minor Prophets expressly excludes the idea of translation.

Shall I be forgiven for saying that all these laudable essays fall short of satisfying one of the most urgent wants of the present day? We want translators to pay rather more respect than they do to the language into which they translate. Translation is, as Dr. Newman has said, "a problem how, two languages being given, the nearest approximation may be made in the second to the expression of ideas already conveyed through the medium of the first. The problem almost starts with the assumption that something must be sacrificed, and the chief question is, what is the least sacrifice?"* The writer of a translation for the people cannot hesitate long for an answer. He must devote a holocaust of particles and tenses and nice shades of meaning, if he intends his work to go out of the scholar's study and be thumbed by the daily reading of common men. His first duty is towards his own language, but in fulfilling it he really pays the highest honour to his author's. He has to represent his author's thought as clearly and intelligibly as the author would have done in the translator's language. If he makes a psalm or a prophecy appear smoother to his reader than it appeared to himself as a student, it is because he knows that there was a time when psalmist and prophet sounded as smoothly to the Hebrew ear, as now, thanks to their translator, they read to the English eye. He knows that psalm and prophecy are not only sacred, but classical; beneath a theology he has learned to find a literature.

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* The writer's views on revision were already formed when he saw the able article on the subject in the *Christian Remembrancer* for October, 1856, with the views expressed in which he is glad to find himself so nearly in accordance. He is indebted to that article for the above quotation from Gregory.

Thus, according to the simile of Tickell, a translation is like the unrolling of embroidery, which reveals its hidden beauties; and for the revelation of the Hebrew beauties, no language is so well adapted as the English. No language accommodates itself so well to the simple *naïve* constructions of the Hebrew. No language, unless to some extent the Italian, possesses that majestic rhythmical cadence which answers so well to the rhythmical system of the Hebrew accents. No language has enshrined in the popular Bible such a store of dignified and yet elegant words to express the tenderest emotions of the kindled heart.

The English translator, however, needs to be continually on his guard against the abuse of these advantages. There is a large excess of Hebraism in the Authorized Version, which drew forth strong words of blame from Selden in his "Table Talk." He says,—

> "There is no book so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, not into French English. '*Il fait froid*,' I say, '*tis cold*, not *it makes cold;* but the Bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept. As for example" [here he quotes from memory]. "This is well enough so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the common people, Lord! what gear do they make of it!"†

Perhaps the historian of literature might find some ground for mitigating this rather harsh verdict. Of those two counter movements, the Latinizing one of Milton and the Hebraizing one of the translators, the latter has turned out incalculably the more fruitful. Many Hebraisms, unknown in the language before, became household words through the English Bible.* But from a critical point of view, Selden's judgment is fully justified. The only excuse which can be made for the translators lies in the fact that they were not seldom profoundly ignorant what the Hebraisms meant.

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* "The Church of the Fathers," Preface, p. vi.

† This quotation is often made, but generally mutilated.

The same fault in a still higher degree is chargeable upon the Vulgate; and St. Augustine relates a remarkable story in point. "He was preaching on a certain occasion on Matt. xi. 25, which the vulgar Latin renders, '*I confess to thee, O Father*,' &c., and he had no sooner read the first words of his text, than his hearers fell a beating of their breasts, according to the custom of those that confessed their sins in his time; which gave him occasion to blame them for having taken too much notice of the words, without considering their meaning; telling them they were words of thanksgiving in this place, being expressed by our Blessed Saviour, who had never sinned, and consequently had no need of confession."†

Instances, not indeed so flagrant, but still to be deplored, may easily be cited from the Authorized Version. Few people are aware how commonly they occur, and how far they interfere with the due apprehension of the meaning. The poetical books are full of them.

Mistakes of this and every other kind may be prevented by bearing in mind the true relation of the modern translator to the original text. That relation is one of fidelity not to the parts so much as to the whole, not to the letter so much as to the spirit. Why have our revisers so conspicuously failed in the poetical books? Because they have revised them in parts instead of revising them as wholes. If, for instance, instead of revising a psalm verse by verse, they had set themselves first of all to catch the thread which connects the ideas, and then to ingraft that upon the Authorized Version, taking care to express the symmetry of the thoughts by the symmetry of the form, they would have produced a rendering faulty perhaps in details, but yet rhythmical, uniform, and intelligible.

If, still further, they had extended their criticism from the whole to the parts, resting the eye alternately on the Hebrew and the old English, altering where alteration was needed, but compelling their alterations to assume a concordant, rhythmical form, they would have succeeded in producing a translation as near as our age can hope to see to that with which the great translators, if they had possessed our means, would have been eager to endow us.

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* See the *Spectator*, No. 405, and compare Renan, *Job*, Préface, p. ii., "La langue française est puritaine; on ne fait pas de conditions avec elle."

† "An Essay for a New Translation, &c. By H. R. [Hugh Ross], a Minister of the Church of England," p. 45. This book is said to be really a translation from the French of Le Cène.

Perhaps some one may object that such a description implies qualities which cannot be found united in the same person. There is a very general prejudice against Hebrew scholars as dry, tasteless, hypercritical, and it must be admitted that this has too often been justified by facts. But now, when the breath of the modern *renaissance*, warm with sentiment and clear with science, has vivified even the dull domain of Hebrew grammar and lexicography, there must be something very stony in the minds of English scholars if they should still fail to exhibit traces of its influence. Renan and Bunsen, whatever be their failings, are Hebraists of equal taste and learning: why should our own nation, foremost even now in taste and scholarship, be without such Hebraists of her own?*

The future is in our own hands, and much of its weal or woe depends on the way in which we handle our English Bible. If we handle it wisely and well, the most happy effects will be felt in all the regions of our spiritual life. Cries of failure and despondency will cease to be heard around us. Men will cease to complain of our sermons for their emptiness, their dulness, and want of reality. They will cease to complain of our people for their indifference and hostility to religious truth. They will cease to complain of our critics for their intemperate attacks on our most sacred beliefs. But attacks will always be dangerous, and defences will always be feeble, and sermons will always be dull, and hearers will always be unimpressed, until we have before us a translation of our sacred books, so clear, distinct, intelligible, that "he may run who reads it."

T. K. CHEYNE.

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* The late honoured John Keble, in his metrical version of the Psalms, has shown both taste and scholarship, but he fails entirely to give an idea of the Psalms as wholes. Still, for realizing the deep beauty of expression in them, the English reader can never possess a greater treasure than this almost forgotten book.

# CHURCH GOVERNMENT IN THE COLONIES: A REPLY.

THE article on Church Government in the Colonies, which appeared in the February number of this Review, has naturally excited much attention amongst those who are interested in the affairs of the Colonial Church. It expounds, elaborately and ably, views of the Church in the British Empire, which, to those who do not distinguish between spiritual authority and the force of law, and are unwilling or unable to regard the Church of England separate from its accidents as united with the State, may seem almost incontrovertible. And yet the object of the article is far from being clear. The reviewer pronounces indeed a vehement and indiscriminating condemnation on the proceedings of the Bishop of Capetown and his advisers, and so far his purpose is sufficiently apparent. There are also ingenious distinctions drawn in the article between the different colonial churches, the practical value of which distinctions, however, is not very obvious, whilst the descriptions of the different phases of colonial church life require, if I may judge from my own experience, some important corrections. The arguments of the writer manifest high regard for the Royal Supremacy in church matters beyond the limits of law, and confidence in the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and in lawyers generally rather than theologians. It is nevertheless very difficult to lay hold of the exact end at which he is aiming. He proposes to point out "the best means open to us for setting right the difficulties which have arisen." But beyond the general principle, that in all causes,—that is, in all questions of law, —there should be an appeal to the Crown, which we all admit is the right, not merely of every Churchman, but of every British subject, I can find nothing substantial in the argument. The writer does not distinguish, as it seems to me, between judgments in spiritual causes, which proceed from the Sovereign as Supreme Governor of the United Church of England and Ireland, and those judgments as to temporalities by Courts of Law, like that in the case of Mr. Long, which may indirectly involve questions as to church discipline and doctrine, whether the parties are Roman Catholics or members of the English communion, but which nevertheless leave the colonial churches independent, as other religious communities there are, of the kind of control which he desires for them. If this distinction be observed, there is little in his proposals that has not been already said, even before the judgment in the Colenso case, by those of us on whom these questions have been forced by painful experience of the difficulties of our position, but who arrive at very different conclusions from those to which his arguments point. The article may possibly be intended to suggest some course which does not appear on the surface, but instead of supplying any definite proposition for setting right our difficulties, it leaves matters, in my judgment, just as they are, and I did not consider that it required any reply from those of us who dissent from many of its principles, and who are deeply and personally interested in a satisfactory solution of the problems with which it professes to deal. It is only at the request of those to whose judgment I defer, who think the article calculated to produce impressions which may act as an impediment to any such solution, that I make the following remarks on some of its statements.

In the first place, the vehement denunciations by the writer of the Bishop of Capetown, in which he confounds together the Bishop's proceedings in the Long case and in that of Bishop Colenso, are hardly written in the spirit of an impartial and dispassionate inquirer into important constitutional principles of church government. He says:—

> "We can only wonder at the rashness and wilfulness which prompted the attempt to enforce, by virtue of these instruments, an episcopal autocracy to which nothing similar has been seen in England since the days of the Court of High Commission. Those who have counselled these proceedings are themselves alone responsible for the disastrous issue of their attempt. Nor can we consider that the issue has been other than disastrous. It is said, indeed, that it is best to know at once where we stand; but this was known sufficiently before. What has been elicited by these attempts is the unfortunate spectacle of a bishop of the Church of England asserting a despotic power for which he had no grounds; appealing to the most solemn sanctions for his support in a manner which, to bystanders, could hardly appear other than ridiculous; scattering accusations of heresy and schism broadcast

> around him, without the support of any church authority but his own opinion; and conducting the proceedings in a manner which has made every man of any legal experience see here a fresh proof of the unfitness of aspiring ecclesiastics and heated theologians to exercise control in spiritual causes."

He adds, and such a result must, in his estimation, somewhat mitigate the disastrous consequences,—

> "These proceedings may also well make all thoughtful Churchmen feel that of all risks which the Colonial Church could run, the most desperate would be that of being given over to the uncontrolled will of its priestly rulers."

In the primitive Church, there was, I suppose, some other course besides the uncontrolled will of rulers on the one hand, and the decision of spiritual questions by Courts of Law; although, indeed, it was then said, "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves." However, even if one bishop has all "the folly and wilfulness" at which the writer is so much amazed, that we may suppose it is not a common phenomenon, it is hardly a sufficient proof that it does not belong to the episcopal office, to judge, or in his own words, to exercise control in spiritual matters.

But as the conduct of the Bishop of Capetown seems to the reviewer so wonderful, it might have occurred to him to ask himself whether he had weighed or was fully in possession of all the circumstances of these cases, on which he pronounces a judgment so positive and unqualified. He must, indeed, be aware, that in the Long case, a majority of judges in the Supreme Court of the colony decided that the course adopted by the Bishop was such an exercise of episcopal authority as the law would enforce. One of the judges who concurred in this decision, Mr. Justice Watermeyer, a man highly esteemed, both in the colony and in England, for his calm, profound, and eminently judicial mind, whose *dicta* in this case were quoted with approbation in the judgment of the Privy Council, is a Lutheran, certainly with no tendency to exaggerate the authority of a bishop. Were these colonial judges a party to an "attempt to enforce, by virtue" of Letters Patent, which they declared to confer no coercive jurisdiction, "an episcopal autocracy" recalling the days of the Court of High Commission? Surely an unprejudiced writer would have inferred that some reasonable ground may have existed for the Bishop's proceedings, when these judges, acquainted not merely with all the circumstances, but with those conditions of colonial life on which the true bearing of many of these questions depends, pronounced the proceedings legal.

In the Colenso case, the Bishop had the concurrence and co-operation, not only of every bishop of the South African Church, except the accused bishop, but of the whole body of the clergy, with hardly an exception. This spectacle of a clerical combination to confirm the "despotic power" of a Metropolitan—over themselves—is, however, another wholesome warning against "aspiring ecclesiastics and heated theologians." Still, as regards the main questions at issue, it must surely be considered, even by the reviewer, as a somewhat unaccountable result of a Divine institution,—if he allows the Christian ministry to be the ordinance of God,—that those who are specially called in Christ's Church to "minister the discipline of Christ," "to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word, and both privately and openly to call upon and encourage others to the same," should of all men be the least competent to form a sound judgment in those matters for which their office was established. If, indeed, indifference were the safest guide in spiritual matters, if truth were most surely found by ecclesiastics without aspirations for a better state of things, and theologians without fervour, the writer's conclusion would be inevitable.

However others, besides ecclesiastics, concurred with the Bishop in this case. The principles, as to the status and government of the Colonial Church, which had been distinctly enunciated by Lord Kingsdown in the Long judgment, appeared to lay as well as to clerical minds, to render it legally competent for the Bishop of Capetown, as Metropolitan, to bring the Bishop of Natal to trial on charges of false doctrine. The grounds on which the Privy Council would declare the sentence of the Metropolitan "null and void in law," were not then suspected. It is no secret indeed, that by some high legal authorities those grounds are still regarded as insufficient. Even from the writer's own description of the feelings with which the Privy Council's judgment was received, it is evident that our confidence in the legal validity of the action at Capetown must have arisen from some other source than the Bishop's "overweening conception of the rights and dignity of the episcopal office in itself."

At all events, in this case, instead of relying on any such exaggerated notions of episcopal or metropolitical authority, the Bishop obtained from England that which he considered to be the most reliable legal advice, as to the course of proceedings to be adopted. During the proceedings, he employed the two best lawyers in the colony who were available, to direct him, and to draw up the sentence which he ultimately pronounced. One of these lawyers, a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, has since been raised to the bench. The other, Mr. Frederick Watermeyer, who afterwards died whilst rising to the highest distinctions which the colony can confer, was a man of no ordinary sagacity and legal acuteness, with certainly no prepossessions in favour of episcopal autocracy, but with strong feelings in the other direction, which were indicated in his opposition to the Bishop in the previous case of Mr. Long.

If, in the Colenso case, the Bishop of Capetown acted arbitrarily, and, as the reviewer asserts, "without the support of any church authority but his own," the course he took in doing so was strangely different from that which men inclined so to act generally adopt. He invited the counsels, and obtained the co-operation, of every one who had a claim to be united with him in such acts, on any principles on which a cause of this nature, involving charges against a bishop of the Church, has ever been tried.

But the writer says, the Bishop of Capetown "claims that there shall be no right of appeal from his authority," and "demands that causes shall not go for appeal beyond the province of South Africa." I was not aware that such demands had been made by the Bishop; at all events, the bishops who united in synod said no such thing. They were strongly of opinion that a case so important as that of charges of false doctrine against a bishop should be referred to England. They were very anxious that their responsibilities should be shared by the Church of England; but they desired to guard against any precedent which might seem to sanction frequent and vexatious appeals in minor cases of discipline, such as the South African Church might be competent, and indeed more competent than an English court, to decide for itself by some internal organization of its own. And thus much the writer himself seems to allow. The question of appeal in spiritual matters is one which presents considerable difficulties to the minds of those who cannot, with him, believe "in the *certainty* that justice will be done" in English Courts of Law in questions of theology. Such a belief no doubt removes many difficulties, as the belief in the infallibility of the Papacy does for minds of another class. Whether both do not introduce greater may well be questioned.

My own views are thus stated in a charge delivered by me in 1864:*—

> "That no tribunal should have the power of finally disposing of causes brought before it in the first instance, without the opportunity of appeal to some superior tribunal, seems to me a principle not to be controverted. But what should be the course of appeal it is more difficult to say. In the early ages of the Church, the plausible arguments which were urged for appeal to a central authority, laid the foundations of the Papacy. And it appears to me, I confess, that an appeal simply from one part of the Church to another, is an essentially vicious principle, and really a form of the Romish system. The various churches throughout the world are republics, confederate indeed, and more or less intimately associated, but with none of them possessing the right of dictating to the rest. . . . I cannot conceive any central court of appeal for questions in a church, such as the true constitu-

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* "Charge of Bishop of Grahamstown," &c. Bell and Daldy. 1865.

tion of the church will admit, but one in which not only the United Church of England and Ireland, but also the colonial churches of the British Empire, should be adequately represented."

It would no doubt follow from these views, that if the Sovereign be not merely the chief governor of all estates throughout her dominions, but the supreme head of the Church, whether united with the State or not, within those dominions, in such a sense as the Pope claims to be throughout Christendom, so that the Crown of England is the centre of unity of the Anglican communion, whether established or not,—on this theory, the appeal to the Sovereign in Council would be the one legitimate and sufficient method for preserving unbroken unity. But those who know that it is as dangerous to the Church to take away from the faith as to add to it, will be as dissatisfied with this short and easy road to unity as with that which leads to Rome. They admit that, where the Church is so united with the State, that the Church tribunals for ecclesiastical discipline are courts of the Sovereign, exercising coercive jurisdiction by the authority of the Crown, the decisions of such courts must be subject to revision by the highest of all the Sovereign's courts. But that where no such advantages are received by the Church from the State; where ecclesiastical discipline is enforced only *in foro conscientiæ;* where the Crown can give none of its authority to the rulers of the Church,—whether appointed by the Crown under a misapprehension as to the extent of its prerogative or not,—that there all the precautions which, in an established church, surround the exercise of wholesome discipline with the limitations of a criminal prosecution, should be superadded to the difficulties which attend voluntary action; that we should accept all the anomalies and scandals which, through the imperfection of all human things, grow up in an established church, and are hard to remedy, and which have alienated from it many who do not consider the far greater counterbalancing blessings of its relation to the State; that, in fact—for this is what it comes to,—the authority of the Crown should be extended to the Church in the colonies, to prevent it from maintaining its own discipline while it does not and cannot aid that discipline; to relax safeguards against error when it cannot enforce them,—against this we protest, as an invasion alike of the liberties of Christ's Church and of the constitutional rights of Englishmen. So far as temporalities are concerned, through consensual compact or by any other method, we ask for no exemption from any civil court of the Sovereign; to those courts Churchmen are equally amenable with other classes of her Majesty's subjects; but we do claim that, where we have no advantage from the law which other classes do not receive, we should not have restrictions on our action to which others are not liable.

An instance to which the writer refers, is much to the point. It is undoubtedly true that the Bishop of Capetown did not accept the interpretation of the Court of Arches as decisive of the meaning of an expression in the standards of the Church, and that in this all the bishops of South Africa concurred with him. They considered that Bishop Colenso's case, since on his own confession he did not "unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures," was a *reductio ad absurdum* of that decision of Dr. Lushington's. But why is the Judge of the Court of Arches, which is the court of one province only of the English Church, and is a creation of law, with functions and powers derived from law, and limited by law, to dictate to the English Church throughout the world the meaning of her standards? Is it not a tyranny almost equal to that of Rome, that a judge, trying causes for a certain portion of the Church, should be able to impose on English Christendom his decision as to the most vital points of doctrine, as a guide, in this case, for candidates for the office of the ministry as to the very meaning of the word 'believe'? It would be intolerable, even if we regarded it from no other aspect. But how much more, when the churches which are expected to accept the *dicta* of this judge as their standard in theology, are in a totally different position from the dioceses of that province of which this is the court! For the latter the State provides tribunals to enforce discipline. Where jurisdiction is coercive, where a prosecution assumes the form of one for a criminal offence, there it seems necessary that offenders should have every chance of escaping; that even the mistakes of a judge should be on the side of mercy. It is a consequence of the Church using the arm of the law, that she should use it with all the conditions and all the imperfections of law; with its regard for the rights of persons rather than for any abstract principles, however precious; and at the same time with its technicalities, its want of pliability and of ready adaptation to altered circumstances, its strict and indeed servile adhesion to precedents, to the letter rather than the spirit. And just so far as the Church does make use of law, whether directly, as in the ecclesiastical courts of an established church, or indirectly, when questions at issue are brought before civil courts by some contract, we have no right to expect that we shall have the benefit of law except on these terms. What we demand is, that law should keep to its own sphere; that its interpretation should hold good for its own purposes, but not be a rule in those things which are out of its province: and that it is not the province of law to order the discipline of a colonial church is now decided. And it is the very office and work of the spirituality, whilst they honour the law as a Divine ordinance in its own sphere, to guard and protest against its encroachments upon the truth committed to their charge. In the present instance, the South African bishops were not sitting as a court created by law, subordinate to the Court of Arches. They knew that it was very uncertain indeed, whether any jurisdiction in a legal sense was conveyed to the Metropolitan; they sat as judges in a spiritual cause, in a matter which concerned the order and discipline of Christ's Church, as well as the very fundamentals of the faith. To accept as binding on themselves, under such circumstances, an interpretation of an English judge which they believed to involve a serious departure from the truth, and to be a very dangerous precedent, would have been to renounce the first duties of their own office.

The writer objects to other points in the Bishop of Capetown's judgment, and particularly to his principle that there may be other tests besides the formularies of the Church of England by which the teaching of its ministers should be tried. It must be observed, however, that it was on the ground of a departure from the written standards of the Church that Bishop Colenso was condemned; the charges which were declared to be proved were definite charges of having contravened certain articles and formularies which were cited; so that the Bishop's assertion of the principle must be considered rather as a protest against the assumption that there can be no false teaching, no form of departure from the faith, against which the Church may be bound to testify, but which the formularies of the Church of England do not condemn. I, for my part, agree with the reviewer, that this principle, however true in the abstract, yet, if applied to administrative purposes in the Church, is open to many grave objections; unless it be used merely as a collateral aid for interpreting the language of these formularies. Besides all other objections, it seems evident that law could not and ought not to admit any such undefinable standard, and therefore if the spiritualty, as executive officers of the Church, should ever adopt it in the exercise of discipline, it would bring them into frequent and necessary collision with law, whenever their paths should cross, as they would whenever temporalities were involved through some consensual compact. But whether the reviewer or Bishop Gray is right, important as it may be that a principle of this nature should be challenged, this does not touch the question of the trial of Bishop Colenso. Let the mistakes of Churchmen, if they are mistakes, be used as arguments for other action to counterbalance them. We claim no infallibility for ourselves, while we cannot believe in the infallibility of lawyers. But when, in the exercise of the office committed to us by our Lord, we endeavour, before the Church and the world, to maintain His truth, to which we are ordained to bear witness, we claim of Christian men that this exercise of our office shall be respected in spiritual things, so far as that office extends, according to the constitution of Christ's Church on earth. If there is no such thing as a ministry of the Gospel, and no organization of the Church except by the power of the State, then, and then only, our acts are null and void.

Every one indeed is aware that the errors in teaching with which Bishop Colenso was charged, were not confined to one or two doubtful points of doctrine—doubtful, I mean, among English theologians; it was not the case of a man who here and there had exceeded the limits marked out by the standards of the Church. The charge which, after careful and patient comparison of his teaching with the formularies of the Church, was declared to be proved by those whose office it was to declare it, was that he had departed from the truth, as set forth by our Church throughout its length and breadth. To compare Mr. Maurice with Bishop Colenso, because in one point they agree, is as unjust to the former as it is to the South African bishops. Even if it be granted that in some respects the Bishop of Capetown, and all the other bishops who at the time and subsequently concurred with him, too much narrowed the ground, and that a higher spiritual tribunal would not have confirmed all their decisions as to doctrine, this by no means proves that they were in error when, as the result of all their investigations, they affirmed that Bishop Colenso was disqualified by his published opinions for the exercise of the episcopal office.

The practical consequences of allowing a bishop of a small colonial diocese to continue to hold that office, whilst promulgating errors subversive of the faith, are described so truly and so forcibly by the reviewer himself, that it seems strange that he did not observe how conclusive an answer he has supplied to some of his own arguments. He says,—

> "The bishop and clergy being educated men, and the bishop usually far superior to the others, and probably having chosen them, and holding practically almost absolute power over them in the first instance, any question which may arise is discussed within a very small circle, in which there is hardly room for more than one opinion. The bishop then becomes almost autocratic. Should any peculiarity of opinion originate with the bishop himself, it almost necessarily carries all before it, and there is no saying, on a system of absolute independence, to what lengths it might go."

And again:—

> "In the face of the facts which render this danger so palpable, we find a number of well-meaning men proposing, as a remedy for the existing evils, to clear away all the checks and restraints by which such dangers may be avoided, and to render any petty knot of clergy with a bishop at their head, who may hereafter be sent out from this country, free to perpetuate and inflict upon the Churchmen in the colony to which they may be sent, any foolish change or tyrannical enactment in which they may be able to agree."

It could hardly be supposed that these passages could occur in an article, the writer of which argues for letting things alone in Natal, and leaving Bishop Colenso to go his own way undisturbed. "The question," he says, "so often asked in the late trial, 'Who could bring the Bishop of London or the Archbishop of Canterbury to justice?' was never satisfactorily answered; and if it should prove that no means exist for doing this in the Colonies, their case would be only the same with that of the Church at home." Whereas his previous argument had been,—and a most forcible one it is,—that causes exist in a colonial diocese, which would make that, which is almost harmless in England, absolutely intolerable there. And this is really the strength of our cause, when we claim, in the government of our Colonial Church, facilities for maintaining a wholesome discipline, which the cumbrous machinery and technical impediments, incident to the system of a large national church united with the State, altogether forbid. Discipline may be relaxed here, clergy and even bishops may propound strange doctrines, and the effect is unappreciable in a few years. It is here a gallon of poison in a mighty sea: but with us in the Colonies, it is as it was in primitive and apostolic times. The little fountain is poisoned at the very source; the evils are confined, and multiply themselves, within a small society, and must taint the public mind for generations to come. The danger of a bishop and his clergy being independent is precisely that which we wish to avoid. We argue, that we must, in our colonial churches, recur to primitive principles; that every bishop, and every diocese, of the Colonial Church is not independent, not free to go its own way undisturbed, just because the law of England has not extended the Royal prerogative into the colony, and because the Sovereign failed to give a Metropolitan legal jurisdiction over a bishop, as was intended; but we maintain, that being a bishop, it is of the very essence of episcopacy that he should be part of a great organization, and responsible to that organization and its officers, according to its usages and precedents, and the spirit of its laws. We argue, that the effect of having no discipline, and of that which is equivalent to no discipline, none exercised except through English courts of law, is an independence of a most pernicious character, which encourages and fosters evils both in doctrine and practice. We ask for no such independence as this writer deprecates, and for no such autocracy as he dreads: we ask for real constitutional government in our churches; such as shall unite wholesome order with wholesome liberty; such as may not merely restrain insubordinate clergymen, but also prevent a bishop, so long as he holds that office, from setting at nought the doctrines and laws which he is appointed to maintain and administer. Even the reviewer thinks that there "can be *no advantage* in any functionary being without liability to removal in case of gross abuse of his office, and that in future appointments it *would appear* that this ought to be provided for." We only go a step farther, and maintain that it is not merely "no advantage," but a monstrous injury to the Church, and that, wherever the Church is not so united with the State as to receive from it legal authority and jurisdiction, it has the inherent right of ridding itself of evils, which eat out its very heart so long as they are allowed to continue in its system.

I would earnestly hope that the writer, and others who with him are "persuaded" (as I have declared myself to be) "that the authority and influence of ecclesiastics in the government of the Church need to be counterbalanced and corrected by the action of the laity," will not persevere in the attempt to attain this end through the fiction of a Royal prerogative, stretching beyond its lawful bounds, partial and one-sided in its operation, conferring none of its own powers, yet seeking to control, by an imaginary moral authority, those things with which law gives it no right to interfere. This theory, useful as it may seem, must break down sooner or later, because it does not rest on truth and reality. Let them aid us in providing and devising safeguards against the dangers—and great dangers there undoubtedly are, quite as much on the side of popular influences as of clerical autocracy—which attend voluntary action in any church. But let them not suppose that these dangers will be averted by such restrictions to free action as in their very nature are unconstitutional and unjust, and which (let the reviewer be assured) are none the less unfair because in the first instance they may seem to bear most hardly on those whom he is pleased to designate "aspiring ecclesiastics and heated theologians."

We do not ask for exemption from any such restrictions as the rulers of the Established Church of England shall think best calculated to prevent that Church from being involved in the necessarily differing course which her colonial daughters may be sometimes compelled to follow. We do not desire that those ordained for a different state of society should be received here as clergymen of the United Church of England and Ireland, without the bishops of that Church having sufficient guarantees for their fitness for the ministry in England, such as the licence of the archbishop and bishop, now necessary, gives the means of requiring. If more is necessary to secure that this condition shall not be a mere form, to that no one can reasonably object. We are far from wishing that our unestablished churches and our mission fields should be used as a stepping-stone to an English profession. We only ask, that as an ecclesiastical organization in union and communion with the Church of England, our ecclesiastical acts should be recognised as ecclesiastically valid.

H. GRAHAMSTOWN.

# RÉNAN'S LES APÔTRES.

*Les Apôtres.* Par M. Ernest Renan. Paris: M. Lévy. 1866.

THIS second volume of M. Renan's "Origines du Christianisme" will scarcely rival the first in the rapidity and extent of its circulation. It was not only its glittering style, its animation, its picturesqueness, its light audacity, its novelty of interpretation, that gained for the "Vie de Jésus" its extraordinary success; it was the unique interest of the Life treated for the first time in so surprising a manner. The history of the first beginnings of the Christian Faith and Church is not so favourable a subject for the genius of an artist. And M. Renan works in the spirit of an artist rather than of an historian. He is eager, he tells us at the close of this volume, to take in hand "the great Christian Odyssey, the unequalled Epopea" of St. Paul's adventures. The intermediate history wants the artistic unity that may be given to a Life of Jesus or to a Pauliad: but there is no falling off in the remarkable faculties which M. Renan has brought to the execution of his work; nor has he at all shifted his position as an interpreter of the sacred history.

It is due to M. Renan to bear in mind what he himself describes as his design. His aim is not to sift the records of our Christian "Origines," and to set forth what is logically deducible from these records, but to reconstruct the living history from the suggestions of the fragments which remain. In executing a work of the historical imagination he claims the freest use of hypothesis. To object, therefore, to anything that he has written, "This is merely M. Renan's fancy," would be to commit a critical blunder. The question is, whether his restoration of our Parthenon is truly artistic; whether the additions or corrections which he has supplied to the received history are in harmony with the genuine fragments or not; whether his idea of the life of Christ and of the early Church is or is not consistent with itself and with recognised facts. He himself would have the whole question considered as a purely scientific one, as a matter of exclusively speculative interest. He has no desire to proselytize, no desire to shake the faith of a single Christian, no thought of exercising any influence upon the direction of things. He holds to the full the doctrine which Mr. Matthew Arnold has been trying to teach us, that the region of ideas ought to be kept separate from that of practice. "La théorie n'est pas la pratique. L'idéal doit rester l'idéal; il doit craindre de se souiller au contact de la réalité." And he seems to breathe, to a degree which even Mr. Arnold might envy, the serene atmosphere of that dispassionate region of ideas. He is able to smile from his Olympus upon those who have attacked him most angrily. "Often," he says, "seeing so much *naïveté*, so pious an assurance, such ingenuous anger of souls so beautiful and so good, I have said like John Huss, at the sight of an old woman who was toiling along with a faggot for the fire in which he was burning, '*O sancta simplicitas!*'" We who cannot, and perhaps would not, rise to the same heights, may at any rate learn that by throwing hard words at M. Renan, we should not succeed in making him angry, but should only expose ourselves to his pity or admiration.

There is still a central figure for the earlier portion of this volume. M. Renan is occupied with explaining the rise of the Christian belief in the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The life of Jesus, which, as a real life, ended with the Crucifixion, has a term of apparitional existence in the imaginations of his followers. M. Renan sketches with his old lightness of touch and his old profuse sentimentality this phantom-life, "la vie d'outre-tombe," of Jesus. In this part he is perfectly lucid, and his meaning cannot be misunderstood. But when he proceeds to describe the character of the early Church, and of the world in which it was planted, having to deal, no doubt, with complex and contradictory phenomena, he seems to lose his clearness. If the bewildering effect of some of his chapters is partly due to the variety of facts to be taken into account, it is partly occasioned, as I shall endeavour to show, by a want of firmness and consistency in his conclusions.

M. Renan clears the way for his historical inquiries by laying down a preliminary axiomatic principle. "It is an absolute rule of criticism to give no place in historical narratives to anything miraculous."—

(P. xliii.) The term "miracle" has proved a very difficult one to define, and the ordinary account of a miracle—that it is a suspension of the laws of nature—has been of late very generally repudiated. Some of us have thought it best to renounce the use of the term as a philosophical name for acts or events of a particular kind, and simply to employ it in its original sense of "a wonder." But there is no uncertainty as to what M. Renan means, or as to the application of his principle. This absolute rule affirms that Christ did not rise from the dead in any sense or manner whatever, except in the delusions of his friends. It makes it simply impossible that He should have had any relations to the Divine Being except those dependent on an organization somewhat finer and more delicate than that of other men. It is not M. Renan's creed that there is nothing mysterious, nothing inexplicable, in the world; but that *a will* has never interfered for a special purpose in the course of things. "That God is in everything, especially in all that lives, in a permanent manner, is precisely our theory; we only say that no particular interference of a supernatural power has ever been established."—(P. xlvii.) He disbelieves in a moral or spiritual, as much as in a physical, miracle. Christianity, he holds, is only unique in degree; it is a greater religion than Buddhism, but it is of the same class of things. Hellenism, in another department, is just as unique as Christianity: the one is a prodigy of beauty, the other is a prodigy of holiness. "God is in varying degrees in all that is beautiful, good, and true; but He is never in any one of his manifestations in so exclusive a manner, that the presence of his breath in a religious or philosophical movement ought to be considered as a privilege or an exception."—(Pp. l., li.)

Those who come with a prejudgment of this kind to the Christian narratives contained in the Gospels and the Acts have a choice of three solutions, not mutually exclusive, to explain the so-called miraculous portions of them. These are, illusion, imposture, legend. The first Christians were impostors: this is a very coarse theory, but it has been held. They were not deceivers, they were themselves deceived: this is another theory. There was neither imposture nor illusion in the strict sense, but popular imaginations took shape in legends, which, by a common error, were mistaken for history: this is the third theory. This last is the great modern theory, which seemed to be carrying everything before it on the non-supernaturalist side. A certain ferment, in which Messianic ideas were very active, is supposed to have taken place amongst the population of Palestine during the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius, of the working of which we have unfortunately no real knowledge, but which left as a residuum the Christian Church. This movement might probably have died out as obscurely as it began, had it not chanced to fire the imagination of a remarkable man, who is best entitled to be called the founder of Christianity. This man, St. Paul, has left not only the earliest, but almost the only authentic, writings of the first half-century of the Church's existence. It may be inferred from these, that a certain nucleus of true reports concerning a hero of the Galilean peasantry had been handed down, round which legendary tales speedily crystallized. But our existing books were not written by the men whose names they bear. The impulse to compose books was the controversial impulse of a later generation. The Church was divided into parties, and each party produced supposititious histories and letters to justify its own position.

This was the prevailing theory of the non-catholic criticism, when M. Renan, still less professing to be a Christian than the most advanced German critics, created great astonishment by denying, in his "Vie de Jésus," its most fundamental and most cherished conclusions. He maintained that the popular imagination does not transcend itself in its creations; that the Jesus of the Gospels could not be a legendary hero, because He was morally superior to the generation which was said to have imagined Him; that the real Jesus of the Galilean lake was even a greater man than the Gospels represent Him to have been. Of all the books in the New Testament the advanced critics were perhaps most confident that the Gospel of St. John was not genuine. They had proved to demonstration that it was a forgery of the second century, written in the interest of a debased theosophy as unlike as possible to what may have been the creed of the historical Jesus of Nazareth. M. Renan said, that he believed this Gospel to be in the main the work of the apostle John, the son of Zebedee; and that in respect of biographical details, it was actually more to be depended on than the synoptic Gospels. And he proceeded, with the help of the four Gospels, to construct a tolerably full representation of the life and of the teaching of Jesus. Having to find some solvent for "the supernatural element" in the Gospels, he took more than half from illusion, a fourth part from imposture, very little from legend. The illusion, for the most part, he enthusiastically admires; the imposture he excuses with scarcely an expression of regret; the legendary accretions he passes over with little notice. His theory is, that Jesus and his followers lived in dreams; that their days were spent in one long succession of beautiful ecstasies; and that when the coarse practical world intruded itself into their idealism, they were obliged,—as all are who deal with the practical,—to manage it with a little deception.

The want of feeling for history and real human life betrayed by what is briefly described as the Tübingen school of critics, has made their speculations very unacceptable to the mass of mankind. The personages of the New Testament history have too much flesh and blood to be easily resolvable into legendary embodiments of ideas. M. Renan's theory is another hypothesis offered to those who cannot accept the Christian account of our "Origines." But to the English taste, at least, the French sentimentalism is even more disagreeable than the German presentment of abstractions. The latter does not take hold of the English mind; the former—to speak plainly—disgusts it. It is a curious question what effect M. Renan's "Vie de Jésus" has had upon European opinion. Though he has had some apologists, there are no signs as yet, I believe, of the creation of a new school. What we are at present most concerned to observe, is that he maintains his independent position with great spirit in the volume before us, rather pushing forward and strengthening than abandoning what was peculiar in his views.

He professes to be quite unshaken in his estimate of the fourth Gospel, and he maintains the Acts to be the work of Luke, the companion of St. Paul, whom he also believes to have written the Gospel which bears his name. With reference to St. John's Gospel he speaks as follows:—

> "The use I have made of it in my 'Vie de Jésus' is the point on which enlightened critics have raised most objections. Almost all learned men who apply the rational method to the history of theology reject the fourth Gospel as apocryphal in all respects. I have given much renewed consideration to this problem, and I have not been able to modify in any sensible degree my first opinion. Only, as I differ on this point from the general sentiment, I have made it a duty to expound in detail the reasons for my persistence. I shall do this in an appendix to a revised and corrected edition of the 'Vie de Jésus,' which will shortly appear."—(P. ix.)

He grounds his belief in the genuineness of the Acts upon the perfectly homogeneous character of this work, and upon the strong marks it bears of having been written by one who was really present with St. Paul where he professes to have been his companion. M. Renan is far from supposing, however, that all that either St. John or St. Luke says is true. And the weak point of his reconstructed history, in the eyes of a rational critic, is that he is guided by little except his own feeling of what is credible in selecting what to receive as true and what to reject. He infers the disposition of St. Luke from his writings. He finds in him no partisan of St. Paul, though he had been his friend,—"one would say, a disciple of Peter rather than of Paul." Instead of the stiff Protestant individualism of Paul, Luke had the docile optimist tendencies of a good Catholic. His great desire is to smooth over the dissensions and scandals of the early Church, with a view to edification:—

> "The dominant character of the Acts, like that of the third Gospel, is a

tender piety, a lively sympathy with the Gentiles, a conciliatory spirit, an extreme belief in the supernatural, a love for the poor and the humble; a strong democratic sentiment, or rather a persuasion that the people is naturally Christian, and is only prevented by the higher classes from following its good instincts; an exalted idea of the power of the Church and its rulers; a very remarkable taste for communistic life."—(P. xxv.)

These characteristics of the writer, it is obvious, are discovered by the easy process of abstracting them from the history. "But it will be understood," says M. Renan, "that such a writer was the least capable in the world of representing things as they occurred. Whenever we can check the narrative of the Acts we find it faulty and systematic."—(P. xxix.) M. Renan makes the worst of the apparent discrepancies between the Acts and the Epistle to the Galatians. But he ought to admit that two accounts of the same thing may be very different, and yet neither of them false. He says himself that there is "an astonishing precision about the last pages of the Acts; they are the most completely historical records that we have of the origin of Christianity." And yet there is scarcely a more difficult reconciliation to be made between any two parts of the New Testament, than between the account in the Acts of the interviews between St. Paul and the Jews at Rome, and the condition of the Christians at Rome as it is implied in the Epistle to the Romans.

For the history of what took place between the Crucifixion and the day of Pentecost, M. Renan relies first on St. John's Gospel, next on St. Mark's. It pleases him also to accept what St. Paul says in 1 Cor. xv. 5, 6, 7, as perfectly authentic. From the details thus obtained, married to his hypothesis of illusions just tinged with fraud, issues a story which M. Renan would have us believe is the most natural thing in the world. If he could have been placed in Jerusalem on the day of the crucifixion, he would have been able to prophesy the resurrection with absolute certainty. Given the disciples, and their state of mind, it was an impossibility that Jesus should not rise again. M. Renan loves strong effects. He delights to have a showy case. It is a pleasure to his genius to exhibit "exaltation" performing the most difficult feats. Passion and sympathy have often produced strange creations, but they never did anything to equal the invention of the resurrection, because never before or since have there been a passion and a sympathy so absorbing. Here is a story on which sentiment may be justly lavished with the fullest hand.

On the first day of the week some of the most ardent of the disciples come very early to the tomb in which the body of Jesus had been laid. The body has been removed, and they feel at first nothing but the bitterness of disappointed grief. But there was one among them whose organization was too delicate, whose soul was too poetical, whose passion of love was too profound, to acquiesce with dulness in the real. Mary of Magdala stood alone by the empty tomb. She heard a sound behind her. This trifling noise was the electric spark which woke up her prepared but slumbering imagination. She saw a man standing. Her fancy (we must suppose), hesitating shyly to take the bold step it had already resolved upon, first pretends to itself to think it is the gardener. But the shade speaks her name. She now sees it to be "le fantôme du maître exquis." Jesus is now effectually risen:—

> "In wonderful crises of this kind, to see after others is nothing: all the merit is to see for the first time; for the others immediately model their sight after the received type. It belongs to fine organizations to conceive the image promptly, with that fitness which belongs to a kind of inward sense of design. The glory of the resurrection belongs then to Mary of Magdala. After Jesus, Mary has done the most for the foundation of Christianity. The shade created by the delicate senses of the Magdalen yet hovers over the world. Queen and patron of idealists, Magdalen has known better than any one how to affirm her dream, to impose on all the sacred vision of her own passionate soul. Her great woman's affirmation, 'He is risen!' has been the basis of the faith of humanity. Avaunt, impuissant reason! Think not to apply a cold analysis to this master-work of idealism and love. If wisdom gives up the task of consoling this poor human race, betrayed by fate, let madness try what it can do. Where is the sage who has given to the world so much joy as the possessed Mary of Magdala?"

Our reason being thus warned off, we can only follow wonderingly in the steps of the enchanter. With all the resources of his eloquence and pictorial faculty, M. Renan seeks to transport us into the time when, for some few months or years, imagination and fancy had their day, and wrought out in freedom their finest creations. All is dream, emotion, joy, nature, poetry. It is the day of woman. The prosaic Church has never done justice—such is the way of this cold, hard world—to "ces touchantes démoniaques, ces pécheresses converties, ces vraies fondatrices du Christianisme."—(P. 31.) It is like St. Paul, that puritanical Protestant, never to mention them. The two disciples, however, who walked on that first day of the week to Emmaus, were not far behind Mary Magdalen. A stranger joined them, a pious man, well versed in the Scriptures. They invited him to take the evening meal with them. The hour of the evening meal had a peculiar charm to the followers of Jesus. "How often had they not seen, at that moment, the well-loved Master forget the burden of the day in the freedom of cheerful conversation, and, refreshed by some drops of exquisite wine (d'un vin très-noble), speak to them of the fruit of the vine which He would drink new with them in his Father's kingdom."—(P. 20.) On this day the disciples were so overcome by these memories, that they could only see Jesus in their companion, when he took bread and broke it. The spell continued to work upon them so strangely, that they could scarcely perceive his departure. When their reverie left them, they knew that they had seen Jesus.

The charm grows. When the disciples are together, a casual breath of air fanning their faces is enough to make them all believe that Jesus has come amongst them visibly, and is talking to them. Appearances of Jesus multiply through the eagerness of competition. But the fever of their souls makes them restless. A sort of *nostalgia* takes possession of them. The women in particular must return to the scenes where they had enjoyed so much happiness. "The odious town became intolerable to them; they began to dream, with a feeling of melancholy, of the lake and the beautiful mountains where they had tasted the kingdom of God."—(P. 28.) They longed to live over again "those months of joyous intoxication, during which the Great Founder laid the bases of a new order for humanity;" to taste once more "the ambrosia of the Galilean preaching."—(Pp. i., iv.) A "besoin de cœur" drove them to the smiling mountain slopes, at this season bright with red anemones, where their interrupted dream of the sweet kingdom of God might begin again. So they returned to Galilee.

The air of those localities, and their imaginations, did not disappoint them. There are remarkable qualities in the Galilean atmosphere. One day five hundred believers followed their chiefs to the top of a Galilean hill:—

> "The air on those heights is full of strange reflections (*miroitements*). The same illusion which formerly had happened to the most intimate disciples (the Transfiguration) was produced again. The assembled crowd fancied they saw the form of the Divine spectre traced in the air: all fell on their faces and worshipped. The sentiment inspired by the clear horizon of these mountains is the idea of the amplitude of the world, with the desire to conquer it. On one of the neighbouring peaks, Satan, showing the kingdoms of the earth and their glory, had offered them, it was said, to Jesus, if He would fall down and worship him. This time it was Jesus who, from these sacred summits, showed his disciples the whole earth and assured them it should be theirs. They came down from the mountain persuaded that the Son of God had ordered them to convert the human race, and had promised to be with them to the end of the ages. A strange ardour, a Divine fire, filled them as they came away from the interview. They regarded themselves as missionaries of the world, capable of any prodigies. St. Paul saw several of those who had been present at this extraordinary scene. After five-and-twenty years, their impression of it was as strong and vivid as on the first day."—(Pp. 35-6.)

It is not without a sense of degradation that M. Renan returns to such mean details as the question, How the body of Jesus had disappeared from the tomb? He mentions four ways, in one or other of which he thinks the removal may have taken place:—Some unnamed disciples may have come to the tomb earlier than those mentioned, and have carried away the body as a precious object of care. The Jews may have abstracted it, in order to prevent the excitement which was likely to renew itself about the corpse of the popular prophet. The proprietor of the tomb which had been invaded may have made away with its unwelcome tenant. Or, the devoted women themselves may have been drawn into the pious fraud of secretly disposing of the body with a view to establishing the belief in the Resurrection. "The feminine conscience, under the sway of passion, is capable of the most eccentric illusions. Mary of Magdala had been, in the language of the time, possessed by seven devils."—(P. 43.) Let a veil be drawn over these mysteries. The question is as otiose as it is insoluble.

It is not easy to quote speculations like these without betraying the feelings they excite in one's mind. And if we could attain to M. Renan's own "supreme indifference" as to their bearing upon the faith and the practice of mankind, we can hardly be expected to extinguish the natural emotions of intellectual and æsthetic appreciation. But readers of the book we are reviewing will know that I have not given a false air by exaggeration to M. Renan's opinions. Indeed, if he was to accept the statements of St. John or St. Paul as essentially authentic, the one course open to him was to push the ecstatic theory to extremity. As it was, he became enamoured of the theory, and welcomed with avidity the narratives to which it was to be applied. He has deserted the mythical school, and has revived, with a brilliancy and animation which constitute a just title to originality, the pre-Straussian method of simple rationalism. A certain historical sense, a feeling that you must find a basis for great institutions in human convictions, that crowds are moved by individual energy and resolution, has combined with a genius for dramatic exposition and with a sentimentalism which we English can hardly understand, to produce M. Renan's idea of the origin of Christianity. We may let him remind us with advantage that we ought not to think of such times as those which we are considering as if they were cold, flat, dull periods. There was unquestionably an exaltation of spirit prevailing amongst the followers of Jesus, such as we commonly make no attempt to realize. Some of the phenomena we read of in the Acts and the Epistles may be naturally related to this state of mind; and much of the success of the Apostolic preaching may be due to its contagious power. It is wise to remember also the character of the evidence of our Lord's resurrection;—as that no one is said to have seen Him rise, that He appeared to believers only, and that his appearances were of a very mysterious nature. The resurrection of Jesus Christ will assuredly commend itself as a fact far more easily and powerfully to those who consider it in its relation to the spiritual history of mankind, than to those who regard it as a monstrous phenomenon requiring the most conclusive demonstration. I the more willingly pass from the subject with this short remark, as the reader may see in Mr. Westcott's small but masterly work, "The Gospel of the Resurrection," what support this cardinal event receives, and what light it diffuses, when it is allowed to occupy its true central position.

The history of the Christian Church contained in the Acts may be said to have two starting-points. One of these is the descent of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost; the other, the conversion of St. Paul. Neither of these occurrences presents any difficulties to M. Renan; it is easy to him to rationalize both.

When the hallucinations of the disciples as to the appearances of Jesus in Galilee began to wear themselves out, the apostles, accompanied by a certain number of persons resolved to share their fortunes, returned to Jerusalem. There they fed their fancies with expectations of a special coming of the Spirit. One day, as they were assembled together, a storm burst forth suddenly, the windows were blown open, flashes of lightning filled the air. The longing was fulfilled; the Spirit had come. From that day they surrendered themselves freely to a particular form of nervous disorder which they called "speaking with tongues." New disciples joined themselves to the brotherhood. Although these men were not intoxicated, like the Galileans, by a personal attachment to Jesus, they became infected forthwith by the same kind of exaltation. We have to remember, not only the ignorance of these poor people, but the difference of their constitutions from the European type:—

> "Like most Orientals, they ate little, which helped to keep them in a state of exaltation. The sobriety of the Syrian, which is the cause of his physical weakness, produces a permanent condition of fever and nervous susceptibility. Our continuous efforts of thought are impossible with such a regimen. But this cerebral and muscular debility brings on, without apparent cause, quick alternations of grief and joy, which place the soul in continual *rapport* with God."—(P. 72.)

I am afraid of taxing too severely the tolerance of my readers, and it is not easy to translate such syrupy sentiment; but I must quote one more passage, in which the hysterical theory of the origin of the Christian faith is perhaps carried to its furthest development:—

> "Tears above all were held to be a celestial grace. This charming gift, the privilege of none but very good and very pure souls, produced itself with infinite sweetnesses. One knows what power delicate natures, especially women, draw from the divine faculty of being able to weep abundantly. . . . To weep became a pious act; those who could not preach, nor speak with tongues, nor work miracles, wept. Praying, preach-

ing, exhorting, all was done with tears; the reign of tears was come. You might have said that there was a general melting of souls, and that they sought, in the absence of a language capable of rendering their feelings, to shed themselves abroad in a lively and expressive utterance of their whole inward being."—(Pp. 73-4.)

M. Renan, in writing this passage, refers to two chapters, Acts xx. 19, 31, and Romans viii. 23, 26. It was not only then the fishermen of Galilee, or the adventurous Jewish emigrants who assembled at Jerusalem from all parts of the world in which they had established themselves, to whom it was so natural to pass without intermission from one hysterical fit into another, but Saul of Tarsus was a prominent example of this kind of habit. Nothing was so likely as that he should have a fit, with a suspension of consciousness, on his way to Damascus. Such attacks are not uncommon in those parts. "I myself had an experience of this kind," says M. Renan, "at Byblos: with other principles, I should certainly have taken the hallucinations I then had for visions."—(P. 180.) But our author, not being a slave to consistency, does not on the whole represent St. Paul as an example of cerebral and muscular debility, a touching person whose chief gift was to melt over upon the souls about him. He gives indeed a very different account of him, which it is curious to compare with Professor Jowett's view of the same character. Mr. Jowett's idea of St. Paul comes near one part of M. Renan's, in representing him as a man who lived in "an ecstasy," as weak and trembling, "a creature of nervous sensibility." But he further describes him as more like a middle-age saint than like "Luther and the Reformers;" as so essentially sympathetic and dependent upon others that "his natural character was the type of that communion of the Spirit which he preached." M. Renan perceives that his constitution was evidently "très-résistante," to bear all that he went through during many years. St. Paul's temperament, according to M. Renan, is that of "a rigid, self-asserting Protestant"—(p. xiii): he is the "illustrious founder of Protestantism."—(P. 187.) In Professor Jowett's picture, we see "the image of one lowly and cast down." "Self is banished from him, and has no more place in him, as he goes on his way to fulfil the work of Christ. No figure is too strong to express his humiliation in himself, or his exaltation in Christ." In M. Renan's, we see "a character rigid, somewhat unsocial (peu liant), inclined to isolation."—(P. 206.) Paul was "a man of action, full of fire, moderately mystical. Revolt and protestation were his habitual sentiments. He was not made to accept a secondary place; his haughty individuality required a distinct position" (un rôle à part).—(Pp. 210, 211.) We read of "cet orgueilleux, ses violences, son inflexible personnalité, sa hardiesse, sa force d'initiative, sa decision."—(P. 186.)

He is "that great *retractile* soul." It is true, no doubt, that there was in St. Paul's character a marvellous and perplexing combination of qualities seldom found together; it is also true, I believe, that we do not thoroughly understand that character without recognising in it something of the element thus exaggerated, a consciousness of individuality, a sensitiveness about his own position and about the behaviour of others to himself, which might have turned to jealous exactingness and readiness to take offence. M. Renan, with his rapid transitions, rather plays with our imagination, and challenges it to impossible feats, than helps us to realize one of the most commanding and most singular of human characters. But there will be a welcome freshness in the study of St. Paul's life by one who thinks of him as chiefly remarkable for haughtiness and independence. Let us not be ungrateful for M. Renan's new outlines of character, which well deserve consideration;—as when, for example, he assigns to St. Peter an open, kindly, but rather weak and yielding disposition; or as when, instead of making St. Barnabas the noiseless consoler of sickness and affliction, he presents him to us as the popular preacher, the enlightened Liberal, the leader of the party of progress.

M. Renan's touches are always brilliant and decided. Hesitation is a weakness unknown to him. But this does not make him the better historian. When he has to deal with the complicated phenomena of a difficult historical period, his habit of indulging in piquant sketches does not help him to draw trustworthy general conclusions The chief part of this volume consists of descriptions of the early Church, of the condition of the world at that time, and of the relations between the Church and the world. Nothing can be clearer than each description. But after a time we find our general conceptions growing confused, and we begin to suspect our author of some carelessness as to the agreement of his sketches, and still more as to the consistency of the opinions he expresses. As I do not wish to throw this out as a vague charge, I proceed to substantiate it by some examples.

The great question to which M. Renan's book attempts an answer is this: Wherein did the real strength of the Christian faith consist? Now, to begin with, M. Renan in the earlier part of the book ascribes, as we have seen, a primary importance to the belief in the resurrection of Jesus. This is "le dogme générateur du Christianisme."—(P. 10.) Mary Magdalene, next to Jesus, has done the most for the foundation of Christianity. Her affirmation, "He is risen!" has been the basis of the faith of humanity. By this she has given more joy to the world than all the sages.—(P. 13.) Whilst the spell of Mary, "queen and patron of idealists," is upon him, M. Renan treats the actual founders of the Church at Jerusalem as heavy, prosaic persons, of whom he is somewhat impatient.

> "Jesus, having been carried up on his cloud to the right hand of his Father, leaves us with men; and what a fall, O heaven! it is! The reign of poetry is past."—(P. 55.) "We understand how great the Master was by seeing how small the disciples were."—(P. 56.)

But after a while nothing can be more enthusiastic than the admiration with which he contemplates the social institutions established by these disciples at Jerusalem. He discovers that all the religions of which we can trace the beginning have been spread by social much more than by theological causes. Buddhism and Christianity have both found their strength in the attractions they offered to the very poor.

What was the condition of the poor in those days in Palestine? M. Renan has two answers, hardly consistent with one another. The Christians at Jerusalem—

> "Worked no doubt for their living; but manual labour, in the Jewish society of that time, was very far from burdensome (occupait tres-peu). . . . Amongst us, material wants are so difficult to satisfy, that the man who lives by the labour of his hands is obliged to work for twelve or fifteen hours a day; the man of leisure can alone give time to the things of the soul; the acquisition of instruction is a rare and costly thing. But in those old societies, of which the East of our own day still gives us an idea, in those climates where Nature is so lavish to man and so unexacting, the life of the worker had plenty of leisure. A sort of common instruction placed every one *au courant* with the ideas of the time. Food and raiment were sufficient; and these were provided by a few hours of irregular labour. The remainder of the day belonged to dreaming, to passion."—(P. 59.)

But presently M. Renan, for another purpose, draws a different picture. "The number of poor persons, in the first century of our era, was very considerable in Judea. The country is naturally denuded of resources by which a comfortable subsistence is obtained." There was wealth, but it was confined to a certain number of families:—

> "The true theocratical Jew, turning his back on the Roman civilization, was only made poorer by it. A whole class was formed of holy persons, pious, fanatical, strict observers of the law, altogether miserable externally. . . . Never did hatred equal that felt by these poor men of God against the splendid structures which began to cover the country, and against the works of the Romans. Obliged, if they would not perish of hunger, to work at these buildings, which appeared to them monuments of pride and forbidden luxury, they thought themselves victims of rich men who were wicked, corrupt, faithless to the law. One can understand what a welcome would be given, in such a social condition, to an association of mutual aid. The little Christian Church must have seemed a paradise."—(Pp. 116-17.)

M. Renan accepts the account given in the Acts of the common life of the first Christian society as substantially true. The Essenians and Therapeutæ had already given examples of life in common; the ideal of Judaism was naturally realized in such a life. Christianity is essentially communistic; it can only be organized to perfection in cenobitic institutions, in the monastery or the convent. When difficulties as to distribution arose in the Church, the diaconate was created,—the oldest, the most effective, of Holy Orders:—

> "It was the proclamation of the truth that social questions are those which claim the first attention. It was the foundation of political economy so far as it is religious. The deacons were the best preachers of Christianity. . . . . They did much more than the apostles. They were the creators of all that was most solid and most durable in Christianity. Very early, women were admitted to this employment. They bore, as in our time, the name of *sisters*.* First they were widows; after a time virgins were preferred for this office. The primitive Church was guided in all this by a wonderful tact. With a science which was profound because it came from the heart, those good and simple men laid the foundations of the great, peculiarly Christian, work of charity. They had nothing to serve them as a model for such institutions. A vast ministry of beneficence and mutual aid, in which both sexes brought their different qualities and combined their efforts for the relief of human suffering,—this was the holy creation which issued from the labour of those two or three first years."—(Pp. 120-1.)

This heroic effort against selfishness could not continue without modifications:—

> "But the wants which it represents will last eternally. Life in common, in the second half of the middle age, having been subservient to the abuses of an intolerant Church, the monastery having become too often a feudal fief or the barracks of a dangerous and fanatical soldiery, the modern spirit has been very severe towards cenobitism. We have forgotten that it is in the common life that the soul of man has tasted most joy. The psalm, 'Behold, how good and joyful a thing it is, brethren, to dwell together in unity!' has ceased to be ours. But when modern individualism has borne its last fruits; when humanity, dwarfed, dismal, impuissant, shall return to great institutions and their strong discipline; when our paltry shopkeeping society,—I say rather, when our world of pigmies, shall have been driven out with scourges by the heroic and idealist portions of humanity,—then life in common will be prized again as much as ever. A number of great things, such as science, will organize themselves in a monastic form, with hereditary succession other than that of blood. The importance which our age attributes to the family will diminish. Selfishness, the essential law of civil society, will not content great souls. Meeting together from the most opposite points, all will unite in a league against vulgarity. Sense will again be seen in the words of Jesus and the ideas of the middle age on poverty. . . . . The splendid ideal traced by the author of the Acts shall be inscribed as a prophetic revelation over the entrance of the paradise of humanity—'All that believed were together, and had all things common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all men, as every man had need. And breaking bread with one accord, they did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart.'"—(Pp. 131-3.)

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* In the places to which M. Renan refers, "sister," like "brother," evidently means fellow-Christian.

When we have offered an unaffected tribute of admiration to this eloquence, just wondering a little, perhaps, that the author could have found it in his heart to speak depreciatingly before of those who realized so gloriously this eternal ideal, is it not a just cause of astonishment and complaint, that within fourteen pages we should comeupon such a cruel disenchantment as this that follows?—

> "It was a piece of extreme good fortune for nascent Christianity that its first attempts at association, essentially communistic, were so soon shattered. Attempts of this kind breed abuses so flagrant, that communistic establishments are condemned to fall to pieces in a very short time, or to disown quickly the principle which created them. Thanks to the persecution of the year 37, the cenobitic Church of Jerusalem was delivered from the trial of time."—(P. 147.)

Is it the panegyrist whom we have just been reading who speaks thus of the result of the creation founded with so much science?—

> "The common chest at Jerusalem was not sufficient to feed the poor. From all parts of the world, it was necessary to send help to save those noble mendicants from dying of hunger. Communism had created at Jerusalem an incurable pauperism and a complete incapacity for great enterprises. . . . Such was the improvidence in this poor starving Church of Jerusalem, that the smallest accident reduced the community to extremity. . . . The decadence of the Church of Jerusalem, in fact, was rapid. It is the peculiarity of institutions founded on communism to have a first brilliant moment—for communism implies always great exaltation,—but to degenerate quickly, communism being contrary to human nature. In an access of virtue, man thinks he can get rid of self-love and individual interest; self-love takes its revenge by proving that absolute disinterestedness breeds evils more serious than were thought to be avoided by the suppression of property."—(Pp. 239-42.)

How will the writer of these sentences save himself from the strokes of the heroic and idealistic scourge?

It is not worth while to inquire curiously what are the real opinions of a thinker on social questions who positively identifies "proud poverty" with "inbred mendicancy." Describing the Jewish population in foreign cities, M. Renan says that—

> "Touching examples were found there of concord, of charity, of mutual aid, of contentment, of industry (de goût pour le travail), of proud poverty. Mendicancy, which in a later time was a peculiarly Christian custom, was then characteristic of the Jews. The beggar by profession, 'formed by his mother,' presented himself to the mind of the poets of the day as a Jew."—(P. 293.)

Every one is ready to admit, with M. Renan, that a warm and beneficent friendliness continued to characterize the Christian community as it spread from Judea westwards, and that this quality proved a powerful recommendation of the doctrine of the Christian preachers. When we go on to ask, what was the special condition of the world in that age, our author gives us in reply several interesting answers, illustrated by various and original learning. It would be the part of a narrow and ignorant criticism to fasten eagerly upon appearances of inconsistency in these answers. The apparent contradictions may not be the fault of the writer, but may belong to the nature of the case. Speaking most generally, we should all find ourselves using some such language as this. The world was prepared, *both* by what was good and hopeful in it *and* by what was miserable or desperate in it, to receive Christianity. The penetrating inquirer may show strikingly how much there was of the good, and also how much there was of the evil. But we expect discrimination in a scientific historian, and we cannot help losing faith in him when he flatly contradicts himself.

The question whether the condition of the world in respect of happiness was on the whole a better or worse one, when compared with its condition in previous and subsequent ages, must be so difficult to answer, that a more cautious historian than M. Renan would probably abstain from giving an opinion upon it. M. Renan is ready, as usual, to pronounce a judgment, but he leaves us in some embarrassment. This is what he says first:—

> "*En somme*, notwithstanding the exactions of the governors and the violences inseparable from an absolute government, the world, in many respects, had never yet been so happy. . . . Never had the man who did not care to occupy himself with politics lived so much at his ease. . . . In those of the conquered countries in which political wants had not existed for ages, and where the people were only deprived of the right of tearing one another to pieces by continual wars, the empire was an era of prosperity and of well-being such as had never been known; we may even add without paradox, of liberty. . . . To be in easy circumstances was very general. Morals were not what we often imagine."

At Rome, it is true, cynicism and corruption prevailed; and some countries, such as Egypt, were utterly degraded:—

> "But in most of the provinces there was a middle class in which goodness, conjugal fidelity, the domestic virtues, honesty, were widely spread. Is there anywhere an ideal of family life, amongst the honest townsfolk of small towns, more charming than that which Plutarch has left us? What *bonhommie!* what gentle manners! what chaste and amiable simplicity! Chæronea was evidently not the only place in which life was so pure and so innocent."—(Pp. 312, 317.)

But when he has been describing some of the less favourable aspects of the world, M. Renan concludes:—"*En somme,* the middle of the first century is one of the worst epochs of ancient history."—(P. 343.) As to morality, he warns us not to take our opinions from satirists, and he warns us also against St. Paul's famous impeachment of the world in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. He treats this passage very oddly. In one place he compares it to the notions of "an honest working man of our own time, who, imbued by socialist declamations, represents to himself 'the aristocracy' under the blackest colours."—(P. 294.) In another place, calling it "a much too severe opinion," he says that St. Paul "did not know the high Roman society," and declaimed like a preacher.—(P. 309, *note.*) But what he himself tells us is this:—"The Roman aristocracy abandoned itself to the most unbridled Saturnalia of crime that the world remembers."—(P. 304.)

Greek life he again commends, as in the passage just quoted. "Greece," he says,—

> "Was satisfied with herself, proud of her history and of her brilliant mythology. . . . That was due to the eternal youth, the patriotism, the gaiety, which have always characterized the true Hellene, and which at the present day make the Greek almost a stranger to the profound anxieties by which we are preyed upon."—(P. 339.)

[The modern Greek, then, is of the genuine Hellenic stock!] But a few pages before our author had said,—

> "The ancient Greek life, a life of struggles, a completely outward life, now satisfied no one. It had been charming in its day; but that brilliant Olympus of a democracy of demigods, having lost its freshness, had become dry, cold, insignificant, empty, superficial, for want of goodness and solid honesty. This was what justified the Macedonian dominion, and afterwards the Roman administration."—(P. 310.)

The provincial life, in general, is most frequently denounced by M. Renan as "cold." In the heathen world "it was freezingly cold, as on a level, shelterless plain. Life, so *triste* in the bosom of Paganism, recovered its charm and its value in the warm atmospheres of the Synagogue and the Church."—(P. 293.)

The reader may have had enough of this contrasting of opposite statements, but I have given in this form specimens of the principal aspects under which the history of the time he is describing presents itself to M. Renan's mind. Perhaps the most novel account, not included in the above quotations, is that which he has given of the prevalence of *clubs* and confraternities under the Empire, and of their relations both to the Church and to the Imperial Government. We know that we have to make allowance for heightened colours in every sketch that our author draws. When he is speaking of clubs, clubs are everything. Clubs kept alive morality; the Empire perished through its ill-judged opposition to clubs; the future of modern society turns upon clubs. But he appears to show by good evidence—especially that of inscriptions, which he rightly appeals to throughout the volume as of high historical value—that the various associations called *ἔρανοι* and *θίασοι* in Greek, and *collegia,* or *cœtus,* or *soda-*

*licia* in Latin, were of more importance with reference to social and religious history than has been hitherto supposed. There were dining clubs, benefit clubs, burial clubs,—the last especially being in great vogue amongst the poorest classes,—and religious confraternities for practising special rites. "If there still remained in the Greek world a little love, piety, and religious morality, it was thanks to the liberty of these private religions."—(P. 353.) The Roman Emperors, Julius, Augustus, Claudius, Trajan, had a great fear of these associations, and sought to suppress or restrain them by rigorous laws. Christianity partook of the attractions, and shared the odium in the eyes of the authorities, of the burial-clubs. The conflict between State absolutism and the liberty of private association became a deadly one. The authors of the *Code Civil* have inherited from the Roman Empire a distrust of associations:—

> "Upon the future law concerning associations, it will depend whether modern society shall have the fate of ancient society or not. An example ought to suffice: the Roman Empire had linked its destiny to the law on the *cœtus illiciti*, the *illicita collegia*. The Christians and the Barbarians, accomplishing herein the work of the human conscience, broke the law to pieces; the Empire, which was attached to it, foundered with it."—(P. 364.)

To speak briefly, the explanation of the early growth of Christianity offered to us in this volume is as follows:—The world of that age was in a state of solution; old religions were dying out, national distinctions were melting away. The idea of a human kind was beginning to occupy the void left by the ancient devotion to a country, and at the same time human nature was craving some new bonds, closer and tenderer than that of being subjects together of imperial Rome. A religion of the poor, monotheistic, knowing nothing of distinctions of country or race, thinking only of drawing out human love and assuaging human misery, met the precise demand of the time, and satisfied all its humane instincts. Christianity was a great social movement of the people and for the people. In the eye of the modern philosopher the Christian religion is terribly encumbered by its clinging supernaturalism; but in the age of its rise this adjunct offended almost no one. Every one then believed in the supernatural; the decay of the pagan religions had rather stimulated than deadened the appetite for the marvellous. The dogmas and legends of the new religion were therefore no hindrance to the victorious career of its persuasive morality.

If we Christians cannot accept this explanation as satisfactory, in what form shall we most simply state our objection to it? We may reply, The supernaturalism for which you apologize, as the local or temporary garb in which the religion of humanity presented itself to a credulous age, we take to have been the living principle of the new faith. We bring no reproach against searching historical inquiries; we have as good reason as you have to study with interest all the facts which illustrate the preparation of the world for the Gospel. Still less are we jealous of any praise that may be given to the warm moral life of the earliest Christian society—except, indeed, when it is eulogized as radically anti-national, or as properly breeding a servile temper, or as impulsively producing social creations which could only end in disaster and ruin. But we believe that what told most powerfully in favour of the Christian preaching, winning for it attention at the beginning, and going on to sustain the faith and life of those who received it, was its claim to be *a Gospel from heaven.* This is what appears on the face of our documents. The idea of a Divine Gospel, it cannot be denied, runs through every recorded address, every extant letter, of the apostles of Christ. The most unsparing application of the critical pruning-knife to the New Testament literature does not make this idea less prominent. Take the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, and Galatians. It would be idle to ask whether the announcement of a Gospel is not the beginning and the end of St. Paul's profession. But what is it that he dreads and assails as trenching upon the evangelical principle? No scepticism as to the fact of Jesus being the Son of God exalted to the Father's right hand, but an intolerant Jewish resolve to fasten the observance of their law as Divine upon the Gentiles. All the apostles equally were witnesses of Jesus and the resurrection. They had no doubt whatever that the success of their preaching was due to the fact of their proclaiming a Saviour from heaven. There were men in the world, even in the first century, wise enough to think this announcement folly. But the apostles did not speculate upon what was enlightened and philosophical; they felt what was powerful to save. "After that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of their proclamation to save those who believed." You speak of what the world was hungering after; you tell us what conjunction of circumstances conspired to make its spiritual craving keen and general. But did mankind hunger for anything so much as for an assurance that the world was not the sport of chance or the creation of a self-evolving force, but that there was a God in heaven who cared for his human creatures, that righteousness and love were seated on the invisible throne? The Hellenic, the Ausonian, the Syrian divinities had fallen or were falling from the sky; were the poor people of that age likely to be as content as a modern Pantheist with an utterly vacant heaven? M. Renan himself tells us—it is one of the points of his history—that during the epoch of the Empire there was a scientific decline accompanying a moral progress. He finds an evidence of the decline in the fact that Marcus Aurelius, a man morally superior to all the old Greek philosophers, had notions as to the realities of the universe inferior to those of Aristotle and Epicurus; "for he believes at times in the gods as in limited and distinct persons, in dreams and presages." We contend, therefore, that, according to simple historical truth, it was the announcement of a self-manifesting God, of a God who made Himself known through limitations, that wrought most powerfully as a Gospel upon the conscience of the world.

In the early part of his book M. Renan partially recognises this fact. There, the Resurrection, or the belief in it, is "le dogme générateur du Christianisme." It is the dream of Mary of Magdala which has given consolation to humanity. She and her companions are the noble women who have created the faith of the world. M. Renan says with great truth,—

> "Jesus himself had but one dogma, his Divine Sonship and the Divinity of his mission. The whole creed of the primitive Church is contained in one line,—Jesus is the Messiah, the Son of God. This belief rested on a peremptory argument, the fact of the Resurrection, of which the disciples gave themselves out as witnesses."—(P. 91.)

But presently he forgets the power of these idealistic imaginations, that "charm" on which he has dilated with so much fervour. Why does he not attribute the success of a Barnabas and a Saul, in part at least, to this dear dream that the eternal God had actually spoken to men, that He was actually working amongst them, instead of delighting to represent the first believers as merely poor creatures who huddled together for warmth out of the cold of an ungenial world? Let him be sure Christians could never do without this dream. The belief in it may have been a proof of weakness, but it was their strength and life. So it has been down the ages. Genuine Christianity has not been a socialism based upon the infinite sweetness of loving, but the conviction that God has sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Present aspirations have evidently conspired with his historical studies to prompt our author's conclusions. His own ideal religion has been the lamp by which he has contemplated the Christianity which made its way in the first century. No one can believe in "religion" more devoutly than M. Renan, no one can place his hopes more entirely in the increase of religion. Religion and the progress of humanity are indissolubly associated in his mind. But he knows no object of the religious sentiment more personal or more fatherly than the good, the beautiful, and the true. "To love God," with him, is "to find truth, to create beauty, to do good." He apprehends that, if the force of our humanity were increased tenfold, "man would be absolutely religious, rapt into perpetual adoration, passing (roulant) from ecstasy into ecstasy,—born, living, and dying in a torrent of enjoyment (naissant, vivant, et mourant dans un torrent de volupté)."—(P. 385.) All forms and symbols of religion are destined to be rejected in their turn. In the present time he exhorts those who may share his views to conform in silence to the religious system in which they find themselves:—

> "The good Bishop Colenso has done a deed of honesty such as the Church has not seen from its beginning in writing down his doubts as soon as they occurred to him. But the humble Catholic priest, amongst a timid and narrow-minded population, ought to keep silence. Oh, in what discreet tombs, round village churches, are thus buried poetic reserves, angelic silences! . . . Let us enjoy the liberty of the children of God; but let us beware of becoming accomplices in that loss of virtue which would threaten our societies if Christianity were to grow feeble.—(Pp. lxii, lxiii.)

"Let us remain in our respective churches." Did M. Renan, when he wrote these exhortations, remember what he had said of a similar policy, as practised eighteen centuries ago? The maxim, "Sua cuique civitati religio est, nostra nobis," was one of the "fort jolis mots" with which enlightened unbelievers mocked the religions of their day. "They enunciated openly *the immoral system* that religious faiths are only good for the people, and *ought to be kept up for their benefit*. A very useless precaution! for the faith of the people was itself profoundly shaken."—(P. 341.) When "the immoral system" of keeping up an unreal profession of the Christian religion for the sake of its good moral influence is openly inculcated upon the priests of our Christian communities, it may lead us to ask ourselves whether it is either wise or generous to persecute the man who ingenuously exposes his doubts as the worst enemy of the faith.

To cultivate the religious sentiment by the help of a false rehearsing of creeds and an unmeaning enactment of ceremonies will be impossible, let us hope, to English Christians. We cannot adore simply because the sensation of adoring is a pleasant one. If we are to worship, we must know and believe in One who can rightly claim the homage of our hearts. Whether there exists such a Being or not is the question of questions for us. Either conviction, that He is or that He is not, will exercise an incalculable influence upon our other opinions. The knowledge of God claims to stand in some form at the beginning as well as at the end of our inquiries. How we come to believe in a Father in heaven, who can say? We cannot begin from miracles; we cannot begin from the letter of an infallible book. Any such method turns out to be arbitrary and unreal. It is most true, indeed, that the records of the life of Jesus have proved in countless instances their power to unveil God to the minds of men; but then the God who is unveiled justifies and sustains those records.

The true order, both logical and spiritual, is not, first miracles, then the Divinity of Jesus, then the existence of the heavenly Father; but, faith in a righteous Being first, then the incarnation and the resurrection of the Son of God, then the mighty works of Jesus and of the Spirit. If we cling fast to the confession of One above who cares for his human creatures, it will scarcely seem unnatural to us that He should send his Son into the world, or that He should raise Him from the dead. It will be incredible to us that Jesus and his disciples should have built up, by a mixture of delusion and imposture, the most stupendous fiction in human history. Starting from our trust in a true and loving Creator, we shall apply a spiritual *calculus* to the problems which concern us as spiritual creatures. We shall contemplate the Gospel as a whole, and estimate it by its relations to God and to man. We call the unbeliever to witness that it is at least a consoling dream, an inspiring idea. But we do not believe that the imagination of man is capable of creating better things than God has provided for those who love Him. We hold, with our forefathers in the kingdom of God, that the idea is a revelation, that the dream is the most solid of realities.

J. Llewelyn Davies.

# THE MYTHS OF PLATO.

"They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."
HEBREWS xi. 14.

"Truth is related to Faith as Being is related to Becoming."
PLATO.

## I.

It is an old saying that Plato combined the characteristics of Lycurgus and Pythagoras with those of Socrates. The lawgiver, the mystic, and the dialectician appear by turns in his writings; and according as the eye of the student is turned towards one of these several aspects, that for the time appears to be predominant. But even this triple form fails to include the whole range of his teaching. He was also, as Quintilian says, the rival of Homer in the grandeur of his style, and "inspired by the spirit of the Delphic oracle." He was at times, both in expression and in thought, a prophet.

So much has been done lately to bring out the dialectic and negative elements in the Platonic dialogues that it may not be without use to call attention to this positive and (so to speak) prophetic side of his work, which is now in some danger of being forgotten. Not only will the outline of his philosophic character be thus made more complete, but especially his view of the relations of philosophy and theology will appear in a striking light. For Plato more than any other ancient philosopher acknowledged alike the necessary limits of reason and the imperious instincts of faith, and when he could not absolutely reconcile both, at least gave to both a full and free expression. And so Platonism alone, and Platonism in virtue of this character, was able to stand for a time face to face with Christianity.

The myths of Plato, taken as a whole, offer the most complete and attractive summary of this prophetic positivism. For the present it is assumed that they constitute a whole. The review of their substance will, it is hoped, be a sufficient proof that the assumption is correct. At the same time it will shew that they are not, in essence, simply graceful embellishments of an argument, but venturous essays after truth, embodiments of definite instincts, sensible representations of universal human thoughts, confessions of weakness, it may be, but no less bold claims to an inherent communion with a divine and suprasensuous world. They are truly philosophic, because they answer to innate wants of man: they are truly poetic, because they are in thought creative.

Nothing indeed can be farther from Plato's view of what his myths are than the sense in which the word is now popularly understood. A myth in the common acceptation of the term is something unreal: but Plato claims that his myths are above all things true in spirit. Whatever question there might be about details of form, the central idea of the myth is affirmed absolutely, and in some cases the whole story is distinctly asserted to be historical.* He disclaims, in fact, the title myth in a disparaging sense for the stories to which we now apply it. They are, he says, real narratives (λόγοι) and not myths,† and where he does use the word, he still maintains the existence of a substantial basis of fact for such myths as admit of an historical test,‡ and attaches a supreme moral value to their spiritual teaching.§

But though the word myth is commonly misapplied, it is far too valuable in its technical sense to be abandoned to vague use. It is indeed most serviceable, as expressing what the Platonic myths are. A myth in its true technical sense is the instinctive popular representation of an idea. "A myth," it has been said, "springs up in the soul as a germ in the soil: meaning and form are one: the history *is* the truth." Thus a myth, properly so called, has points of contact with a symbol, an allegory, and a legend, and is distinguished from each. Like the symbol, it is the embodiment and representation of a thought. But the symbol is isolated, definite, and absolute. The symbol, and the truth which it figures, are contemplated apart. The one suggests the other. The myth on the other hand is continuous, historical, and relative. The truth is seen in the myth, and not separated from it. The representation is the actual apprehension of the reality. The myth and the allegory, again, have both a secondary sense. Both half hide and half reveal the truth which they clothe. But in the allegory the thought is grasped first and by itself, and is then arranged in a particular dress. In the myth, thought and form come into being together: the thought is the vital principle which shapes the form; the form is the sensible image which displays the thought. The allegory is the conscious work of an individual fashioning the image of a truth which he has seized. The myth is the unconscious growth of a common mind, which witnesses to the fundamental laws by which its development is ruled. The meaning of an allegory is prior to the construction of the story: the meaning of a myth is first capable of being separated from the expression in an age long after that in which it had its origin. The myth and the legend have more in common. Both spring up naturally. Both are the unconscious embodiments of popular feeling. Both are, as it seems, necessary accompaniments of primitive forms of society. The legend stands in the same relation to history and life as the myth to speculation and thought. The legend deals with a fact as outward, concrete, objective. The myth deals with an idea or the observation of a fact as inward, abstract, subjective. The tendency of the legend is to go ever farther from the simple circumstances from which it took its rise. The tendency of the myth is to express more and more clearly the idea which it foreshews. Yet in many cases it seems almost impossible to draw a distinct line between the myth and the legend. The stories of St. Christopher, of St. Bonaventura and his speaking Crucifix, of Whittington and his Cat, and generally those which may be called *interpretative* myths, will be called myths or legends according as the thought or the fact in them is supposed to predominate.

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* See Timæus, 20 D; 21 A, D; 26 C. And so Critias invokes *Memory* to help him in relating the whole story, p. 108 D.

† Gorgias, 523 A. Compare pp. 527 A; 526 D. Meno, 81 D, E.

‡ Politicus, 268 E; 269 A, B.

§ De Republica, x. 621 B, C.

The Platonic myths,* while they are varied in character, and present points of similarity with the legend and the allegory, yet truly claim for the most part to be regarded as essentially genuine myths. If they are individual and not popular, they are still the individual expression of a universal instinct. Plato speaks not as Plato but as man. If at times they are conscious, yet more frequently they are taken from earlier and traditional sources. And in that which is especially characteristic of the myth, the relation between the lesson and the form, the idea is not prior to and distinct from the representation, but coincident with it. The Platonic myth is, in short, a possible material representation of a speculative doctrine, which is affirmed by instinct, but not capable of being established by a scientific process. The myth is itself the doctrine so far as it is at present capable of apprehension by men.

There are, however, some Platonic stories commonly included among the myths, of which this description will not hold true. Though Plato stands alone in the adoption of the myth as the natural expression of a common human instinct, others before him had made use of allegory as a graceful and agreeable vehicle of popular instruction. Every one will recall the exquisite story of the choice of Hercules, in which Prodicus painted for all ages the rival charms of Virtue and Pleasure, as they meet man when he enters on the journey of life; and the myth in the "Protagoras" indicates that this form of illustration was also employed by the Sophists in the discussion of political subjects. It was natural, then, that in this as in many other points of form, Plato should avail himself of the example of his predecessors. We may even say, without exaggeration, that the labours of the Sophists made a Socrates and therefore a Plato possible; and it is probably more than a mere fancy which traces the artificial elegance of the Sophistic style in the earlier Platonic dialogues. One example of allegory modelled on this earlier type—the Birth of Love—will serve as an instructive contrast, in spirit and conception and application, to the genuine myths which follow. Fruitful and expressive as we feel the story to be, yet it is evident that the whole conception precedes the imagery in which it is clothed, and transcends it, and gains nothing from it but a momentary distinctness.

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* I regret that I have been unable to see Deuschle's essay, "Ueber die Platonischen Mythen," which, from Zeller's brief references ("Die Philosophie der Griechen," ii., 363, *anm.*), appears to be full of interest.

The narrative is given by the "sage Diotima" in answer to Socrates, who had spoken of Love as a glorious god. She said,*—

> "He is no god, Socrates, but a spirit (Δαίμων), a great spirit, one of those beings who occupy a middle place between gods and men; for God himself can hold no intercourse with man, and all the fellowship which exists between heaven and earth is realized through this intermediate order, which bridges over the chasm between them. These spirits, then, are many and manifold, and Love is one of them. It is a long tale to give the history of his parentage, but I will tell it you. At the birth of Aphrodite the gods held a feast, and among them was Resource, the son of Counsel. So after the banquet began, Poverty, knowing of the good cheer, came there to beg, and lingered about the doors. As the day crept on, Resource, having drunk freely of the nectar—for wine, the drink of men, was not yet discovered—went into the garden of Zeus and sank overpowered to sleep. Poverty, when she saw it, thinking on her own resourcelessness, sought his company, and according to her desire, bore him, in due time, a son, who was called Love. And so it is that Love is the attendant and squire of Aphrodite, because it was on her birthday that Poverty first met Resource, and he is also naturally an enthusiast for the beautiful. Love, then, as being the child of Poverty and Resource, has a strange fate. He is always poor; and so far from being delicate and fair, as most people suppose, is rough and squalid, unsandaled and homeless, sleeping upon the bare earth beneath the open sky, and, according to his mother's nature, is always mated with want. But on the other hand, as he takes after his father, he

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* Symposium, 203 A, *et seq.* It must be remarked, once for all, that the renderings of the myths are not close translations. Condensation and paraphrase have been freely used when either seemed desirable for the sake of space or clearness.

> aims at the beautiful and the good, and is brave, vigorous, and energetic, clever in the pursuit of his object, skilful in invention, passionately fond of knowledge, and fertile in resource, unceasingly devoted to the search after wisdom, and withal an inveterate trickster, charlatan, and sophist. Moreover, his being is neither truly immortal nor mortal; but in a single day he enjoys the full vigour of life, and dies, and is raised to life again through the essence of his father's nature. The resources which he gathers melt away, and so he is neither resourceless nor wealthy. He stands midway between wisdom and ignorance. He is not like the gods, who do not seek wisdom because they *are* wise. He is not like the ignorant, who do not seek wisdom because they *are* ignorant. Love desires wisdom, which is the noblest beauty, and strives to gain it, because he knows what it is and that he needs it. This is the prerogative of his birth."

Somewhat similar in nature is the story told by Aristophanes of the origin of passion and the original complete form of man, if it be not rather a dim reflection of an Eastern belief;* and the myth in the "Protagoras" has many allegoric traits, though in its present form it contains so much that is a prophetic interpretation of the laws of life that it may be rightly considered as a true myth.

But there is yet another story, which Plato himself calls a myth—a fable—a mere poetic fiction,—which claims notice as answering to the interpretative myths of popular tradition. It is a deliberate endeavour to invent a semi-historical explanation of difficulties which may practically remove them; and the apology which is made for the pious fraud shews with what earnestness of faith Plato must have held to the truth of his genuine myths, for which he sets up the claim of substantial reality. Socrates has sketched the principles on which the education of the different classes in his ideal commonwealth must be conducted. It remains to find a bond of unity between men whom he has thus widely separated in work and dignity. With doubt and hesitation,† and a great show of unwillingness, he proposes his scheme.‡ "We must have recourse," he says, "to a splendid falsehood to win the State to our views. It has the authority of poets in its favour, though now there will be need of great power to convince men of its truth." And then, in answer to the encouragement of his friends, he continues,—

> "I tell you my plan; and yet I know not how I shall arm myself for the task, or what words I shall use in explaining it. I shall, then, endeavour to persuade our rulers and warriors, and afterwards our whole State, that in real fact the training and education which we gave them was a mere dream, that all they suffered and all that was done to them was mere fancy, while they were in fact at that very time being moulded and trained beneath the earth, where also all their equipment and their arms were fabricated, and that, when they were perfectly fashioned, then the earth, their mother, sent them

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* Symposium, 189 D, *et seq.*

† Compare De Republica, ii. 377 B; 382 C, D.

‡ *Ibid.*, iii. 414 D, *et seq.*

to the light above, and that they must now take thought for the country in which they are, and defend it against every foe, as believing that it is their mother and nurse, and also regard all their fellow-citizens as brethren, being, like themselves, children of the earth. 'For all ye who are in the State,' we will say to them, following out our fiction, 'are brethren; but God, when He moulded you, at the time of your birth, mixed gold in the substance of all of you who were fit to rule, and therefore they are the most honoured. He infused silver in the military caste, iron and bronze in the husbandmen and craftsmen generally. The offspring of these several classes will, as a general rule, preserve the character of their parents. But if the signs of gold or silver appear in the children of the bronze or iron castes, they must then be raised to their due place. And if bronze or iron appear where we look for gold, that too must be reduced to its proper rank.'"

He concludes,—

"We shall not persuade the first generation that this is so, but it may be that in time their descendants will believe our tale. And the belief would contribute greatly to their devotion to the good of the State and to the good of one another."

Elsewhere, as we shall see, Plato has a deeper theory of the origin of the external differences between men. Here those points which are the true mythical elements of the story,—the common origin of mankind, the divinely appointed diversities of human capacity, the general laws of the propagation of character—are very slightly dwelt upon from their spiritual side: or rather they are contemplated as facts first, already assumed in the constitution of the State, and simply combined in one striking picture. Another difference between this story and the legitimate myth will appear in the course of the exposition. The latter, as it will be seen, belongs properly to views of the Universe or of the Individual. The instinctive power of which it is the expression strives necessarily towards unity—the unity of the single being, or the unity of the sum of being. The Manifold is a stage of preparation or transition, and not a limit of repose.

Thus there are two great problems with which the Platonic myths deal, the origin and destiny of the Cosmos, and the origin and destiny of man. Both problems obviously transcend all experience and all logical processes of reason. But no less both are ever present to the student of life, though he may neglect them in the investigation of details, or deliberately set them aside as hopelessly insoluble. Plato can acquiesce in neither course, and therefore he follows his poetic instinct in interpreting and combining the phenomena which force themselves upon his notice and the notice of all men. He sees more clearly, but with the same power of vision as others: he speaks more articulately, but with the same voice. He looks upon the world as others look upon it; but the truth which is for them a blurred and dim picture is borne in upon his soul in grand and solemn scenes: and each scene is transcribed in a myth.

## II.

It is difficult not to begin an examination of the myths with the well-known portraiture which Plato has drawn of the fortunes of a human soul. But his views will be more truly apprehended in their whole bearing if we begin with the most general aspect of the Cosmos, and pass from that to the Individual. The Individual, according to him, exists only as a part of the Cosmos; it is by reference to that alone that he is seen in his full and just proportions.

Here we are met by three questions which can never grow old, and never be so answered as to leave nothing for future ages to ponder over in anxious and mysterious doubt. What was the origin of the Cosmos, and the relation of man to it? What are the general laws by which the course of the Cosmos is regulated? What are the special laws which affect that part of it with which man is most closely connected? Plato answers each question by a myth, and, as it seems, his words have yet a meaning which we have not outlived. His meaning has been often obscured by the ingenuity of later sophists, who sought to extract by the understanding what must be felt by the heart; but it is none the less still intelligible to the same common instinct of humanity of which it is the utterance.

The origin of the Cosmos came about in this way,*—

> "All existences are divisible into two classes. Of these, the one consists of that which *is* always, and has no source, and is comprehensible only by reason; the other, of that which is always *becoming* but never really *is*, and is cognizable by sensation, and must necessarily be dependent on some cause. To this latter class the Cosmos belongs, for it is perceptible by the senses of vision and touch, and it therefore must have had a Maker and Father,† whom it is a hard matter to discover, and when one has discovered Him it is impossible to declare Him to all. He,‡ however, was good, and a good Being is incapable of envy in any case; and therefore He wished everything to become as far as possible similar to Himself. And this wish was the cause of the origin of the Cosmos. For when God found the sum of visible existences in discordant and disorderly movement, He brought the chaos from disorder to order. And as His work was made after an eternal and supra-sensuous pattern § it was perfect of its kind, essentially one and only-begotten (μονογενής),|| including in itself every absolute form of life, and at the same time endowed with a rational and vital soul. And when the Father who gave it birth saw it possessed of motion and life He rejoiced and was glad,¶ and to make the visible Cosmos more like to the invisible and intelligible pattern, He called into being Time, as a moving image of Eternity, and the bright Gods of heaven, and to them He gave the charge of peopling the world with the other orders of animal life.** 'O Gods of Gods,' he said, 'Lords of the works (the stars) of which I am Framer and Father, which as they have come into being through Me are indissoluble if so I will. Everything which is compound is dissoluble, yet an evil being only would wish to dissolve that which is fairly fitted together and fulfils

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* Timæus, 27 D. † *Ibid.*, 28 C. ‡ *Ibid.*, 29 E. § *Ibid.*, 29 A.
|| *Ibid.*, 31 B; 30 B. ¶ *Ibid.*, 37 C. ** *Ibid.*, 41 A.

its functions well. You therefore, since you have come into being, are not absolutely immortal or indissoluble, but yet you will not be dissolved or suffer death, for my will is a greater and surer bond of your natures than those bonds by which you were first compacted. Hear then my will. Three classes of mortal creatures are still unformed. Till these are formed the Cosmos will be incomplete. If I make them, they will be like Gods. Do you therefore, as far as in you lies, imitate my action. The immortal element, as far as such creatures may receive it, I will supply. For the rest, do you form them by adding a mortal element to an immortal, and bring them to their full maturity, and when they die again receive them to yourselves.' When he had thus spoken, He poured into the bowl in which He mixed the soul of the universe, what was left of the elements which He used before; but they were not now pure as at first. From this compound He formed souls equal in number to the stars, to which he attached each one severally, and shewed them the laws of their future destiny. At their first embodiment each, He said,* would be born a man, the most pious of creatures, and in life would have to master the temptations of sense and passion. If he succeeded in doing this for the appointed term he would pass to a home in his kindred star, and live a congenial and happy life. If he failed of this, at his second birth he would be born a woman. If in this life also he lived badly, then he would in his next embodiment assume some animal shape answering to his character, and gain no respite from suffering till at length his reason should be brought into harmony with the eternal reason, and overcome the manifold accretions by which its action was hindered. Thereupon the Supreme Father reposed in His eternal rest, and His children fashioned the body of man, imitating, as best they could, the laws which their Father had followed in shaping the Cosmos. And to supply the necessary waste of man's frame, they composed another order of creatures—plants and trees.† And thus the Cosmos was fully furnished, for beasts, and birds, and reptiles, and aquatic animals, were produced by the transformations of men." ‡

Even in this brief summary some details are introduced which are rather logical than mythical, and in the "Timæus" itself the mythical basis is overlaid with elaborate speculations which are wholly foreign to the spirit of a myth. But the grand outlines of the conception, the origin of the Cosmos from the infinite goodness of a heavenly Father, its inherent unity and common life, the complexity of man's nature, his divine soul implanted in him by God himself, his possible affinity with lower beings, form a noble answer to importunate questionings of the heart. The answer goes beyond and yet falls short of the diviner lessons in which we rest, but it is no less a precious witness to what man seeks to know and what he craves to believe.

So the Cosmos came into being and was peopled. And from the date of its origin it has been subject to laws of cyclic change:§—

"Faint traces of the crises through which it has passed are preserved in popular traditions, as when we read of the age of Kronos, and that the course of the sun was reversed in the days of Atreus, and that men were once born from the earth. But these ancient legends are scanty and isolated memorials of a great and marvellous truth, which is this. The course of the universe is not always the same. At one time God Himself assists in directing it in its revolution, and again, when the measure of the time is full, He leaves it to itself; whereupon, by its spontaneous power, it revolves in the opposite direction, since it was endowed with life and reason by its first Framer. The necessity for this change happens thus:—To remain absolutely undisturbed and unchanged is the prerogative only of the divinest existences; and glorious as are the attributes of the Cosmos, still it has a body. It must therefore be liable to change; but this change is the least which could be, as it revolves about one axis with the least possible deviation. But again, it cannot always move itself, for that belongs to One only; nor can a god (nor yet two gods) move it in two contrary ways—as tradition shews it does move. We are forced, then, to suppose that at one time it is guided by a Divine power, during which period it acquires fresh stores of life, and then again that it is left to its own action under such conditions that it revolves backwards for many myriads of revolutions, because its weight is balanced most nicely upon the delicate point on which it revolves. The crises of transition are the greatest through which the Cosmos can pass, and few living beings survive them.* Those who do, suffer a marvellous change. The progress from youth to age is checked, and life flows backward; grey hairs grow black, the bearded chin grows smooth, the boy passes into the infant, the infant fades away and vanishes, and then the order begins afresh, for the dead rise up again from the earth in full maturity to trace a backward life,—all at least whom God has not transferred to another fate. At such a period Kronos is said to reign over men, who find, without care, or pain, or social effort, all they need; and under him are other spirits, who provide for all the wants of lower animals. Thus the opportunities of men at these times are boundless.† They have leisure and capacity for intercourse with every creature. But they may miss their highest blessings, and fall short even of our fortune, amidst the rich luxuriance of their material happiness. However this may be, the appointed end comes. The Pilot of the universe lets go, so to speak, the tiller of his vessel, and retires to his watch-tower; and with him follow the gods who had shared his dominion. Fate and inborn Desire succeed to his place, and, with an awful crash and ruin, the Cosmos revolves in the opposite direction. By degrees order is restored, as it recalls the lessons of its Framer and Father; but these lessons are again forgotten, and when all is on the verge of destruction, God sees the distress of the universe, and, placing Himself at the rudder, restores it to order and endues it with a fresh immortality. But if we fix our attention on the course of the world when left, as at present, to direct, with absolute power, its own course, we shall see results in all respects the exact converse of those in the reign of Cosmos. When the change from its former motion first took place, the downward progress of life was at once checked in those who survived the crisis. The infant, then ready to vanish, grew towards maturity. The greybeard, who had just risen from the ground, sank again into the grave. Men were born of men, and not from a common mother, Earth. All creatures, alike deprived of special Divine rule, gave full play to their natural instincts. Then was a time of dire distress and peril, till, with the needful training, men received from the gods the gifts of fire and arts and seeds, by the help of which they fashioned their lives, following in their independent action the condition of the whole Cosmos."

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* Timæus, 41 D.

† *Ibid.*, 77 A.

‡ *Ibid.*, 91 D.

§ Politicus, 268 E, *et seq.*

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* Politicus, 270 C, *et seq.*

† *Ibid.*, 272 C, *et seq.*

This remarkable myth, which finds no parallel to its central conception in the Platonic writings, appears to derive its form simply from the popular traditions of "earth-born" races, and changes in the courses of the heavenly bodies.* So far it is simply an interpretative myth. But its proper mythical meaning lies deeper. In this respect it is an attempt to work out the moral consequences of a paradisiacal life as contrasted with our present life. A universal instinct has led men to imagine a golden age of peace and wealth and happiness, before the stern age of struggle and freedom in which they now live. Plato draws out the picture at length. We might be tempted to think that he has a vision of Eden before him when he describes the intercourse of man and animals, the maturity of each new-formed being, the rural ease of a life which is a gradual disrobing of the spirit from its earthly dress. But even so he shews that the perfect order of a Divine government, and boundless plenty, may leave man's highest nature undisciplined. It may be that when God has left the world to the action of a free will, not as forgetting or neglecting, but only ceasing to control it, man, by remembering the precepts of the Great Father which he bears within him, and battling with opposing powers, may yet live a noble and a godlike life, even if year by year he gathers round him the material chains of earth. His highest strength lies in the right exercise of the freedom of his will, and not in the circumstances of his condition.

In another dialogue, Plato has traced out somewhat more fully the progress of our present human society, which is very rapidly sketched in the "Politicus." The myth is attributed to Protagoras, and there is very much in the elaborate elegance of its form which seems to have been derived from him †:—

> "There was a time when the gods only existed; but when the appointed time came that mortal creatures should come into being, the gods moulded them within the earth, compounding them of earth and fire, and when they were about to bring them to the light, they bade Forethought (Prometheus) and Afterthought (Epimetheus) array them severally with suitable powers. Afterthought begged Forethought to allow him to make the distribution alone: 'When I have made it,' he said, 'do you come to see.' And so his wish was granted; and he proceeded with his task, providing for the safety, the comfort, and the support of the different tribes. Some he protected by size, others by speed, others by weapons of offence. One kind he clothed in fur, another he covered with thick hides. And he appointed to each their proper food. But when his store of endowments was exhausted, he found to his dismay that man was left unarrayed, naked and unarmed, and the fated day was already close at hand on which man must enter on the upper world. Forethought, when he saw the fatal error, found but one way to remedy it. He stole the craftsman's skill of Hephæstus and Athene, and fire with it—without which art is valueless,—and gave this to man. Thus

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* The well-known passage in Herod., ii. 142, is a remarkable example of these strange traditions.

† Protagoras, 320 C, *et seq.*

> man was furnished with all he needed for his separate life; but he had not yet the wisdom by which society is formed. This wisdom was kept in the citadel of Zeus, and into that awful sanctuary Forethought could not enter. As time went on, the power and weakness of man were seen.* He established ordinances of worship; he defined language; he invented clothing, and procured food for himself. But he lived in isolation, and he was unfit for social union. Thus, if men were scattered, they were in danger of perishing from wild beasts. If they tried to combine, they were scattered again by mutual violence. Thereupon Zeus, fearing for the safety of our race, sent Hermes with self-respect (αἰδώς) and justice, that their presence among men might establish order and knit together the bonds of friendship in society. 'Must I distribute them,' said Hermes, 'as the various arts have been distributed aforetime, only to certain individuals, or must I dispense them to all?' 'To all,' said Zeus; 'and let all partake of them. For states could not be formed if they, like the arts, were confined to a few. Nay more, if any one is incapable of self-respect and justice, let him be put to death, such is my will, as a plague to the state.'"

So it is, according to the myth, that states are framed. The essential bond by which they are held together is that which is common to all, while their efficiency depends upon the diversity of gifts with which their members are endowed. But the contemplation of any special state blinds us to the enormous scale on which the life of man is exhibited in the world. And so it was that the priest of Sais said to Solon,†—

> "You Greeks are always children. I never saw an aged Greek. You are young in soul—lost in the contemplation of your little fragments of history, over which your own records reach: you cherish no ancient belief, borne down by primeval tradition: you preserve no lesson gray with the growth of time. Your fable of Phaëthon—for at first sight it seems a fable—is but a dim recollection of one of the periodic catastrophes by fire to which the earth is subject. Your history of Deucalion is but the story of one cataclysm out of many by which nations have been and will be submerged. Thus it happens that the memory of the untold ages of the past is lost, through these crises of secular ruin by fire and water, which few survive, unless, as with us in Egypt, the character of the country averts from some favoured spot the general desolation."

With this prelude Plato opens his discussion on the Universe, on which we have already touched. It is as if he wished to extend his view as widely in time as in space. The outline is bold and clear, and there is something strangely grand in this conception of æons of human life, bounded by the result of the accumulated action of natural causes, whose tendency we can trace even in the little period of our own existence. Moreover, just at present the theory is of universal interest, because recent speculations lend some support to the belief in secular physical catastrophes on which it rests. But Plato uses the myth to illustrate a moral truth. Revolutions of the earth recur, and history also tends to repeat itself. The day before the dialogue of the "Timæus" was supposed to be held, Socrates had developed his view of a perfect state. Having done this, he feels, as he says, like one who has seen animals only in painting or at rest; he wishes now to see them in vigorous action. For this pleasure he looks to the young statesmen, Timæus and Critias and Hermocrates, who have invited him to be their guest. Nor in vain: Critias tells the story of what had befallen Solon in Egypt, and Socrates hears, in what professes to be an authentic record, the achievements of a primitive Athenian state, constituted like his own. "Your Greek traditions," so the priest continues, in his address to Solon,* "are little better than children's tales; and—

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* Protagoras, p. 322 A.

† Timæus, 22 B.

> "You do not know that the noblest and bravest race upon the face of the earth once lived in your land. Yes, Solon, before the last great flood, that which is now Athens was the best and the best governed of all states. Its exploits were the most glorious, and its institutions the noblest, of all whose fame has reached us. What I speak of happened nine thousand years ago, and I will now simply indicate briefly the laws of the commonwealth and the greatest of its triumphs. We will afterwards examine at our leisure, with the help of the original documents, the exact details of its history. For its laws, then, you will find many parallels here in Egypt, as in the division of castes (priests and craftsmen and warriors), and in the style of arming, and in the provisions for learning. All these ordinances your patroness Athene (who is the same as our Neith) gave you, and she chose the spot in which your forefathers dwelt, being herself devoted to war and wisdom, because she saw that it was likely to bear men most closely resembling her own character. Many, therefore, and great are the marvellous deeds of your city which are recorded, but one deed surpasses all for grandeur and courage. For our records tell of the mighty power from the Atlantic which it checked in its proud advance against all Europe and Asia. For at that time the Ocean was accessible. In front of the Pillars of Hercules, as you call them, lay an island larger than Libya and Asia, from which you might reach the other islands, and from these the mainland opposite, which extended along the real Ocean. In this island, Atlantis (so it was named), a great and wondrous league of kings arose, who conquered the whole country, and many other islands and parts of the mainland, and besides this they held dominion over Libya as far as the borders of Egypt, and over Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. So then, having combined all their forces together, they essayed to enslave by one bold assault your country and ours, and all the district of the Mediterranean. Whereupon your state, Solon, proved gloriously conspicuous for valour and might; for first at the head of the Greeks, and then alone and deserted, as all else abandoned her, pre-eminent in courage and martial arts, she was brought to the extremity of peril, but at last triumphed over the invaders, and saved for ever all who had not yet been enslaved from the fear of slavery, and generously restored their freedom to all others within the Pillars of Hercules. But at a later time, after unnatural earthquakes and floods, a wild day and night followed, and all your warrior race was swallowed up by the earth, and the island Atlantis sank beneath the sea. And so it is that the sea there is impassable,

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* Timæus, 23 B.

because all progress is hindered by the shallow banks of mud which were caused by the sinking of the island."*

The further development of this myth of epic magnificence is reserved for the "Critias," of which only a fragment, as it seems, was ever written, but that a fragment of unrivalled richness. The description of the wealth of Atlantis is almost Oriental in the profusion of detail, and almost prophetic in its anticipations of the triumph of modern commerce and art. Every production of the earth was gathered to the marts of the favoured people of Poseidon.† Their docks were built of marble; their buildings were varied in fanciful polychrome; their palaces were of stupendous size and beauty; their walls were plated with metal; their harbours were crowded with vessels from every quarter of the world, and filled day and night with the voice of merchants and the manifold din of ceaseless traffic. For a time they bore meekly, as it had been a burden, the large measure of their wealth. But at last the Divine element within them was overpowered by human passion. Unjust aggrandizement and power seemed the greatest blessings, and they were blind to their own shame; whereupon Zeus devised their chastisement, and called the gods together to hear his purpose. . . . And so the poem ends; for in the "Critias" the myth has grown into a poem. The conception of secular cataclysms is lost in the episode of Athenian greatness, or the symbolic struggle of martial wisdom against material power. The teaching of instinct is replaced by the creations of fancy. Yet even so the last picture in the noble series is one on which the Platonist, and not he only, could look with devout thankfulness. For it taught him that He who made the universe into a living whole, and rejoiced when He looked upon it,—He who with wise alternations of control and freedom directs the cyclic periods of its common course,—He who by the action of general laws renews the face of the earth on which we live,—looks also to separate nations, and ordains judgment for their excesses, "that they may learn uprightness by correction."‡

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

(*To be continued.*)

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* The existence of Atlantis has been a favourite subject of discussion with modern geologists. Dr. Unger, of Vienna, has published a remarkable lecture upon the subject (translated in the *Journal of Botany*, 1865, pp. 12, *et. seq.*), in which he shews, from the consideration of the Floras, that "in the Tertiary period Europe must have been connected with North America;" and again, that at a later period this "Atlantis assumed the form of an island separate from both continents."

Plato expressly distinguishes the island from the mainland beyond it. His shallow, muddy sea is an evident allusion to the great sargassum-bed, of which Aristotle has an interesting notice (De Mirab. Aud., § 136).

† Critias, 113 B, *et seq.*

‡ *Ibid.*, 121 B.

# "KHOND" MACPHERSON.

*Memorials of Service in India; from the Correspondence of the late Major Samuel Charteris Macpherson, C.B., Political Agent at Gwalior during the Mutiny, and formerly employed in the suppression of human sacrifices in Orissa.* Edited by his Brother, WILLIAM MACPHERSON. London: John Murray. 1865.

IT is an old saying now, that India is the great school in which England trains her captains: and not a few of her pupils have done credit to their early instruction there; they have graduated with honours on the battle-fields of Europe. One Arthur Wellesley, for example, was no discredit to her. Our Anglo-Indians may be excused for being somewhat proud of the fact that the metal of which the "Iron Duke" was made was forged and stamped in India; that the great military qualities, which shone forth with so brilliant lustre at Waterloo, were formed and fostered at Assaye and Belgaum. And the Duke was but one of many Peninsular heroes who had first been Indian heroes. So it was with many of our leaders in the Crimea. Forty years of almost unbroken peace had left few remaining of those who had known European warfare; and but for experience gained in the East, our generals must have been either veterans long past their prime, or else men destitute of practical acquaintance with the art of war. But, fortunately, our armies contained a middle class betwixt these two, uniting the advantages of each with freedom from the disadvantages of either; men to whom campaigns and battles and sieges were familiar; men whose powers had been ripened, but not exhausted, in the wars of the Indus, the Sutlej, and the Brahmaputra. And when these Crimean warriors, with Campbell at their head, rushed to the aid of India in her hour of need, many of them were but paying to her a tribute of gratitude for the training which they had received at her hands, consecrating to her service the faculties which, but for her, might have lain dormant until they could never have been roused into life.

That India, having been in a state of chronic warfare for a hundred years, should have developed a vast amount of merely military qualities, is only natural, and in no wise surprising. Far more remarkable it is that she has trained a large number of her soldiers to be not soldiers merely, but skilful diplomatists, large-viewed statesmen, civilizers, and rulers of men. The Munros, the Malcolms, the Broadfoots, the Sleemans, the Lawrences, the Outrams—to mention neither those who lived long before our days, nor those who are alive now,—had they belonged to any other army in the world, would probably have spent three-fourths of their lives lounging in billiard-rooms, leading a Major Pendennis sort of existence, rejoicing in the recognition of this man of title and that lady of fashion, and wailing over the dog-ward progress of "the service." But in the Indian army these men, and many more like them, when their swords were in the scabbard, were negotiating treaties, virtually, and sometimes formally, ruling empires, civilizing barbarians, converting wildernesses into fertile fields, and doing brave battle with thousands of evils which had been developed and conserved by millenniums of heathenism and misrule.

One of this class, and occupying no mean place in it, was Major Samuel Charteris Macpherson—better known among Anglo-Indians by the honourable *sobriquet* of *Khond* Macpherson,—of whose services a brief but most interesting notice is given in a volume just published. Of this man and his life-work we purpose now to give a short sketch; and we may be permitted to say at the outset, that, however our qualifications for doing so adequately may be neutralized by sundry defects, we do in fact occupy a somewhat advantageous position for estimating him and it. His work was not done in a corner, but was one in which all intelligent sojourners in India took a deep interest, and with respect to which, in regard to the share of credit due to the several actors in it, there was a keen discussion. We watched over the work while it was in progress; we happened to visit the neighbourhood of the scene of operations while the discussion was going on; we heard the views expressed regarding it by Macpherson's friends, and by those who, while they would sincerely and honestly have disclaimed the imputation of being his enemies, were confessedly greater friends of one who thought himself injured by the verdict of the community which attached to Macpherson's name the *sobriquet* to which we have referred. Moreover, we had sufficient personal acquaintance with Major Macpherson to enable us to judge of his faculties and character, while we had not that intimate friendship with him which might have warped our judgment with partiality. How far these advantages may be counterbalanced by defects, it is not for us to say. The reader may be able to judge, if he will favour us with a patient and candid perusal.

Major Macpherson was a native of Aberdeen, being the second son of the Greek professor in King's College, where he was born exactly sixty years ago. After studying some years in his father's college, he came for a session or two to Edinburgh, and enjoyed what proved to him, as it did to multitudes of others, the inestimable advantage of coming into contact with the grand mind and heart of Professor Wilson, in so far as these were embodied in those wonderful lectures of his, whose characteristic was not to instruct but to kindle, and the hearing of which was a turning-point in the history of many a mind. Next he went to Cambridge, and spent two years as a student of Trinity; and then returned to Edinburgh to prepare himself for the Scottish Bar. Here, however, he read too hard, and so injured his eyesight that he was compelled to relinquish his legal studies. In this emergency his father's influence procured for him a cadetship in the Hon. East India Company's military service, and he sailed for Madras in 1827. With all a Scotchman's respect for the "Parliament House," we cannot regret what some would call the accident, but what we would rather call the providence, which deprived our Bar of one who would certainly have taken an honourable place in the profession, and who might, in all probability, have attained a seat on the Bench. To our thinking, it was a still nobler destiny to be "Khond" Macpherson. But while we cannot bring ourselves to regret that Macpherson's legal studies were so abruptly terminated, we cannot but rejoice that they were entered upon. We doubt not that he himself and his friends lamented that the training of three Universities should have been thrown away upon a Madras cadet; but we are confident that not a particle of it was wasted, but that the "Providence that shapes our ends" directed it all as a preparation for the destiny which was in store for him, and the work which was long after to be assigned him.

It must be admitted, however, that his intellectual training was not favourable, in the first instance, to his enjoyment of the monotonous routine of soldier-life, and that his novitiate in the army was more distasteful to him than it is to many. The talk of the mess-table grated upon ears accustomed to the conversation of the best class of Edinburgh and Cambridge students. But even here there was a counterpoise. In Edinburgh he had not only listened with enthusiasm to the soul-stirring declamations of Professor Wilson, but with patience also, and a certain measure of interest, to the prelections of Professor Jamieson. He had formed a taste for the study of natural science, and geological and botanical exploration was an excellent refuge from the tedium of his first years in India. He had the better means of prosecuting these studies, that his health was so much affected in the process of acclimatization that he spent a considerable portion of his time as an invalid on the Nilgheri hills and elsewhere. But though not well enough for military duty, he could enjoy and be benefited by the out-door pursuits of the naturalist. He was soon transferred from regimental duty to a position in which his acquirements in science could be turned to practical account. Having got his lieutenancy in 1831, he was almost immediately appointed to the Survey Department, and was for several years employed in conducting operations in connection with that great undertaking, the Revenue Survey, as it is called, of India. The members of this service, we can testify, almost invariably stand high in the estimation of the people amongst whom their operations are carried on. Although the people do not understand anything of the nature of the work in which they are engaged, yet they have an idea that in some mysterious way the object of that work is to make it impossible that they shall be required to pay rent for more land than they possess. Then a great part of the work must necessarily be done by the Europeans themselves, and so their native staff are under a more direct supervision than are those of almost any other officials who have occasion to be engaged in a district; and consequently, the exactions of their underlings from the people are fewer, and more certainly redressed. For these and other reasons the officers of the Survey Department generally come to take a livelier interest in the people, and gain a stronger hold upon their good feelings, than those of any other department, civil or military. We believe that, when the life of Sir Henry Lawrence appears, it will show that his experience as a Survey officer was one of the most important parts of his apprenticeship in the happy art which he possessed above most others, of being king of hearts and king of men. The case is somewhat different now, the division of labour having considerably lightened and simplified the duties of the Revenue Surveyor; but in those days they were most complicated and most responsible. He not only had to lay down the boundaries and measure the extent of every farm, but also to examine and report on the qualities of soil, situation, exposure, distance from markets, and every other circumstance that needed to be taken into account in estimating the value of the land, and the amount of rent that ought to be paid for it. He had further to examine the nature and qualities of the tenures by which the properties were severally held, to decipher such as were documentary, to weigh evidence respecting those that were traditional. The investigation of all these particulars was a work of enormous labour, and one requiring a combination of talents and acquirements which cannot be expected to be often found in combination. They were combined in large measure in Lawrence. They were combined in Macpherson. They were combined in others whom we have known and could name. It is easy to see that, in the exercise of such functions, a surveyor of the right stamp will be brought into closer contact with the people than an official of almost any other class, and will acquire such a knowledge of them and their country as cannot be gained in any other way. Knowledge thus acquired was an important element of the power by which Sir Henry Lawrence, in the course of a few years, converted the Punjaub from a hunting-ground of wild marauders into one of the most peaceful and prosperous provinces of the British Empire. Knowledge thus acquired was an equally important element of the power which enabled Macpherson to compose feuds which had existed for generations amongst tribes and families of Khonds, and to prevail with them to relinquish the horrid rite of human sacrifice, which was bound up and intertwined with all their institutions, and so to secure for himself a name and a fame more imperishable than monumental brass, as a benefactor of India and a civilizer of men.

There is a story, which either is or might have been true, told of Runjit Singh, the old one-eyed lion of the Punjaub, to the effect that when he was shown a map of India, with the British Possessions coloured red, he tossed it from him with the remark, "Ere long it will be all red." We advert to this anecdote now in order to call attention to the circumstance that in the colouring with which our armies and our diplomatists were engaged for a century in overspreading the Indian map, there was a great variety of shades, from the faintest pink to the deepest scarlet. In plain language, there were, in addition to the purely British territory, a vast number of states, some of which were called *Independent*, some *Tributary*, some *Protected*. The character and measure of the independence, the nature and extent of the protection, varied indefinitely; but the general principle seemed to be that the rulers of these states might do anything that they pleased, provided that they did not please to do anything that should displease us. This restriction upon the native powers did, no doubt, sometimes prevent some evil. It might even enable a British Resident occasionally to exercise an influence for good. But then it riveted the chains of despotism, and brought all the physical and moral power of England to the conservation of misrule and oppression, which, but for such conservation, must much sooner have wrought its own cure. One of these lawless and misgoverned states was Goomsur, which, if we mistake not, was one of the *Tributary* class. For a long time our Government had had an immensity of trouble with this state, and had dethroned one Rajah after another, generally finding that each change was from bad to worse. Matters reached a crisis in 1835, and a miserable war was entered upon, which was carried on as war must be when a civilized power comes into collision with barbarians. Our troops, having devastated the low country, burnt villages, destroyed standing crops, and hunted the people, who fled before them into the mountains, found themselves face to face with hordes of mountaineers, whose existence had scarcely been expected before.

At the opening of the campaign Lieutenant Macpherson had been recalled from his Survey operations to join his regiment, which formed part of the force assigned for this most harassing and unsatisfactory service. It was therefore in his proper military character that he was first brought into contact with the Khonds, the mountaineers to whom we have just referred, upon whom he was destined afterwards to exercise so important and salutary an influence. We should be very glad to dwell at some length upon the condition, character, and institutions of this interesting people; but we must confine our remarks within narrow limits.

It is, we suppose, universally admitted that the Hindus are not the aboriginal inhabitants of India, but that they have gained possession of it by successive invasions from the West and North, probably from the very same regions whence the Mahommedans came long after, to conquer them in their turn. Those who may, for practical purposes, be called the aborigines, are probably those who, in the Hindu legends, are described as a race of monkeys, and who, under their chieftain Hanuman, play so important a part in the great epic of Valmiki. These aborigines were not wholly exterminated by their Hindu invaders, but have descendants existing till now, sparsely scattered in many districts of the country, but in the aggregate amounting to a considerable population, probably not fewer, and, for aught we know, many more, than seven or eight millions. These generally lead a wild life in the forest and hill tracts, subsisting by means of the chase and a rude agriculture, having few wants indeed, but these scantily and precariously supplied. They are known by the general name of hill tribes, and distinctively as Beels, Gonds, Khonds, Santals, Koles, Kukis, and some dozen of other names. They are all in a low degree of civilization, though none of them apparently in the lowest, like the Bosjesmans of South Africa or the natives of Australia and New Zealand. They seem to be fair specimens of the vices and the virtues of uncivilized men. Their villages are very different from those Utopian paradises which some have pictured as existing away from the artificialities and the shams of civilization; but yet it must be admitted that they are comparatively free from some forms of evil. In particular it seems to be agreed that they are truthful in a high degree; and this is certainly not the case with any of the more civilized Asiatics with whom we ever came into contact; and if truthfulness be taken in its highest and its broadest sense, we are afraid it is not the case even with the generality of Europeans.

Of these hill tribes, the Khonds inhabit a district of Orissa. At the period to which we are now referring, they acknowledged in a general way the supremacy of the Hindu Rajahs of Goomsur. Some were intermixed with the Hindus of the plains, and were, of course, degraded to an almost servile condition; others inhabited a *terai* or forest tract at the foot of the Ghats, and were under a kind of subjection to the Rajah, so far as the occasional payment of tribute, which they would not allow to be tribute, but dignified with the name of a *present*, and the occasional supply of an undisciplined militia, who would only serve under the designation of allies, might be called subjection. Some of these had intermarried with the Hindus, and had produced a mixed race, who spoke a mixed language, and practised the rites of both religions. They were regarded as Khonds by the Khonds, and as new castes of Hindus by the Hindus. These two classes, therefore,—those in the plains and those in the terai,—were greatly assimilated, and were constantly assimilating more and more, to their Hindu neighbours. But there was a third class, who inhabited the Ghats and the table-land at their tops, far beyond the reach of the magistrate or the tax-collector, and who had no more than a sort of mythical belief of the existence of the Rajah who numbered them amongst his subjects. Whilst the distinctive institutions of the race scarcely existed amongst the first class, and were greatly modified and even gradually becoming extinct amongst the second, they prevailed in unbroken force amongst these Khonds of the mountains. These highlanders were under a system of government as nearly approaching to the ideal of the patriarchal as has ever been exhibited in actual embodiment. Each tribe and clan and sept and family acknowledged the authority of its own head; and that authority, like other forces, lost its potency with the distance to which it was removed, and the extent of surface over which it spread. The Rajah being regarded as a sort of federal head of the several tribes in alliance, his orders were not altogether a dead letter, but they were of little value in any tribe without the endorsement of the chieftain of the tribe. That endorsement was a recommendation to their acceptance on the part of the several septs, provided they received the further sanction of the heads of these septs; and so downwards. Such a state of things gave birth, of course, to constant intestine feuds and wars of the clans, with which, we presume, the Rajah did not generally consider it politic to interfere, and which he had really no power to prevent.

When the Rajah whom we were pursuing took refuge amongst these mountains, he found the Khonds ready to protect him; and to their credit be it said, neither British steel and lead, which they did not fear, nor British silver and gold, which they did not covet, could induce those untutored sons of the mountains to deliver into the hands of his enemies one who had thrown himself upon their hospitality. They maintained a vigorous guerilla warfare with our troops, in which their perfect knowledge and our total ignorance of the country would have given them a great advantage, even if they had not been aided, as they were, by the fevers and other diseases, which told fearfully upon our Sepoys, and still more upon their European officers. The war was at length brought to an end, and the country of Goomsur, with all its appendages, was "assumed," or "annexed,"—washed over with the inevitable red brush dipped in undiluted crimson. Macpherson's attainments as a surveyor, and the knowledge which he had gained of the people and the language, secured for him an appointment as a sort of Commissioner-of-all-work in the newly-assumed territory. He had not been long there before he began to inquire what he could do to ameliorate the condition of the people, and it is not improbable that his highland sympathies were attracted in a special manner towards that highland race who had fought so determinedly against hopeless odds, and had stood so faithfully by one who had no claim upon their good offices, excepting that he was in distress and had trusted to their good faith.

Now it is a somewhat remarkable fact that, amidst the strangely varying policies which have been pursued by our Government towards the many races with whom we have come into contact in India and elsewhere, there has almost always been perceptible a sort of hazy idea that we ought to do them some good if we conveniently can, and make them the happier and the better for their connection with us, provided always that it can be done in accordance with "the Regulations," and without violation of the sanctity of Red Tape. We confess that we have a suspicion that this idea is connected, more closely than some would deem, with the fact that in this little island of ours there are some 50,000 houses, in every one of which, fifty-two times or more in every year, there is told with greater or less fervour, and heard with more or less interest by peer and peasant, the wondrous tale of One who long ago came from heaven to earth, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many. The impregnation of our very atmosphere with Gospel knowledge and Gospel principles has unquestionably produced and perpetuated such a public opinion in favour of what is good and right, that the man who brings these principles, in any good measure, into active operation, is almost sure to meet with approbation, if not with very hearty sympathy, on the part of the great body of our countrymen, and consequently on the part of that Government which must always be, to a great extent, a reflection or embodiment of public opinion. Such was, in substance, the reception given to Macpherson's first efforts to ascertain, in order ultimately to improve, the condition of the Khonds. He was encouraged to go on with his researches; and although it was a "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," yet it was a most interesting and important employment. His first sojourn on the hills was of only a few weeks' duration, as it was cut short by the illness of every member of the small force which formed his escort. Yet it was long enough to enable him, by an effort which we cannot but regard as marvellous, to execute an accurate survey of an extensive district, to obtain a large amount of information respecting the people, their social, political, and religious institutions, and to establish friendly relations with many of the chiefs, which formed an important basis for his subsequent operations.

Our space will not admit of our devoting more than a few sentences to a statement of the principal doctrines of the Khond creed, as ascertained by Major Macpherson, and transferred to the volume before us from his reports and papers. The whole forms an interesting chapter in the religious history of mankind, and is well worthy, not only of a careful perusal, but of earnest study. We can do no more than give such a statement of its general principles as may make apparent what place human sacrifice had in the national *cultus*, that so Macpherson's efforts for its suppression may be understood and appreciated.

The religion of the Khonds may be briefly described as a system of monotheism, branching out into a species of manicheism or dualism, and that again admitting such forms of hero-worship as must, in the minds of the common people, be tantamount to polytheism. The Khonds acknowledge one supreme God; but they hold also a subordinate deity, who does not appear to be regarded as a creature, but rather as an emanation from the Supreme, and who carries on a constant warfare with, and is in all respects the direct opposite of, the deity from whom she sprang. The one is the heaven, the other is the earth;

the one is light, the other is darkness; the one male, the other female; the one wholly and only good, the other wholly and only evil; the one the author of life, the other of death; the one is the bestower of all blessings, the other is perpetually striving to convert these blessings into curses. As an instance of the way in which this earth-goddess ever strives to frustrate the beneficent purposes of the heaven-god, we cannot do better than quote the account given of the creation of terrestrial creatures, which is extremely interesting on other accounts also; especially as it bears a considerable resemblance to the traditional cosmogonies both of the East and West, and yet differs from them in some essential particulars:—

> "Boora Pennu, in the beginning, created for himself a consort, who became Tari Pennu, or the earth-goddess, and the source of evil. He afterwards created the earth. As Boora Pennu walked upon it with Tari, he found her wanting in affectionate compliance and attention as a wife, and resolved to create from its substance a new being—Man, who should render to him the most assiduous and devoted service, and to form from it also every variety of animal and vegetable life necessary to man's existence. Tari was filled with jealousy, and attempted to prevent his purpose, but succeeded only so far as to change the intended order of creation. In the words of a generally received legend, 'Boora Pennu took a handful of earth and threw it behind him to create man; but Tari caught it ere it fell, and cast it on one side, when trees, herbs, flowers, and every form of vegetable life sprang up. Boora Pennu again threw a handful of earth behind him; but Tari caught it in like manner, and cast it into the sea, when fish and all things that live in water were generated. Boora threw a third handful of earth behind him, which also Tari intercepted and flung aside, when all the lower animals, wild and tame, were formed. Boora cast a fourth handful behind him, which Tari caught and threw up into the air, when the feathered tribes and all creatures which fly were produced. Boora Pennu, looking round, perceived what Tari had done to frustrate his intentions, and laying his hand upon her head to prevent her further interference, he took up a fifth handful of earth and placed it on the ground behind him; and from it the human race were created. Tari Pennu then placed her hands over the earth and said, "Let these beings you have made exist; you shall create no more!" Whereupon Boora caused an exudation of sweat to proceed from his body, collected it in his hand, and threw it around, saying, "To all that I have created!" and thence arose love, and sex, and the continuation of species.'"—(Pp. 84-5.)

We cannot but recognise in this a version of the universal tradition of the origin of our race, the true account of which is preserved in the Mosaic records. The successive formation of plants, fishes, beasts, birds, and men out of the dust of the ground, and the blessing of God bestowed upon his creatures in order to their increase and multiplication, are too closely coincident with the Mosaic account to admit of the supposition that the coincidence is accidental.*

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* In the formation of the creatures by Boora Pennu's casting handfuls of earth behind him, we are reminded of the Western tradition of the reproduction of the creatures after the deluge by Deucalion and Pyrrha casting stones behind their backs. When we remember

Earthly creatures having been thus brought into being in despite of Tari Pennu, she has been their implacable enemy ever since, and has introduced amongst them all kinds of physical and moral evil. The great end of religious worship, according to the ideas of one of the two sects into which the Khonds are divided, is to propitiate this malign goddess, so as to reduce to a minimum the amount of evil that she shall inflict upon mankind. According to them, Boora Pennu needs no propitiation; a reverent invocation is all that he requires at the hand of his worshippers. He is ever ready to do good unasked; but Tari Pennu must be continually conciliated and cajoled, else she would utterly ruin and destroy the race which she abhors. The one purpose, then, of all the worship of this sect is the deprecation of Tari's wrath, and this is to be effected mainly by the libation of blood, and especially of human blood, shed in sacrifice to her. She thus bears a considerable resemblance to the Kali or Durga—for these are really one and the same under different names—of the Hindus; and if we mistake not, to Demeter, the earth-goddess of the Greeks, who, with all her demureness, seems not to have been averse to an occasional draught of human gore.

It should be stated that others of the Khonds hold by the worship of Boora, and regard human sacrifices with detestation. They consider Tari to be malevolent indeed, but to have no power of maleficence except what is voluntarily conceded to her by her dupes. These optimists, as we may call them, hold that Tari is subdued already by Boora, and look forward to a time when her influence shall cease altogether, and when the supreme and all-good God shall reign without a rival in his own world. The Tari worshippers, on the contrary, are thorough pessimists, ascribing to Tari an almost unlimited power, and believing that her disposition to exercise it is only kept in check by their continued oblations, and that, if these should ever be intermitted, her wrath would break forth in irresistible fury, to devastate and destroy. The Tari worshippers, then, consider that their safety depends upon their continually propitiating their goddess with blood, and on all great occasions with human blood. As to the special origin of human sacrifices, it appears that there are several legends or traditions, not consistent with one another. The following seems to be that most generally received:—

> "A legend, which will be found at length in the description of that worship, gives this account of its origin, and of the first benefits that followed upon it:—The earth was in a state of soft, barren mud, utterly unfit for the use of man. Umbally Bylee, the name of the feminine form which Tari always

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that the original creation of the world, and its restoration after the flood, are constantly mixed up in the traditions of all nations, we cannot but regard this coincidence as remarkable.

assumed when she communicated with men, appeared cutting vegetables with a hook. She cut her finger, and as the blood-drops fell upon the earth, it became dry and firm. Umbally Bylee said, 'Behold the good change! cut up my body to complete it.' The Khonds declined to do so, apparently believing that Umbally Bylee was one of themselves, and resolving that they would not sacrifice one another, lest their race should become extinct, but would obtain victims by purchase from other peoples. They procured and offered a sacrifice, and, says the legend, 'now society, with its relations of father and mother, and wife and child, and the ties between ruler and subject, arose,' and the knowledge of all that relates to agriculture was imparted to men."—(Pp. 96-7.)

This legend, which bears a manifest *ex post facto* aspect, seems to point to the condition in which the earth was on the subsidence of the deluge, and to the covenant into which God was pleased to enter with his creatures, when He "smelled a savour of rest" from the sacrifice offered by Noah. But the legend would appear to have been formed mainly to account for the fact that the victims offered to Tari ought not to be Khonds. They may be any others, but they must be bought with money, and strict orthodoxy requires that they should not be Khonds; and in this respect the practice of the Khonds seems to be unique. We are in the habit of hearing the origin of human sacrifice accounted for on the supposition that superstitious man imagines that the Deity will be pleased by his offering that which is to him most precious; that when burnt-offerings and calves of a year old, thousands of rams and ten thousands of rivers of oil, would fail of gaining him acceptance with his offended God, he may prevail if he will consent to give his firstborn for his transgression, the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul. And this is unquestionably the idea which has dictated and regulated the horrid rite in most cases. But the Khond proceeds on a different principle. To his goddess the sacrifice of a man is more acceptable than that of a sheep, not because the one is more precious in the estimation of the offerer, or dearer to his affections than the other; but simply because, while she hates all living creatures, and is pleased with the death of any of them, she hates man most, and is most pleased with his death.

The circumstance to which we have just alluded, that the victims behoved to be purchased, and must not be Khonds, called into existence, on the principle of demand and supply, a race of wretches who made it their business to procure victims, and sell them to the Khonds. The victims were, for the most part, children. They were probably sometimes kidnapped, but generally purchased for a small sum from their parents, who, of course, must have known that they were intended for no good purpose, but were probably ignorant of the precise nature of the fate which awaited them. Every one who has been in India knows how readily, in times of famine, parents will part with their children for a small sum of money; and we must not judge them too harshly for this. It is quite possible that while they look to the price paid as the means of saving their own lives, they are in part also influenced by the consideration that the transaction is the only possible means of saving the lives of the children whom they sell. We suppose it must have been owing to the fact of the victims being procured on much easier terms at some times than others, that multitudes of them were kept in readiness, and that many of them, who had been bought as children, grew up to man's estate before they were required. There was thus established a community of "Meriahs," or destined and consecrated victims, in the several Khond villages. They were well treated, and were allowed to marry amongst themselves, and according to the principle, *partus sequitur ventrem,* the issue of such marriages were Meriahs too. When circumstances, such as seedtime or harvest, a marriage or the birth of a child, a visitation of an epidemic or a "rinderpest," the carrying off of a bullock by a tiger, or any other event of sufficient magnitude, rendered the offering of a sacrifice expedient for the procuring of a blessing or the averting of a calamity from family, village, sept, or tribe, one or more of these Meriahs was prepared by the priests for the altar, and on an appointed day the bloody rite was performed.

"When a sacrifice is to be celebrated by a tribe, or a portion of one, the following preliminary observances are gone through. Ten or twelve days before the time appointed for the rite the victim is devoted by cutting off his hair, which until then is kept unshorn. When a village receives notice of the day fixed for the sacrifice, all who intend to take part in it immediately perform the following ceremony, called 'Bimga,' by which they vow flesh to Tari. All mark their clothes, and go out of the village with the Janni, who invokes all the deities, and thus addresses Tari Pennu:—'O Tari Pennu! you may have thought that we forgot your commands after sacrificing such a one (naming the last victim), but we forgot you not. We shall now leave our homes in your service, regardless of our enemies, of the good or the ill will of the gods beyond our boundary, of danger from those who by magical arts become Mleepa tigers, and of danger to our women from other men. We shall go forth on your service. Do you save us from suffering evil while engaged in it. We go to perform your rites; and if anything shall befall us, men will hereafter distrust you, and say you care not for your votaries. We are not satisfied with our wealth; but what we do possess we owe to you, and for the future we hope for the fulfilment of our desires. We intend to go on such a day to such a village, to bring human flesh for you. We trust to attain our desires through this service. Forget not the oblation.'

"No one may be excluded from the festivals of human sacrifice, which are declared to be held 'for all mankind.' They are generally attended by a large concourse of people of both sexes, and continued for three days, which are passed in the indulgence of every form of wild riot, and generally of gross excess. The first day and night are spent in drunken feasting and frantic dances, under excitement which the goddess is believed to inspire, and which it would be impious to resist. Upon the second morning, the victim, who

> has been kept fasting from the preceding evening, is carefully washed, dressed in a new garment, and led forth from the village in solemn procession, with music and dancing. The Meriah grove, a clump of deep and shadowy forest trees, in which the mango, the bur, the dammar, and the peepul generally prevail, usually stands at a short distance from the village, by a rivulet which is called the Meriah stream. It is kept sacred from the axe, and is avoided by the Khond as haunted ground. Upon the second day a post is fixed in the centre of the grove, and in some places between two plants of the sankissar shrub. The victim is seated at the foot of the post, bound back to it by the priest. He is then anointed with oil, ghee, and turmeric, and adorned with flowers; and a species of reverence, which it is not easy to distinguish from adoration, is paid to him throughout the day. Infinite contention now arises to obtain the slightest relic of his person; a particle of the turmeric paste with which he is smeared, or a drop of his spittle, being esteemed, especially by the women, of sovereign virtue. In some districts, instead of being thus bound in a grove, the victim is exposed in or near the village upon a couch, after being led in procession round the place of sacrifice. And in some parts of Goomsur, where this practice prevails, small, rude images of beasts and birds, in clay and wood, are made in great numbers for this festival, and stuck on poles,—a practice the origin or meaning of which is not at all clear. Upon the third morning the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm-sago, while the licentious feast, which has been carried on with little intermission during the night, is loudly renewed. About noon the orgies terminate, and the assemblage proceeds, with stunning shouts and pealing music, to consummate the sacrifice. As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, make any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and, if necessary, those of his legs, are sometimes broken; but in every case of which I have heard the details, all such cruelty has been avoided by producing stupefaction with opium."—(Pp. 117-19.)

After these preparations a strange scene is enacted. It is a sort of dramatic exhibition, in which the priests, the heads and other members of the community, and the intended victim take part (the last mentioned by proxy). It is very interesting, but it is too long for extract. The victim, or his representative, after pouring out reproaches and maledictions upon his murderers with a dramatic power which puts us in mind of some of the most forcible passages in the great Greek tragedies, is supposed to be reconciled to his fate, and even to desire it; and then comes the end:—

> "The acceptable place of sacrifice is discovered the previous night, by persons who are sent to probe the ground about the village with sticks in the dark, and mark the first deep chink as the spot indicated by the earth-goddess. There, in the morning, a short post is inserted; around it four larger posts are usually set up, and in the midst of these the victim is placed. The priest, assisted by the chief and one or two of the elders of the village, now takes the branch of a green tree cleft several feet down the centre. They insert the victim between the rift, fitting it, in some districts, to his chest, in others to his throat. Cords are then twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close; he then wounds the victim slightly with his axe, when the crowd throws itself upon the sacrifice, and strips the flesh from

the bones, leaving untouched the head and intestines. The most careful precautions are taken lest the offering should suffer desecration by the touch or even the near approach of any persons save the worshippers of the earth-goddess, or by that of any animal. During the night after the sacrifice, strong parties watch over the remains of the victim; and next day, the priest and the Mullickos consume them, together with a whole sheep, on a funeral pile, when the ashes are scattered over the fields, or are laid as paste over the houses and granaries. And then two formalities are observed, which are held indispensable to the virtue of the sacrifice. The first is that of presenting to the father of the victim, or to the person who sold or made him over to the Khonds for sacrifice, or the representative of such person, a bullock, called the 'dhuly,' in final satisfaction of all demands. The second formality is the sacrifice of a bullock for a feast, at which the following prayer is offered up. After invoking all the gods, the priest says:—'O Tari Pennu! you have afflicted us greatly; have brought death to our children and our bullocks, and failure to our corn; have afflicted us in every way. But we do not complain of this. It is your desire only to compel us to perform your due rites, and then to raise up and enrich us. We were anciently enriched by this rite; all around us are great from it; therefore, by our cattle, our flocks, our pigs, and our grain, we procured a victim, and offered a sacrifice. Do you now enrich us. Let our herds be so numerous that they cannot be housed; let children so abound that the care of them shall overcome their parents, as shall be seen by their burned hands; let our heads ever strike against brass pots innumerable hanging from our roofs; let the rats form their nests of shreds of scarlet cloth and silk; let all the kites in the country be seen in the trees of our village, from beasts being killed there every day. We are ignorant of what it is good to ask for. You know what is good for us. Give it to us!'

"When the victim is cut to pieces, the persons who have been deputed by each village to bring its share of the flesh instantly return home. There the village priest, and every one else who has stayed at home, fast rigidly until their arrival. The bearer of the flesh carries it rolled up in leaves of the googlut tree, and when he approaches the village, lays it out on a cushion formed of a handful of grass, and then deposits it in the place of public meeting, to give assurance to all of its arrival. The fasting heads of families then go with their priest to receive the flesh. He takes and divides it into two portions, and subdivides one of these into as many shares as there are heads of families present. He then says to the earth-goddess, 'O Tari Pennu! our village offered such a person as a sacrifice, and divided the flesh among all the people in honour of the gods. Now such a village has offered such a one, and has sent us flesh for you. Be not displeased with the quantity; we could only give them as much. If you will give us wealth, we will repeat the rite.' The Janni then seats himself on the ground, scrapes a hole in it, and, taking one of the two portions into which he divided the flesh, places it in the hole, but with his back turned, and without looking. Then each man adds a little earth to bury it, and the Janni pours water on the spot from a hill gourd. Each head of a house now rolls his shred of flesh in leaves, and all raise a shout of exultation at the work done. Then a wild excited battle takes place with stones and mud, in the course of which a considerable number of heads are broken, and all go to the house in which the young men of the village sleep, and there renew the fight, and knock down the whole or part of the house. Finally, each man goes and buries his particle of flesh in his favourite field, placing it in the earth behind his back, without looking. And here may be noticed the idea which secures the distribution of the flesh of every victim to the greatest possible extent, that, instead of advantage arising to any one from the possession of a large share of the flesh, all are benefited by a sacrifice in proportion to the number of shares into which the flesh is subdivided. After burying the flesh, all return home, and eat and drink,—in some places holding a common feast, while in others each family eats apart. For three days thereafter no house is swept; and in one district strict silence is observed, while fire may not be given, nor wood cut, nor strangers be received. Upon the fourth day the people reassemble at the place of sacrifice, slaughter and feast on a buffalo, and leave its inedible portions as a gratification to the spirit of the Meriah. The ceremonial of human sacrifice is finally completed by the offering of a hog to the earth-goddess, a year after its performance, by the village which sacrificed. This offering is called the 'Valka;' and the invocation to Tari is simply this:—'O Tari Pennu! up to this time we have been engaged in your worship, which we commenced a year ago. Now the rites are completed. Let us receive the benefit.'"—(Pp. 127-30.)

It were interesting to know even approximately the numbers of the victims that were thus butchered; but on this subject Macpherson could get no information which he considered reliable, and he most scrupulously refrained from hazarding a conjecture. A most intelligent writer* on the subject, who knows India and Indian affairs better than most men, supposes that there might be about 500 offered every year; but this he states to be merely an "approximative estimate," upon which he ventures with great diffidence.

The existence of such a state of things amongst our fellow-subjects could not be made known to Englishmen without exciting their horror, and leading them to form the conclusion that something must be done for its suppression. So far all were agreed; but when the question came to be, *What is to be done?* then the adage was verified, *Quot homines, tot sententiæ*. It is almost amusing to mark the *idola specûs* exhibiting themselves in suggestions for the solution of the problem. We have a civilian declaring that the greatest caution, prudence, and discretion must be used,—in short, that the affair must be effected by negotiations and regulations and red tape; a soldier asserts that nothing will avail but "force and intimidation;" while an advocate of the "development of the resources of the country" proposes the formation of a grand trunk road through the heart of the Khond territory, which, as the writer to whom we alluded in the immediately preceding paragraph remarks, would have been a road leading from nowhere to nowhere! The natural course would have been to appoint Macpherson with a roving commission to go amongst the people and to do with his might what his hand might find to do. But this, alas! was impossible at that time. Macpherson's health had utterly broken down under the enormously laborious exertions that he had made, and the pestilential climate to which he had been exposed. For the next two years he must have rest and a pure atmosphere. It was a matter of absolute necessity that he should start at once for the Cape of Good Hope on "sick certificate" for two years. During his absence many attempts were made, but in quite an unsystematic way, by men whose hands were sufficiently full of other work, to diminish the practice, and not altogether without success. A considerable number of victims were rescued, and frequently sacrifices were interrupted, and prevented from being consummated. But the probability is great that in every such case the prevention only led to the performance of the rite in secret, or in a neighbouring district. Messrs. Bannerman and Russel' of the Civil Service, and Captains Campbell and Millar of the Madras Army, ought to be mentioned as having zealously exerted themselves in the cause, and with a measure of success quite adequate to the means which they had at their disposal, and the time which they were able to devote to the work. It was one of these officers, now Major-General Campbell, who raised, some years ago, the controversy to which we alluded in the third paragraph of this article. After the work of suppression was well-nigh accomplished, and the credit of it was assigned by all but universal consent to Macpherson, it was conceived by Campbell that justice had not been done to him for the service that he had rendered during the two years of which we are now speaking. He virtually maintained that the work was so begun as to be potentially accomplished before Macpherson came into the field at all; and he has repeated the same assertion in various forms at more recent dates. We cannot enter upon the discussion here. It would be of but little interest to any but Indian readers, and they have probably had enough of it. But it appears to us that Mr. Macpherson, in the volume before us, has clearly shown, and that mainly from Captain Campbell's own reports at the time, that the work had really to be begun when his brother took it in hand. While we say this, and say it emphatically, we cannot wonder that the General, looking back upon the Captain's doings, remembered the fragrance of the rose—and it must have been a remembrance of a delightful odour to have saved a number of fellow-creatures from a horrid death—and forgot the sharpness of the thorn. We have no doubt, from the documents that Mr. Macpherson quotes, and from our own remembrance of the state of public feeling, for we were in India at the time, that the general conviction was, that while those who had opportunities were most creditably making the most of them for the abatement of the evil, its abolition absolutely required the appointment of a special agency, with a man at the head of it who should glory in it as his life-work.

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* Mr. J. W. Kaye, in his "History of the Administration of the East India Company."

To such a conclusion Lord Elphinstone, then Governor of Madras, appears to have arrived about the time of Macpherson's return from the Cape in 1841; and in the autumn of that year Macpherson was appointed "Assistant to the Agent to the Governor of Fort St. George at Ganjam," being specially instructed to direct his attention to the subject of Meriah sacrifices, and to use all competent measures for their suppression. We lay claim to no superior wisdom or sagacity for that we, looking back, can perceive that there was a mistake committed in this appointment. The agency ought to have been a special one, and the agent ought to have held his commission from, and been responsible to, the Supreme Government of India, and not the Government of Madras. One very obvious reason why this should have been the case, and a quite sufficient one though there had been no others, was that the boundary line between the presidencies of Madras and Bengal ran through the very heart of the sacrificing district, and it was of course a great evil that efforts should be making on the one side of this line and none on the other; or if the Bengal Government had seen fit to take up the matter, that one class of measures should be adopted on the one side, and another class on the other. Then, as Assistant to the Governor's Agent, Macpherson was bound by regulations and forms, which were never intended for, and were quite unsuited to, the accomplishment of such a work. He ought clearly to have had a special commission from the Supreme Government, authorizing him to act in both the provinces, without direct responsibility to either of the local governments, and with large discretionary powers. If he was not fit to be entrusted with such powers, he was not fit for the appointment.

Notwithstanding these and other disadvantages, Macpherson entered upon his work with characteristic energy, and pursued it with great success. The principle which guided his policy throughout was that it was of no use to lop off a few of the branches, while the vegetative power was still vigorous within the tree. He cared little for the surrender of a few of the intended victims, to be immediately replaced by others, or for the prevention of a particular sacrifice, whose non-consummation would have been atoned for by the offering of two or three as soon as his back was turned. He felt that if the noble duty assigned him was to be effectually discharged, he must work from within outward,—must convince the understandings and influence the wills of the Khonds, and lead them to abandon the practice spontaneously. According to the views of the Government which he served—and we ought to state that we have no reason to think that he did not approve of, and sympathize with, these views then; although it is evident that his views were considerably modified subsequently—he was precluded from the use of that class of motives which we believe to be, of all others, the most efficacious for influencing the human will, those supplied directly by the Gospel. He was in express terms forbidden even to refer to human sacrifices as distinctively a Khond institution, but was ordered to treat it as a custom which has been practised by almost all nations at a similar stage of civilization. It is both instructive and amusing to notice the way in which the "neutrality pledge" constantly embarrassed the Indian Governments, and led them into contests with syllogisms. If Macpherson had spoken of the sacrifice as a religious rite, and at the same time stated that the Government were desirous that it should cease, this would have been the expression of a desire on their part that the religious system should be, to this extent, modified; and that would have been a violation of the neutrality pledge. But when he said, This is a barbarous custom, which many people have abandoned who once practised it, and the Government are desirous that you should abandon it too; this was perfectly legitimate, for the pledge did not extend to the conservation of barbarism, but only of heathenism. No doubt the Khonds knew, and the Government knew, that the sacrifice was only, and could be only, a religious ordinance; that, as a sacrifice, it could have no meaning and no existence otherwise; that, in point of fact, it was practised by one sect and abhorred by another, betwixt whom there existed no difference whatever except a difference of religious creed. Here, then, was a dilemma. The neutrality pledge must be kept; nothing that is religious must be interfered with by so much as the expression of a wish; yet we must both express an ardent wish, and use effective measures, for the suppression of this, which is notoriously and unquestionably religious. We shall therefore attempt its abolition as a civil custom, which it is not,—as is manifest from the fact that it is practised by one section of the people, and condemned by another whose civil institutions are identical,—but we must not whisper a word of condemnation of it as a religious rite, which it is, and from the nature of the case it must be, and can only be!

The tenor of Macpherson's instructions therefore was, that he should endeavour to elevate the Khonds to a higher stage of civilization, just as the physician endeavours to improve the general system of his youthful patient, in the hope that he may outgrow the disease. And so far, it is unquestionable that the plan was a wise one, the only wise, the only possible one. This was a Gordian knot which could not be cut; it must be untied with infinite labour and skill. The "force and intimidation" policy was out of the question. To the untying of the knot, then, this our Davenport betook himself; and truly a more difficult or a more glorious task never was assigned to mortal man. With the view of accomplishing it, he saw that he must become all things to all men. To the Khonds he became as a Khond; cultivated their personal friendship, took a hearty interest in all their concerns, associated with them on as nearly equal terms as might be, gained their confidence, became arbiter in all their quarrels, virtual chief judge in all their courts, or rather foreman of all their juries, and thus established for himself such a place in their affections and their esteem, that his word became law to them. In this way, by going down a certain way towards their level, he lifted them up no small way towards his, gradually imbued them with an admiration of British institutions, and by little and little prevailed with all within his district voluntarily to abandon the practice. They made it a condition that they should have permission to represent to the goddess that it was at his instigation that they deprived her of her accustomed banquets of blood; and he pledged himself, and the Government which he served, to take the responsibility, and to bear the vengeance which she might inflict! Of course he met with much opposition. The priesthood were his enemies, as might have been expected. Some of the chiefs were jealous of his influence over the people; and the native officials, except those attached to his own agency, were jealous of his influence over the chiefs. They hated him with relentless hatred, and used all the powers of Asiatic cunning and unscrupulousness to counteract his efforts. Amongst this class one Sam Bissaye was especially active and subtle. We should think that this man must have had Bengali blood in his veins, if Lord Macaulay's description be in any degree correct, of the superior artfulness of that race above all the races of India. It was a long-drawn battle between Christian honesty and Aberdonian shrewdness on the one hand, and unprincipled and unscrupulous duplicity on the other. But at last the scale was turned. Sam Bissaye was convicted of practices which justified a criminal charge. He was stripped of his office, and, Haman-like, led forth a prisoner from the presence of his antagonist. This was a bold step, but it was neither unjustifiable nor unadvised, and it contributed very materially to the success of the undertaking, not only by removing the bitterest, the subtlest, and the most influential of its opponents out of the way, but by convincing the people that Macpherson really had the authority of the Government for what he did, doubts of which had been insidiously lodged in their minds by Sam Bissaye.

It must have been with feelings such as few men are ever permitted to experience that Macpherson reported to his Government, in May, 1844, that the Meriah sacrifice had been abandoned by all the Khonds in the Goomsur district who had practised it, and that it had been abandoned by the free consent of the chiefs and people. To have produced such a result was worth living for; it was worth dying for.

And such had very nearly been the price he had paid for it. His incessant labours, his perpetual anxieties, combined with a pestiferous climate, had brought him to the very brink of the grave. He therefore had barely strength left him to finish his report, and then he left, on sick certificate, having, to his great joy, succeeded in getting his friend Mr. Cadenhead, of the Medical Service, appointed to act as his substitute during his absence. As we are not writing a history of the work amongst the Khonds, but only giving an outline of Major Macpherson's part of it, we can only say in a sentence that this gentleman fully merited the high opinion that Macpherson had of him, and the unbounded confidence that he reposed in him. He was the Melancthon of the Khond Reformation.

We have stated already that, from the outset of his operations, Macpherson occupied a wrong position; and this greatly enhanced the difficulty of his task. The district of Boad, which was under the Bengal Presidency, bordered upon Goomsur; and as the Goomsur Khonds saw and knew that sacrifices were offered in Boad, without any remonstrance on the part of the Government, this seemed to give colour to the representations of Sam Bissaye that the Government did not really wish the practice to be abandoned. Then it will be remembered that Macpherson was officially only assistant to Mr. Bannerman, the Governor's Agent at Ganjam, a worthy man, but a civilian of the old school, ill able to brook that a soldier should be employed at all in works of peace, and too ready to believe the misrepresentations of the Sam Bissaye fraternity; and then it was trying to flesh and blood that he, a silver-spoon civilian, should be engaged in the routine, commonplace business of the Agency, about which there was no excitement and no *éclat*, while his assistant, a mere wooden-ladle subaltern,* was engaged in a work that was all bristling with sensation, and every report of the progress of which called forth the hearty laudations of Government. It is but right that Mr. Bannerman should not be too harshly judged. Especially it is not for a moment to be imagined that he was indifferent to the suppression of the bloody custom. He had proved the opposite not only by words but by deeds. But then it is manifest that he would have liked the credit of the suppression to fall, if not to his own lot, at all events to the lot of one of his own order, a member of his own privileged service. Such being the feeling in the mind of his official superior, through whom alone he could communicate with the Government, it is evident that the direct and necessary difficulties of his work were not the only difficulties that he had to contend with, perhaps not even the chief.

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* We have spoken of him as Major Macpherson, but that is by anticipation. When he was appointed to the Assistant Agency he was only a lieutenant; became captain by brevet in December, 1841; major by brevet in 1854. In his regiment, the highest rank he attained was that of captain.

As soon, then, as he was relieved of the charge of his office by Mr. Cadenhead, he betook himself to Calcutta, and put himself into communication with the Supreme Government, urging the expediency of the establishment of a separate Khond Agency, independent of the local governments, and not subordinate to the local officials. At first he had to do with Lord Hardinge, a fine old soldier, of good feeling and good sense, who neither saw nor made difficulties, but heartily consented to an arrangement which was manifestly reasonable and right. But before the details could be arranged, his Lordship went to the North-west Provinces, leaving Sir Thomas Herbert Maddock to occupy his place as President of the Council; and now difficulties started up like mushrooms, and it was not till close upon the end of 1845 that he was able to return to Khondistan in the new character of "Governor-General's Agent for the suppression of Meriah sacrifices and female infanticide in the hill tracts of Orissa." He found, to his great joy, that Mr. Cadenhead had conducted matters in his absence as well as he could have done himself, and that the work of civilization had not only not gone back, but had made satisfactory progress.

Early in 1846, after communication with the Rajah of Boad, he set out for that district, accompanied by a number of the Goomsur Khonds, who were now zealous and most effective advocates of abolition. He soon found that the success of the work in Goomsur had, in a remarkable manner, prepared the way for its commencement in Boad. The Boad Khonds had been silently looking on while the work was going on across the border. They were aware that the ground of Goomsur had not been for several years manured with human flesh, and yet that it had brought forth its fruit none the less abundantly. Yea, they knew that their brethren, through the good offices of the white man, were enjoying a measure of peace, comfort, and prosperity, such as no Khonds had ever enjoyed before. They had therefore, before his arrival, actually made up their minds to the abandonment of the rite; and with a strange inconsistency, which, however, will surprise those who are acquainted with the workings of the Asiatic mind much less than it will those whose study of mankind has been confined to the European races, they had offered a whole hecatomb of human victims preparatory to the relinquishment of the practice for ever—a grand carnival introductory of a perpetual Lent! Although, therefore, they made a show of opposition, it was with the previously formed intention of yielding. And yield they did; and that, we believe, in good faith. But there was a Sam Bissaye here too,—one Kurtivas, an uncle of the Rajah, who persuaded the Khonds that they had been deceived, that the delivery of the Meriahs to the Agent was an acknowledgment of servitude, which would be soon followed by grinding taxation and oppression. The result was excitement and disorder, which appears to have been suppressed with admirable tact and temper by the Agent. He had a sufficient escort with him to protect him if violence had been actually resorted to; but there was nothing to be more sedulously avoided, if it could be avoided, than the shedding of Khond blood by British arms. Moreover, the men were misguided, acting under a delusion, and he forbore resentment of their disrespectful demeanour, and so left the field open for explanations and for time to let the true design of the Agency be known. He therefore withdrew quietly into Goomsur to wait the course of events, and, we presume, to influence it quietly through the instrumentality of his Khond allies.

He had not been long there when Kurtivas stirred up the sons of Sam Bissaye to rise in insurrection. The chiefs, and the body of the tribe to which they belonged, stood firm in their allegiance, and heartily co-operated in putting down the insurrection, which was suppressed with the death of only four of the insurgents, and the burning of a few of their villages.

> "Some have objected to this mode of coercion, although, both before and since the events just narrated, it has been repeatedly resorted to in various parts of India. The objection has arisen from the erroneous supposition that Captain Macpherson adopted the measure for the suppression of the sacrifice, and that the destruction of the villages involved the destruction of all the property of their inhabitants; from the habit of associating the idea of the burning of the villages with the infliction of the worst horrors of war at once upon the innocent and the guilty; and from the notion that he might have pursued a course less repugnant to the general feelings of those who were distant from the scene. But this measure was resorted to in no respect for the suppression of the sacrifices—for there had been no question of sacrifice in Hodzaghor for the three preceding years,—but solely for the restoration of order among a portion of the population which had long been in allegiance to us. To leave that section of Hodzaghor leagued in arms against our authority, and in opposition to the rest of Goomsur, would have been to leave Goomsur to anarchy; while the Government, which had induced the tribes to give up their old security for rights, the appeal to arms, was specially pledged to afford to them the blessings of order and peace. The villages destroyed were empty, and they were far fewer than the number indicated for punishment by the body of chiefs of Goomsur. The measure produced immediate obedience; it was just, necessary, and successful."—(Pp. 254-5.)

This storm, having blown over, purified the atmosphere wonderfully. The united firmness and moderation with which Macpherson acted confirmed his influence over the Khonds of Goomsur, and the well-affected portion of those of Boad, while the prompt suppression of the *émeute* showed the disaffected portion of the latter that the old British lion can roar occasionally, and more than that if need be.

It had also the good effect of convincing the weak, but, upon the whole, well-disposed Rajah, that his uncle was not a safe counsellor, and probably made him more anxious to carry out the Agent's wishes, in order to remove any suspicion that might exist that he was himself involved in the outrage. He accordingly set himself with zeal, and apparently in good faith, to use his influence for the conciliation of the disaffected, and had succeeded so far that about two-thirds of the Khonds within his territory had been reconciled, affording good reason to hope that a visit of Macpherson at the proper season would bring the whole tribes to a like mind with that to which their brethren in Goomsur had been so happily brought, and in which they so unflinchingly remained.

We now come to a matter so complicated, that we suspect none but the one man who understood the Schleswig-Holstein question would be able fully to master the *outs and ins* of it; and as we are not aware whether that respected individual be or be not amongst our subscribers, we shall spare the details. We shall only state that an insurrection broke out on the south-east frontier of Bengal, which spread into Orissa; that the disaffected Boad Khonds, and a small section of Goomsur Khonds, joined in it; that Macpherson and his assistants, Mr. Cadenhead and Lieut. Pinkey, with the small force at their disposal, had so nearly succeeded in quelling it, with merely the loss of some three or four men on either side, that there was no doubt that the districts would have been thoroughly pacified in a few days, if these gentlemen had been allowed to finish the operations in their own way. However, they were not. Brigadier-General Dyce, commander of the northern division of the Madras army, was sent into the country with a body of troops, with instructions "to co-operate with Captain Macpherson if he should find things tending to pacification, but to assume civil as well as military charge of the Agency if he should find the contrary to be the case."

These instructions must, of course, have been given in consequence of unfavourable impressions existing in the minds of the authorities at Madras regarding the character of Macpherson's operations. These impressions must have been produced by communications from Orissa; and as to the authorship of these communications there can be no reasonable doubt.

The Brigadier-General came into the district, as we have said, just in time to be too late. He had an interview with Mr. Bannerman, and took as his interpreter, and active agent in communicating with the people, a man whom even Mr. Bannerman had been obliged to dismiss from the employment of Government, and whom Macpherson had twice denounced, in official communications to Government, as one of the chief instigators of the rebellion. In the course of a few days, having received no information as to the feelings of the people excepting from this man's mouth, he reported to the Government that Macpherson's mismanagement was the cause of the outbreak,—as Macpherson puts it, "that the war had not been against the Government, but against my Agency." In virtue, therefore, of the powers with which he was vested, he suspended the Agency, and commanded Captain Macpherson and all his staff at once to leave the district. Now this is indeed strange, considering that the rebellion broke out, not in his district, but in Ungool; that its leaders were not Khonds, but Hindus, with whom he had never had, and never could have, anything to do; that while, indeed, the disaffected Boad Khonds had joined in it, the Khonds who had mainly taken part in it were those of the plains, who had never been sacrificers, and who consequently had never been aggrieved by Macpherson's measures. Why, to those who knew the way in which he had treated the Khonds, it would have been almost as credible a charge that Macpherson was himself the instigator of the rebellion, as that it was directed mainly against him; that he had been all along ingratiating himself with the Khonds, with the view of putting himself at their head, throwing off allegiance to Queen Victoria, and constituting himself Emperor of Khondistan! *That* would have been a charge worth bringing, and an acute lawyer might have had an opportunity of earning distinction by finding grounds on which to support it.

In due time the Brigadier-General sent in a report to the Supreme Government, containing numerous charges of maladministration against Captain Macpherson. Now if this report had gone in a few months earlier, it would have been received by Lord Hardinge, or if a few months later, by Lord Dalhousie; but it so happened that it arrived during the interregnum between the administration of these two noblemen. The reins of Government were then in the hands of Sir Thomas Herbert Maddock, who was a very different man from either his predecessor or his successor. As long as the power of the East India Company lasted, no Anglo-Indian was ever appointed to the substantive office of Governor-General, and the Anglo-Indian community had naturally an interest in the reputation of those of their number whom circumstances invested temporarily with that high office. It was with some measure of not unjustifiable pride that they were accustomed to relate that Sir Charles Metcalfe gave freedom to the press, and Mr. Wilberforce Bird abolished slavery. With a most sincere desire to tell of something that Sir T. H. Maddock did, worthy of being named alongside of these achievements, we can only remember two of his deeds—his sacrificing two of the most valuable officers that were in the service, by the removal of Major Durand from the Commissionership of the Tenasserim Provinces, and of Major

Macpherson from the Khond Agency. This removal was summarily effected, and Macpherson was informed that the Government would record its opinion on his conduct after it had received his explanations. He was not, it will be observed, merely suspended pending an investigation, but was summarily removed, and Colonel Campbell was appointed as his successor.

Of course he immediately demanded a thorough investigation. And this could not well be refused; neither could the conduct of it be committed to a second-rate man. In point of fact it was committed to as unexceptionable a man as could have been selected for such a purpose, Mr. (now Sir) John Peter Grant, of the Bengal Civil Service. The inquiry was conducted in the absence of Captain Macpherson and his assistants, so that they had no opportunity of indicating the witnesses whom they wished to be examined, or of cross-examining those whose testimony was taken. Notwithstanding this, the Commissioner gave in reports (extending to about 2,500 folio pages!) the whole strain of which indicated his conviction of the high principle and consummate ability with which Captain Macpherson had conducted his Agency, and of the utter groundlessness of the charges that had been brought against him. After mature consideration of these voluminous reports, the Government, at the head of which Lord Dalhousie now was, recorded its verdict of unqualified acquittal, and expressed its regret at the manner in which Captain Macpherson had been treated.

Lord Dalhousie, amongst whose high qualities one of the most striking was his intuitive knowledge of men, and the tact with which he managed to get the best men into appointments in which they could do most good, was not content with the mere record of an official minute of acquittal, but took care to assure Macpherson personally of his thorough appreciation of his merits, and to promise him that as soon as his health, broken down by the harassing suspense in which he had been kept for more than a year, should be recruited by a sojourn in Europe, the Government would take care to secure his services in the most important appointment that might be available. The Court of Directors cordially endorsed the sentence of acquittal, and all good men rejoiced in it. Sir James Outram, who knew by experience what it is to have one's good evil spoken of, and to have the light of one's fair fame obscured for a time by a cloud of calumnies and misrepresentations, introduced himself to him in the hotel at Cairo, earnestly desiring the acquaintance of a man whose career he had long watched "with the deepest interest and admiration." Mr. Kaye, both in his "Life of Mr. Tucker," and in his "History of the Administration of the East India Company," bears hearty and admiring testimony to the high qualities of the man, and the noble character of his work. Dr. Duff, who was attracted to his operations, as he was to everything tending to the elevation of any class of the natives of India, and who had given an account of his doings in a series of most interesting and elaborate articles in the *Calcutta Review*, concluded his chronicle in these glowing terms:—"It now affords us no ordinary satisfaction to be enabled authoritatively to report that, after a twelve months' investigation of the most searching character, conducted throughout on the part of the Commissioner with consummate ability, and the drawing up of reports on each of the alleged charges, extending in the aggregate to about 2,500 folio pages, the deliberate verdict of the Supreme Government has been, *not merely one of bare acquittal, but, in most cases, of* TRIUMPHANT VINDICATION." And to this he appends the following note:—"The vindication would have been still more complete, had the Commissioner been enabled to extend his inquiries, not merely to those matters which bore more immediately on the calumnious charges, but also to *the whole character and working of the Agent's policy*. By this limitation of the inquiry, nothing like full or proper justice has yet been done to Captain Macpherson. To render it even now is, we venture to say, a duty which the Supreme Government owes to itself, not less than to the character of a greatly injured public officer. But if unhappily withheld by the Government now, the day is assuredly coming, when, on the whole facts of the case being made public, the Agent will have his full reward in the approval and sympathy of the world at large."

To this end we hope this present paper may contribute in some small degree. It was of *Khond*[*] Macpherson that we proposed to give an account, therefore we shall not follow him through his subsequent career, which was one of high distinction and great importance. We shall only state that on his return to India in 1853, Lord Dalhousie did not forget his promise, but appointed him at once to the office of Governor-General's Agent at Benares, and a few weeks afterwards to that of Political Agent at Bhopal, an appointment in which, if our recollection serves us aright, he succeeded Major Durand, with whom, as we have already stated, he shared the double honour of having been condemned by Sir Herbert Maddock, and justified by Lord Dalhousie. From this he was transferred next year to the more important post of Political Agent at Gwalior, and there, at the fearful crisis of 1857-8, he was one of the pillars on which the British Empire in India rested, and is entitled to share not unequally the honour, as he shared equally the responsibility, which one Lawrence achieved at Lahore, and another, with death, at Lucknow, and Colvin at Agra. Had one of these pillars been insufficient, the whole fabric, as far as man can see, must have fallen in irretrievable ruin. "I had a personal knowledge," says one well qualified to judge (Mr. Harrington, member of the Governor-General's Council), "of the admirable tact and judgment which he displayed in dealing with Scindia, and in keeping the Gwalior Contingent, with its powerful artillery, inactive in its cantonments until after the fall of Delhi. We owe Macpherson much,—much more than has been supposed, and very much more than has been acknowledged." After the suppression of the mutiny, he was actively engaged in the settlement of the country, and was intending to return home shortly to enjoy the rest that he had so nobly earned. But it was not to be. On the 15th April, 1860, he rested from his labours indeed, but it was in the rest of the grave.

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[*] Even in this capacity we have confined ourselves to one department of his work. His efforts for the suppression of female infanticide were not less important than those for the abolition of human sacrifice; in some respects more so, for the number of female infants annually murdered was probably three times as great as that of Meriahs annually sacrificed. But then this field was not so distinctively his own.

Mr. Macpherson has raised a noble monument to his brother's memory in these "Memorials." He has executed his task admirably; and by a judicious blending of private letters with official documents, and with his own narrative, he has shown at once the loving heart and the graceful accomplishments of the man, and the indomitable energy, high principle, and noble enthusiasm of the philanthropic official. But he has done more than the pious act of doing justice to a brother's memory. He has depicted a character and a career of exceeding interest, and has taught in the most impressive manner, a lesson which is worth learning by us all, that it depends on the man who holds it whether an employment shall be a dull and wearisome drudgery, or a means of blessing and benefiting his fellow-men.

THOMAS SMITH.

# MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE AND THE ENGLISH CLERGY.

IS it possible to write smartly on a matter of which one is almost entirely ignorant? to say things which shall tickle the public ear, and serve for descriptions of persons and conditions of life, without more than the most hearsay and superficial acquaintance with facts? It would seem so, by this book of Mr. Trollope's. For his knowledge of those whom he professes to describe very rarely touches at all the present existing state of things, being almost entirely formed upon certain conventional ideas current in the novel-writing and journalizing mind. And when a touch true to nature occurs, it is almost always made to do the work of misleading, from the writer's ignorance how to lay it on, and where in the picture to place it. Accidental circumstances are generalized into normal conditions: transient arrangements are represented as final: individual and exceptional peculiarities are paraded as the characteristics of classes of men.

The ignorance of Church matters displayed in our public journals might be ground of astonishment, did we not know how much easier and more profitable it is to produce an effect, than to minister to truth. If a writer in the *Times* wishes to turn some Church question into ridicule, or to raise a laugh at the expense of Convocation, he can attain his object far better without than with the labour of acquainting himself with the facts. His article may abound with blunders of which any English gentleman would be ashamed; but those, even if detected by his readers, are forgiven and forgotten, if the language in which they are conveyed is flippant enough, and the argument which they subserve, damaging enough to those against whom it is directed. A few bitter and easily remembered words, an apt quotation, an incident ludicrously applied, will make converts of the great reading multitude, though the pretended facts of the case, and the inferences from them, are alike chimerical.

Mr. Trollope's characterizations of the clergy appeared in an evening paper which, though not long started, has acquired a place in the first rank of our daily journals. We venture to hope, and we believe, that its success has been owing to merits more solid than those displayed in these very trumpery essays. Since their publication indeed, symptoms of the same "proclivities" have not been wanting: but we are happy to say that the general tone of the writers in the *Pall Mall Gazette* is of quite another kind. Indeed, if any journal were to write on secular subjects as Mr. Trollope has here written on clerical, its days would be numbered.

We proceed to justify our estimate of these essays. General charges may be met with general denials. But they may be none the less deserved. We begin then by charging this writer with a total want of *appreciation* of the subject on which he writes. He has laid hold of certain commonplaces about the work of the clergy, and these he brings up on every occasion: but of the realities of that work he has not the slightest conception. Whether it be bishop, dean, archdeacon, or parson of the parish, Mr. Trollope's description of the man and his work deals only with those points which, in his strange use of the word, are "picturesque:" meaning, it would appear, by this term, quaint, or irregular, or ill-adapted for use, or needing adjustment.[*] We are perhaps prepared to expect this, by the very curious sentences here and there occurring, which throw light upon Mr. Trollope's ideas respecting worship, and such spiritual matters. "When cathedral services were kept up for the honour of God rather than for the welfare of the worshippers" (p. 31) is a strange designation of times anterior to our own. We thought that the true measure of the former of these objects was the extent to which the latter has been attained. Perhaps it may be said, that we are mistaking Mr. Trollope's aim in the expression "the welfare of the worshippers." But here is his own explanation of it (p. 32): "We use our cathedrals in these days as big churches, in which multitudes may worship, so that if possible they may learn to lead Christian lives." And let not this criticism seem to be a mere cavil. It is in fact an indication of the fundamental error which runs through Mr. Trollope's book.

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[*] Thus he says of the *congé d'elire*, and the manner of carrying it out, "How English, how absurd, how *picturesque* it all is! and, one may add, how traditionally useful!"—(P. 41).

What he *believes*, of course it is not for us to say; but if he believed that God and His honour and His service were on one side of an antagonism, and the interests of society and our people on the other side, we do not see that his book would need any correction.

Another general fault, a less one indeed, but not less indicative of unfitness for describing the English clergy as they are, is, the thoroughly low estimate of men and their motives shown throughout the whole of these essays. That men should be capable of high motives, and acting from generous self-devotion, entirely surpasses Mr. Trollope's conception. Every one, in every place, seems to him to be scrambling for what he can get. If a clergyman have a large income, if his place seem to Mr. Trollope to be an easy one, he forthwith becomes "sleek:" "look at a dean, and you will see that he is always 'sleeker' than a bishop" (p. 34): when a town incumbent has "preached himself into a fortune and a reputation," he "becomes very sleek and very famous" (p. 75). And this sort of hair-dresser's estimate of mankind is carried throughout the book. It is the *snobbishness* of it which we are now challenging, rather than its want of truth; though we might well ground our sentence on that also. Can any man say that our two metropolitan deans are sleeker than our metropolitan bishop? Have not all three the furrowed and worn faces of thinking and working men? Other cities occur to us, where also the dictum of Mr. Trollope would signally fail; indeed we are not sure that there are more than two or three, where the comparison would weigh the balance his way. Then as to successful town preachers, it certainly has not been a part of our experience in society, that that most laborious employment, with its anxieties burdening every week, and its "*contentio laterum*" and "clergyman's throat," was peculiarly fattening.

Let any one accustomed to things themselves rather than to low caricatures of them, estimate the following:—

> "A poor archdeacon, an archdeacon who did not keep a curate or two, an archdeacon who could not give a dinner and put a special bottle of wine upon the table, an archdeacon who did not keep a carriage, or at least a one-horse chaise, an archdeacon without a man servant, or a banker's account, would be nowhere,—if I may so speak,—in an English diocese. Such a one could not hold up his head among churchwardens, or inquire as to church repairs with any touch of proper authority. Therefore, though the archdeacon is not paid for his services as archdeacon, he is generally a gentleman who is well to do in the world, and who can take a comfortable place in the county society among which it is his happy lot to live."—(P. 44.)

And this:—

> "Open moral misconduct in a clergyman's life is supposed to be matter of justifiable public scandal—the scandal arising with the clerical sinner, and not with those who tell of the sin—and, as such, is, by the constitution

of our Church, an especial subject for the care of our archdeacons, and indeed, under them, of our churchwardens. But in such matters archdeacons are liberal, and much prefer to wink an eye than to see too much. We may imagine that a churchwarden, misunderstanding his mission with regard to scandal, and taking upon himself too promptly the duty of watching the moral conduct of his parson, would not receive much comfort from a visiting archdeacon."—(P. 47.)

The unblushing falsehood of the last extract brings into our view a whole troop of assertions equally untrue, either by error or by malice, which we have observed in the book, but will take them as they come, and as we have noted them down.

It is Mr. Trollope's habit to represent bishops as the stipendiaries of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—

"But the altered circumstances of the sees themselves have perhaps done as much as the altered tendencies of men's minds. It is not simply that the incomes received by the present archbishops are much less than the incomes of their predecessors,—though that alone would have done much,—but the incomes are of a nature much less prone to produce princes. The territorial grandeur is gone. The archbishops and bishops of to-day, with the exception of, I believe, but two veterans on the bench, receive their allotted stipends as do the clerks in the Custom-house. There is no longer left with them any vestige of the power of the freehold magnate over the soil."—(P. 5.)

And again; "a bishop now has no domain, but is paid his simple salary of £5,000 a year,—quarterly, we suppose"—(P. 27.) And we suppose he has the same idea of chapters; for he writes, p. 36,—"We think that the Ecclesiastical Commission *spends its money well in preserving the chapter*, and should feel infinite regret in finding that any diocese had none belonging to it."

These extracts force on us the unpleasant inference, that their writer has undertaken to describe the position of the Commissioners as to bishops and chapters without having even taken the common pains to ascertain from a trustworthy source, what it is. Had he looked into the Commissioners' yearly reports, presented to Parliament, he would have seen, that the estates of bishops and chapters are ordinarily placed in the hands of the Commissioners for the purpose of re-endowment with such lands as, lying conveniently and being otherwise fitted for ecclesiastical possession, may be estimated to yield such income as by the new schemes their holders are to enjoy. He would find that it is only pending such re-endowment, that the incomes are paid by the Commissioners. But even this is not always the case. In the process of transfer and re-endowment, it may happen that the chapter already possesses a large proportion of the estates which it elects, and which the Commissioners think desirable for it to have in permanence. In that case, the chapter retains its entire management of that, the source of the larger portion of its income, and, until the entire re-endowment can be arranged, receives *the balance only* from the Commissioners. When re-endowed, the holders will be, with the exception that speculating in lives and fines will be happily at an end, just as much the lords of their own estates as they ever were: unless indeed, by their own choice, they prefer leaving the management of their estates to the Commissioners.* And, that Mr. Trollope may not think we are describing a state of things to be reached at the Greek calends, we will inform him, that of the bishoprics, York, Durham, Peterborough, Norwich, and Lincoln, have been already re-endowed, while Canterbury, Ely, and Gloucester are in process of arrangement: and of the chapters, re-endowment has taken place in the cases of York, Peterborough, and Carlisle: the negotiations for Gloucester and Canterbury are on the point of being completed: and Salisbury and some others are yet passing through the necessary processes of re-adjustment.

What is to be said of a writer who, when he might have known, if not the details, at least the fact of this process being in hand, has preferred, for the sake of stage effect, to repeat again and again a statement wholly inaccurate?

Signs of the same culpable ignorance are shown where Mr. Trollope deals with the subject of town incumbents. "It is to be hoped," he says, "that the peculiar evils of their position may be remedied by altered arrangements as to their income."—(P. 77.) Is he then not aware of the yearly extending operations of the Commission, by which this very end is being accomplished?

Mr. Trollope does not seem to be particularly well acquainted with ecclesiastical terms. This ignorance is shown in his use of the word "incumbent." He seems to have been somewhat puzzled by having heard it used of clergymen of different kinds, and has referred to Johnson's Dictionary, which tells him "that an incumbent is he who is in present possession of a benefice." But he could not rest here: he seems to have known some poor perpetual curate of a district church who was conventionally named "the incumbent," and thus he concludes that the word "has no pleasantly ecclesiastical flavour, and carries with itself none of that acknowledged right to respect which is attached to *other clerical titles*" (*sic*).—(P. 66.) What would the "Hertfordshire Incumbent" of the *Times* say to this description of his *nom de guerre?* And what would be Mr. Trollope's surprise to hear what we suppose he would style the *reign* of a bishop denominated, as it ordinarily is, his *incumbency?*

It would appear that his knowledge on this matter is about on a par with that on another, where he says, "There is something charming to the English ear in the name of the dean and chapter. *None of us quite know what it means*, and yet we love it."—(P. 35.)

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* This course has been taken by the Bishops of Durham and Norwich.

Certainly his ingenuous confession here is fully borne out, by his sentence already quoted, "We also think that the Ecclesiastical Commission *spends its money well in preserving the chapter*, and should feel infinite regret in finding that any diocese had none belonging to it."—(P. 36.) Has this writer any even the most remote notion *what the Ecclesiastical Commission is?* On the other hand, can he be so grossly ignorant of the constitution of his country as to imagine that this, or any Commission, has it *in its option* to preserve, or not to preserve, an ecclesiastical corporation?

But we proceed with our graver charges. "A bishop is not bound, even in theory, as the theory at present exists, to bestow his patronage as may be best for the diocese over which he presides. He still gives, and is supposed to give, his best livings to his own friends. *A deserving curate has no claim on a bishop for a living as a reward for the work he has done.*"

Now if Mr. Trollope does not know this last sentence to be an entire misrepresentation, he is not fit to write about the subject at all. Any account of the bestowal of patronage by any of our bishops would show that this last is precisely the direction in which it is, as a general practice, given. And with regard to bestowals in the quarters complained of, surely there are other elements to be taken into account, which are commonly kept back. Such bestowals ought to be moderate, both as to number and as to amount of income: and it ought to be clear in every case, that the man is fitted for the post. If these requisites are satisfied,—and we believe that, though there may be some painful exceptions, such is generally the case in the present day,—we really do not see that there is anything to complain of. It would be hard that one who, from having won his way to the bishop's confidence as a faithful and efficient chaplain, has become a member of his family (and this is a very common case), should be thereby disqualified from diocesan preferment. The danger of nepotism is not peculiar to the Church of England bishops, but is incurred by private patronage wherever it exists, and under whatever circumstances. If there be any ground of dissatisfaction with the general practice of our bishops at present, it is, we think, their too scrupulous adherence to satisfying claims within the diocese. Doubtless these should have the greater share: but it is very often good for a diocese to have an infusion of new blood from without. Our clergy are much tempted to cliqueship, and thus opinions become doctrines, and prejudices become hopelessly ingrained.

It is of course in the chapter on *curates* that Mr. Trollope's misrepresentations culminate. It is difficult to imagine how the following could have been sent to press by any man, in the face of facts, and of the law on the subject:—

> "It is notorious that a rector in the Church of England, in the possession of a living of, let us say, a thousand a year, shall employ a curate at seventy pounds a year, that the curate shall do three-fourths or more of the work of the parish, that he shall remain in that position for twenty years, taking one-fourteenth of the wages while he does three-fourths of the work, and that nobody shall think that the rector is wrong or the curate ill-used."—(P. 97.)

For let us observe that Mr. Trollope does not merely state that by an underhand and illegal agreement such a thing may be *done*, but implies that it is recognised and approved usage.* Against this let us set the law, and matter of fact. One of two cases must be contemplated by Mr. Trollope. The incumbent is either non-resident, or resident. By the expression "doing three-fourths of the work," it would seem as if the latter only were contemplated. But this might be otherwise. The incumbent might be resident in a neighbouring cure, and doing part of the work. So that we have to give an account of both alternatives.

In the case of curates of non-resident incumbents, the law (1 & 2 Vict., c. 106) thus prescribes their stipends:—

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| The lowest stipend is— . . . . . | £80† |
| If the population be 300, the stipend must be— . . | 100 |
| If 500 . . . . . . . | 120 |
| If 750 . . . . . . . | 135 |
| If 1000 . . . . . . . | 150 |

The stipend is to be the whole value of the benefice, if it do not exceed these sums respectively. All agreements for a stipend less than the legal one are void: and if less have been paid, the remainder may afterwards be recovered by the curate, *or by his representatives.*

In the case of a resident incumbent, the whole transaction as to the appointment and stipend of a curate requires the sanction of the bishop; and it is made the subject of annual enquiry by the bishop in his paper of questions, whether such stipend is regularly and faithfully paid. We venture to say that not only would such a case as Mr. Trollope here puts not be acquiesced in by any of the parties concerned, but it would be hardly possible for it to arise under our present arrangements. From all we know by experience, and learn from others, the present lowest average is not as Mr. Trollope states it, seventy, but a hundred pounds a year. The state of our curates is bad enough, without being made worse by mis-statements of this kind. But the real form of the grievance is more in the hopelessness of prospect of rising, than in inadequacy of present salary. This, it is true, Mr. Trollope has touched upon (p. 96), but in his eagerness to have a popular fling at the distribution of patronage, he has missed the evil which really wants remedying. There are, we should imagine, very few cases in the present day of a clergyman really up to his work and doing it actively, who does not, sooner or later, obtain recognition of his services, either by his bishop, or by some private patron. It is not here that the hardship lies, but where good and conscientious men of small ability have toiled on through life upon a curate's pittance. Without any personal claim for preferment, and unable to obtain it through connections, they are compelled to appear as gentlemen, and bring up large families, on a salary not amounting to the wages of a skilled stonemason. It is for such as these that the Curates' Augmentation Fund has recently been inaugurated; the intention of which is "to give to the worthy curate, while at work, an additional stipend of, if possible, £100 per annum over and above the stipend which he receives from other sources. . . . It is proposed, in the first instance, that every curate of fifteen years' standing or upwards, being in the *bonâ fide* receipt of a clerical income of at least £100 a year, or £80 a year and a house,* shall be eligible for a grant." We may observe that the announcements as yet show an immense preponderance of contributions from the *clergy*, as is the case with almost all our charities. We are sure that such a scheme must approve itself to every one who really feels the hardship of the cases which it contemplates: and we shall look with some interest to see Mr. Trollope's name in its lists for a liberal contribution.

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* He really seems to think that some sanction has been given to this amount of salary; for (p. 104) he speaks of "*the normal* seventy pounds per annum."

† Where the net yearly income of the benefice exceeds £400, the bishop may assign a stipend of £100, though the population may not amount to 300.

The curious inaccuracy of the following statement can, we suspect, be testified to by every bishop, and by many private patrons. Of the curate it is said (p. 96), "Of rising in his profession because he is fit to rise he has no hope. The idea has not, as yet, come home to him that he has a positive claim upon his bishop because he has worked hard and honestly in his profession." Our experience in the matter of patronage has been only among benefices of the most insignificant kind, and those few and far between: but for this very reason it is all the more decisive to the fact that, no sooner do livings (ironically so called, for many of them are worse than curacies in all points except that of permanence) become vacant, than half a dozen letters appear, from curates far and near, urging, and sometimes in no very diffident terms, their claims to the preferment. There can be no doubt that the present curate-mind in our Church is fully alive to the idea of which Mr. Trollope supposes it ignorant: and the very fact serves as additional evidence that the claim is likely to obtain recognition.

Of course, to the existence of generous highminded men in the ministry of the Church Mr. Trollope shuts his eyes altogether: in truth, the idea of generous highmindedness seems to be totally wanting from his list of hypotheses. Otherwise, he might have said something of the numerous instances in every diocese, of men of independent means serving curacies without salary, and devoting themselves and their energies to gratuitous work. This, while it shows an admirable spirit, is not an unmixed good. Labour without pay is apt to become self-willed, and capricious, and difficult to keep in the lawful track. And besides, a worse evil may sometimes lurk behind, and these cases may fall under that large and serious class of abuses, where a "title for Orders" is purchased of the incumbent by the curate's acceptance of a diminished salary. Such trafficking is become very common,—indeed in some parts seems almost the acknowledged rule. We need hardly say that, be the *legal* definition of simony what it may, no act ever approached the original description of that sin more closely, than the payment of a consideration for the first admission into Holy Orders.

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* The reader will observe that the "normal £70 a year" is at least unknown to this Society.

Of course, also, our author says nothing of the many instances in which, for men of very small or no means of their own, a curacy is to be preferred to an incumbency.* We could mention cases of curacies of £120 and £150 per annum with a good house, the holders of which are really better off than they would be with poor incumbencies, by reason of their being exempt from numerous claims which incumbents cannot escape.

Mr. Trollope takes upon him to account for what he believes to be the present state of curates. All such passages in his book are real curiosities, affording, as they do, such gems as the following:—"The immense increase of population has forced upon us an increase of curates, any increase in the number of endowed rectors and vicars being out of our reach."—(P. 98.) We wonder what his ideas of the clerical distribution in large towns can be. Does he suppose, that as parishes have increased, an immense staff of curates has been called into being? Imagine the rector of Marylebone with fifty curates, all at "the normal £70 a year," all growing old in what Mr. Trollope calls "clerical babyhood!" Is this what he wants his readers to realize as the present state of things? As to "any increase in the number of endowed rectors and vicars being out of our reach," a more foolish sentence was never penned. Does he not know that, within his own memory, that very parish of Marylebone has been divided into five distinct rectories? Is he not aware that the same process of subdivision into new parishes and new districts is going on continually? Can it be that one who undertakes the part of an instructor of the public as to the state of the Church never looks into the *London Gazette*, where all such subdivisions of parishes are recorded? Such ignorance would be beneath criticism, were it not that the author's reputation, and the flippancy and assurance of his style, render it likely that some may believe what he tells them.

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* We use this word in its real meaning, not in that assigned to it by Mr. Trollope. See above, p. 244.

Here is another precious extract:—

> "And in considering this matter we must remember that the curate of to-day is deprived of a great advantage which belonged as a matter of course to the curate of yesterday. The latter was presumed to be, by virtue of his calling, a gentleman, and as such possessed almost a right to be admitted into society which neither his fortune nor his own abilities would have opened to him. He was a gentleman as it were by Act of Parliament, and it was understood that he might receive where he could not give, and so enjoy many of those good things which a liberal income produces, though such things were beyond the reach of his own purse. Thus the pains of his position were mitigated. And in this way the poor clergyman mixed with men who were not poor, and received a something from his status in the world, to which no disgrace was attached, though it was something which he could not return. But we may say that all this is now altered. A clergyman is no longer a gentleman by Act of Parliament. Till the other day he was admitted into all families simply because he had a place in the reading-desk of the parish church;—but he is no longer so admitted."—(Pp. 98-9.)

We have had pretty abundant opportunities of observing the present usage of society in this matter, and certainly we have seen no such exclusion as that here described. Nor do we believe, to any great extent, in the social deterioration of the material out of which our clergy are made. It may or may not be an evil, that a lesser proportion of them than formerly are graduates of our ancient Universities: and the "literate" clergy may want some of that finish which University training gives to the manners: but they are certainly not looked on with less respect, nor are they, in *clerical* training, a whit behind their graduate friends. Mr. Trollope has, of course, caught the echoes of the complaints commonly current about the deterioration of our clergy, and repeated them in his own manner: that is, with the usual supplement of blunders. He talks of "the increasing number and *increasing influence*"* around him of "those literate clergymen who—from want of better, as we must in sorrow confess,—are flocking to us from Islington, Birkenhead, and suchlike fountains of pastoral care."—(P. 48.) We had always believed that the Islington college was for the training of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. If (which we do not doubt) it has been kept to this its purpose, here is another instance of Mr. Trollope's really astonishing ignorance of the state of things about him.

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* Who ever heard that this was the case? and in what direction is it exerted? is it in preventing others from going to the Universities—or how else? We suspect that we owe these last words to the rhetorical requirements of Mr. Trollope's sentence.

He devotes one chapter to "the college fellow who has taken Orders:" and here, as might be expected, the path was strewn thick with snares for ignorant men. The following sentence will serve to measure his knowledge of college arrangements:—"There is a third condition, such as that which prevails at the greatest of all our colleges, namely, Trinity, Cambridge, in accordance with which certain years of grace are allowed, and a fellow may remain a fellow for a period of years without taking Orders."—(P. 79.) The term "year of grace" is really applied, not to this interval at all, but to the year next following that in which a fellow has elected to take a benefice in the gift of the college.

Mr. Trollope goes on to insist upon the unfitness of a college fellow to enter Holy Orders, mainly because he is never to "assist others to worship." We print the whole passage, on account of the extraordinary distinction with which it opens:—

> "In the Roman Catholic Church worship seems to have been ordained for the gratification of God. The people were, and indeed are still, taught that God and his saints like prayers and incense and church services, and will reward those who are liberal in bestowing them. It is, therefore, natural that in the Church of Rome there should be,—or, more natural still, that there should have been when this idea was more prevalent in Roman Catholic countries than it is now,—legions of priests whose church administrations were performed with a view to their effect on the Creator, and with no view to any effect on man. But in Protestant countries worship is used, as we suppose, simply for the use of man. It is the duty of the clergyman, as clergyman, to assist other men in worshipping rather than to achieve anything by worship on his own part. If such be the case,—and such appears to be at any rate the existing theory of our own Protestant Church,—it is difficult to conceive how any man can become a clergyman of the Church of England who has no intention whatsoever of helping others to worship,—who has not before him any prospect of performing the duties of a clergyman."—(Pp. 82-3.)

Is it possible that Mr. Trollope can be ignorant of the part which the fellows take in the ordinary chapel service, and in preaching in chapel in their turns? Or, to take wider ground, has he never heard that the office of teaching, in all ages, has been regarded as forming part of the clerical duty?

But a richer bit of college information is yet to come. Of the fellows of colleges,—Trinity being his chief example,—he utters this dictum:—"The fellow of a college is ordained in order that he may hold his fellowship,—because in old days, when the fellowship was instituted, fellows were supposed to live the life of monks."

This is indeed wonderful. We hardly know how to arrange the blunders so as to exhibit them effectively. First, does he imagine that the fellows of Trinity *ever were monks?*[*] Has he any idea at what time this "greatest of all our colleges" was founded, and by whom? We rather think that "in old days, when its fellowships were instituted," the hypothesis that *the fellows were to live the life of monks*, was just about as far as possible from the mind of the founder.[†] Then, secondly, supposing that this description applied to *any* college, does Mr. Trollope imagine that monks *were necessarily clergymen?* And again, thirdly, is he ignorant, that, whatever may have been the original reason for requiring fellows to take Orders, the reason of that requirement now is, that the Universities have passed through the scrutinizing hands of two Royal Commissions, who might have set aside the rule if they saw good, but instead of doing so, have re-affirmed it on its own merits. Is there any excuse for a writer in the public press, who for the sake of giving an impression that the practice of our Universities is ill adapted to the wants of the present day, suppresses the fact that the State has deliberately examined into this matter, and the present practice is the result of that examination?

Then as to the matter itself, the unfitness of college fellows in general to be ordained and to hold livings, his remarks are, as usual, wide of the fact. In the course of a pretty extensive experience, we have known two or at most three instances, which might, by due process of exaggeration, be brought under the terms of his description, meant for the average one. We will suppose charitably, though we very much doubt it, that Mr. Trollope knows of two or three more; and when we have said this, we have about reached the limit. Such cases are altogether exceptional, and the rule is the other way. Could stock be taken of the whole English clergy, it would be found that very many of the most devoted and successful parish priests have become so at once from being fellows of colleges.[‡]

We will group together a few things more in this book, which seem to us to require notice, and then pass on.

Here is something which baffles our comprehension. Mr. Trollope says of the modern English archbishop, "He should be very affable on Mondays and Tuesdays, secluding himself somewhat on the other five days of the week," &c.—(P. 13.) Now to what episcopal practice this refers, it is not easy to say: perhaps to the Bishop of London's weekly levees at London House to transact business with his clergy. If so, like almost everything else which Mr. Trollope reports, it has become unrecognisable in the transit.

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[*] He clearly *does*: for the same assertion is repeated, and carried out in all its detail,—"matins, lauds, nones, vespers, complines, and what not, were their lot."—(P. 90.)

[†] Even the American Mr. Everett might have saved our author from this mistake. For he mentions it as a pretty general belief, but erroneous: "On the Cam," p. 240.

[‡] We cannot forbear mentioning the late Archdeacon Evans, vicar of Heversham, Westmoreland, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Trinity: Dr. Atlay, successor of Dr. Hook in the vicarage of Leeds, late Fellow of St. John's; and the two admirable rectors of the churches at Loughborough, who both took their livings as fellows of Emmanuel. But similar instances abound in every neighbourhood.

In mentioning the various qualifications for the episcopate he says, "There was the editor of the Greek play, whose ladder was generally *an acquaintance with Greek punctuation.*" What particular branch of scholarship this may represent, it is quite beyond us to say. Indeed, we are not without suspicion that Mr. Trollope's acquaintance with Greek is of the very slightest: that here, as in other instances, he is describing what he knows nothing of. We are led to this inference from an expression here and there betraying non-appreciation of the source of the meaning of words. For instance, we read on p. 76,—"*For* the unsuccessful town incumbent we all of us *have sympathy.* . . . But *for* the successful town incumbent, *for* the clergyman who fills his church with prayerful, tearful, excitable, but at the same time remunerative ladies, few men can *have any sympathy.*" Now it his ard to believe that any man knowing Greek should talk of "*sympathy for.*" He would as soon say, "*partnership for.*" We "*feel pity for,*" but we "*have sympathy with.*"

Here is another curious prepositional usage: "Our deficiency or our security . . . must *depend,* as it has latterly been caused, *by* the selections made by the Prime Minister of the day."—(P. 7). Mr. Trollope is apparently fond of these zeugmatic constructions, but does not quite know how to manage them. "It almost seems *that* something approaching to hypocrisy *were* a necessary component part of the character of the English parson."—(P. 63.) This is a combination of "seems *as if* something *were,*" and seems *that* something *is.*

Let us hope that "lay improp*rietor*" (p. 55) is a misprint: but we are by no means sure of it.

Here is a remarkable sentence, which defies alike solution by archæology or by history:—"The Irish Protestant clergyman is ever longing to *lead troops of the Roman Catholics of Ireland in triumph to the top of the Tarpeian rock of conversion:* but they succeed in bringing thither but one and another, and these one and another are such that they *hardly grace the chariot wheels of their victors.*"—(P. 107.) What this means, we have not the shadow of a guess. Can Mr. Trollope's idea be that the triumphed-over were dragged at the chariot wheels, not to the Capitol, but to the Tarpeian rock, at the other extremity of the hill: and does he believe that the punishment reserved for them was, not execution in the Mamertine prison, but being thrown from the Tarpeian rock?

Accuracy in details, and in names, is not among Mr. Trollope's excellences. What would our friends the ritualists say to this assertion:—"There are few, I think, now who remember much of the Low Church peculiarities of the Bishop of London, having forgotten all that (*sic*) in the results of his episcopate."—(P. 27.) And what will the great northern Canon think of fame, when he finds himself (p. 72) designated as "Mc*Neale*" ?

Mr. Trollope has a chapter on "the Irish beneficed clergyman:" and without pretending to a more intimate knowledge than others of the state of things in Ireland, we may venture to say that blunders lie as thick here as in the rest of the book. We can at all events point out those which are on the surface, as belonging to the general subject. After wondering (p. 113) that there should be need of many curates in Ireland, and that there as well as here, a curacy should be the first step, he says, "The young clergyman *almost always* becomes a curate." He is then ignorant of the fact that young clergymen *always* must become curates, whether in Ireland or in England, unless ordained on a college fellowship. The distinction between *degrees of Holy Orders* is a matter beyond Mr. Trollope's research. He fancies a young deacon may step into a living at once on his ordination: he probably believes that many do.

A very slight acquaintance with the Irish clergy will serve to convict his descriptions of utter untruthfulness. "Irish clergymen," he says (p. 111), "are bound together more closely than clergymen in England, chiefly from the want of opportunity for divergence." And he goes on to describe them as being all "high Protestants:" nay, that any bishop even, going into Ireland with more liberal views, finds himself irresistibly drawn in this direction, and obliged to swim with the stream. We need but quote the words to expose their absurdity. Among the Irish clergy, in proportion to the warmth of their temperament, the differences in Church opinion are even more strongly marked than among ourselves. An Irishman is ever strongly convinced that he is in the right—so far Mr. Trollope is for once accurate: and for that very reason, divergences are more marked and more strongly asserted there than here.

We have dwelt longer perhaps than it was worth while upon this very paltry book. But we felt that it is but a sample of a kind of writing about the clergy which is disgracing the pages of our public journals, and is by the uninformed taken for something very able, and very damaging. Of this the *Times* first set the example; and we have only to look to any Church article which appears in that paper to see it reproduced in its worst form.

Amidst all these characterizations of the English clergy, and after all the epigrammatic prose in which they have been described, there are yet many chapters of their description left unwritten. One of the truest and most useful of these would be that which should speak of that wide margin by which among ourselves the boundary between the clerical and secular is gradually shaded off: that entering of our clergy so widely into the pursuits of literature and science, which while it constitutes one of the most remarkable features of Anglicanism, acts we conceive most beneficially both on the Church and on society. There always ought to be, and there always will be, a sufficient number of our clergy wholly or mainly devoted to their sacred duties. But even these, for the most part, have been educated in our great Universities, where they have learned, not the temper of clerical partisans, but that of scholars and gentlemen. And we think the day would be much to be deplored, when desire for some effectual clerical training should separate off our youth, and consign the future candidates for Orders to seminaries, or theological colleges. A very great portion of their usefulness in after life is derived from the fact that they have been, in their education, so long undistinguished from others who were preparing for secular pursuits. The beneficial effects on their own characters are obvious, and need not be dwelt on; but other results follow, which are perhaps not so frequently taken into account. The seeds of literature and science thus sown in the youthful minds of our clergy are expected by many to wither up and die as soon as they enter on their life's employment. And doubtless, in many cases, this is so. The effect of classical and mathematical attainment has been collateral rather than direct: has given elegance and precision, but no more: has fallen into the soul rather like the seed which perishes before the future plant, than like that which becomes that plant itself. But in many cases this is not so. The pursuit of youth becomes a pursuit through life: blends with and modifies life's main employment, or even in some instances causes it to be, as matter of active exertion, put by. Hence it is that among us in England the clerical profession furnishes so large a portion of every list of names eminent in literature and science. And hence too that in the Church here, provisions have been retained for the patronage and encouragement of literature and art and science: provisions which, so characteristically of English institutions, have in most cases not been originally intended for any such object, nor even now serve it directly or always, but only as occasion requires, more by haphazard than of set purpose. There may be in a generation half a dozen examples in which a deanery or a canonry has served to furnish forth some man eminent in his influence over the thought of his time: the occupants of the rest of those dignities, or the other occupants of that one within human memory, have left no such mark, nor have seemed in any notable way to justify their appointment. In a large proportion of these other cases, the bestowal has been for work done, and the dignity has been the evening of ease and honour for those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. It is thus that the Church is enabled not only to be just to men who have spent their lives in her service, but also to be the fostering mother of learning and art and science—to be a larger and even more effective Literary Fund than the admirable institution which bears that name. We have no idea of the proportion of books written by the clergy to the whole number of books published, nor of the contributions of the clergy to the numerous charities of our land: but we are quite prepared for any degree of surprise at the greatness of either.

Here it is too, that the regulation requiring college fellows to take Orders, finds, if not its justification, at least some support from its results. Who for instance can but rejoice that the gigantic mental stature of such a man as the late Master of Trinity was clothed upon with the clerical office? Who ever grudged to Buckland his deanery, or to Sedgwick his canonry? The Church herself, while she honours such men, derives honour from them. It may suit mere flippant writers for present effect to sneer at "easy deaneries" and reverend fellows of colleges: but a moment's thought will show that these things are, by any one who loves his country and looks to the true interests of society, to be otherwise estimated.

The production of such a book as this cannot be looked on as other than a serious public evil. Here is a layman, in a great and enlightened community, writing respecting the Church of his country. That country needs all possible counsel, all possible sympathy, under her present circumstances, as regards the Church and her work among the people. Her clergy, with an amount of energy and self-denial perhaps never before exhibited by any body of men, devoting their substance and their lives to the necessities of their parishes, sustaining the principal weight of contribution to the charities of the land, are yet totally incapable of overtaking the immense increase of our population.* The situation is a very grave one, and one which any man writing in earnest ought to contemplate with a desire to contribute his advice for its amendment. Now in view of such a duty, we do feel that we have a right to complain of the tone assumed by our writers of ability in treating of the Church and her work. While every other profession is spoken of with intelligent appreciation of its employment, and respect for those who carry it on, the popular tone of the press with regard to the Church is uniformly one of banter and frivolity. Perhaps the very worst specimens of this are to be found in articles in the *Times*. Superior in assumption to others, writing with immense majesty of style and dictatorial tone, their authors not only betray, as has been already mentioned, gross ignorance of the Church's system, but uniformly treat the whole subject with a flippancy and want of earnestness which is one of the saddest symptoms of our time. We are afraid that a certain amount of contempt for ameliorating moral influence is a condition of the ephemeral popularity by which our journals maintain their circulation. We are sorry that our best writers of fiction find it the most profitable investment of their talents to rail at the Church, and indite Theophrastic caricatures of the clergy. We are sorry to see that the fairness which has been supposed characteristic of our nation should be abandoned by writers, and its abandonment acquiesced in by readers, when an order of men is treated of, whose work, and whose sacrifices, eminently require it to be shown.

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* In the following remarks we would be understood as pleading not for the Church of England proper, as distinguished from Nonconformity, but for the great work which the Church of England, in common with Nonconformity, is at present carrying on.

Take but two points: and to be strictly just, one of these shall be, as regards the clergy, on each side: one, a statement of their wants, the other, a complaint of their defects.

I. One of the most crying wants of the clergy at the present time is, the sanctioned and orderly co-operation of laymen in the laborious work of their parishes. And it may at once be assumed, that this help may be best given by the adoption of those laymen who may be desirous of giving such help, into an inferior and not indelible degree of orders in the Church. The position of the clergy themselves will not bear lowering. They are, as has been well pointed out, the commissioned officers of the army of the Church: and neither here, nor in the army proper, would it be expedient to take from such officers either rights or position. But it has been also pointed out, that the Church, like the army, wants her *non*-commissioned officers: needs a class of men, working under authority, who may touch, and move amongst, the great middle stratum of society. The possession of such a class of ministers has been unquestionably the chief strength of Nonconformity. But it is not so much for the sake of competition with Nonconformity, as for any efficient carrying out of her own work, that the Church needs these organized lay-helpers. And we rejoice to find, that in this present spring the Upper House of Convocation sent down to the Lower House a message requesting their advice on the appointment by the bishops of such a class of lay-helpers, and that the Lower House returned an all but unanimous answer, recommending such appointment. The method of it would we presume be this: the layman thus volunteering his help would, after due examination into his fitness for the work which he seeks, be presented to the bishop, who, with or without laying-on of hands, would authorize him to perform certain quasi-ministerial duties, such as the reading of Scripture and visitation of sick persons, and if it seemed desirable, the holding of hamlet or cottage lectures, and helping the clergy in any other way not touching upon the peculiar offices of the ministry itself. Such appointment would probably be renewable by licence from time to time, and at any time terminable at the will of the holder himself. This latter point is, we conceive, an absolute *sine qua non*. If this class of persons is to be in any sense "set apart," the whole purpose is frustrated. It is necessary, from whatever rank in life they are taken (and there is reason to expect that many would offer themselves from the higher, as well as the middle class of society), to that rank they must still belong, to its occupations and its interests, and not to a separate class: and, should circumstances prevent their continuing to render the help, into that class they should be allowed to subside, losing again the office, with its designation and its obligations, as completely as if they had never undertaken it.

We venture to think that if this arrangement can be carried out, the gain to the Church will be immense. Not only will members who are now working for her irregularly, be brought into her orderly system and more closely attached to her, but many who are now looking on from a distance, not finding any place though willing to help, would have their places and duties assigned them. Among these latter, it may be expected, will be at least some of those who from yearning for sacred employment and not finding it in the Church, become Nonconformist ministers. And of course the amount of substantial help gained by the clergy would be both greater in amount, and of a more satisfactory kind, than under the present irregular and desultory system of Scripture-readers.

II. The other point which we intended to notice is, the unsatisfactory condition of preaching, considered as a whole, in the Church of England. We purposely say, considered as a whole: meaning thereby that the average sermon of the English clergy is far beneath what it ought to be. We would fain believe that some improvement has of late years taken place: but any such self-congratulation must be considerably dashed by the fact of the advertisement and sale, to a very great extent, of lithographed and manuscript sermons. If these should be in themselves better than their purchasers could have produced, it would be no subject of congratulation, to have raised the character of our sermons at the expense of the honesty of the preachers. For we do not hesitate to say, that the deliverer of a lithographed or purchased manuscript sermon is a thoroughly dishonest man; guilty of a forgery and deceit upon his parishioners. And next to the disgrace that the Church incurs by having such unprincipled persons among her ministers, is this, that journals enjoying a certain character for respectability should admit into their pages advertisements announcing these disreputable forgeries. What would be thought and done, if a secular paper contained an announcement of forged bank-notes for sale? And yet, where is really the difference? The sermon has its money's worth just as the promissory note has: the sermon is lithographed, or offered for sale and bought in manuscript, *for the express purpose of deceiving the congregation.* And we are not of the number who think it any derogation from a clergyman, if he really require it either from inability or want of leisure, to preach the sermons of another, provided it be honestly and openly done. We should honour the man, who, having two sermons to preach every Sunday, and finding himself unable to write more than one, should at the second service boldly and honourably take into the pulpit a printed volume, announce to his people, when he begins the practice, the reason of it, and always the author of the book, and read, having previously made himself well acquainted with its contents and style, the sermon of another. There might be dissatisfaction at first: but it would, provided the practice were not a cloak of indolence, soon subside. And more than this; any judicious selection would probably leave his congregation the gainers. But this would be widely different from the conduct of the man who mounts the pulpit with a written sermon which he never wrote; and concerning whom the unwelcome fact soon dawns upon his congregation, that if his ability have been tried and found wanting, they have nothing to fall back on in his integrity.

That it may not be supposed we are making much of a trifling evil, we extract the advertisements on this subject from *the current number* of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette.*[*]

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> London, W.C.

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[*] We are sorry to see, that the *Guardian* does not close its columns against advertisements of the same kind.

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Under this heading "THE LITERARY CHURCHMAN" for *Saturday, August* 1st, 1863, has an article which thus concludes :—

> "Now, if we understand the system so successfully begun by 'S. P. O.,' it is such as we have hinted at, and we think that he is likely to do a great service to the Church, and to the Clergy in particular, by means of his Sermon Periodical. He is himself a London preacher of some eminence, and we feel confident that the most reverent and decent manner in which the sermons of others can be used by the Clergy is that which is here employed.
>
> "The matter and style of the sermons are eminently fitted for the purposes for which they have been issued. Indeed, there is a forcibleness of diction about some of them—a plainness and yet a poetry—a pleasantness but yet an awful solemnity, which makes us unwilling even at a late hour to end our perusal of them. Thoughtful and thought-provoking they are in a great degree; while the silver ring upon the heart, of here and there the sentences of one of the reverend contributors calls up the memory of the past, that still clings to the name and writings of those dearly loved by us. *The nature of this publication forbids our making any extracts. But we can say most truthfully, that they are what sermons should be, and distinctly aim at bringing souls nearer to God*—and we, therefore, bid the editor a hearty 'God speed,' in his important undertaking."

ESTABLISHED 1853.

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These are really disgraceful: and among them, we know not by what epithet to distinguish the unctuous hypocrisy of the critique from the *Literary Churchman*. We doubt whether roguery and sanctity were ever brought much nearer together than in the two sentences which we have printed in italics.

But we may be asked, what is the remedy for such a state of things? The answer is that it must be sought a long way off, and will take time to bring into operation. As was observed by one of the speakers at the late Church Congress at Norwich, the licence to preach must not be so cheaply bestowed as now. The bishops must not empower men to be preachers, till it be ascertained whether they possess the faculty or not. In some cases perhaps this may not be possible till the year of the diaconate has past. In that case, the licence, temporarily granted, would not be renewed, and the candidate might either remain a deacon all his life, or if ordained a priest, be precluded from holding preferment. In either case, he would have to remain all his life an assistant curate. A few such cases would produce a salutary effect in clearing the Church of these "literary Churchmen" and their forged sermons. But by far the best way of doing so would be to ascertain, by previous training, the fact of capacity to preach before admitting to the diaconate at all. Were not the matter complicated with secular considerations about succession to family livings and the like, this great improvement might be made without any real difficulty.

We should like to return to Mr. Trollope for a little while before we conclude, for the sake of his last chapter—"The clergyman who subscribes for Colenso." And we are the more anxious to do so, because it will afford us the opportunity of parting good friends with Mr. Trollope. For this is the one chapter in his book which we really can almost unreservedly praise. It is a piece of capital description, not overdone. The writer is evidently more at home among the phenomena of unbelief, than among those of undoubting faith and obedience. And none can deny that he has in this chapter touched a very sore point in the present condition of the Church: and not of the Church only, but of orthodox Dissenting bodies also. Mr. Trollope very well describes the sort of increasing debateable margin of thought, which the prevalence of unbelief is producing even in the minds of the most devout and orthodox.

We, who have confidence in the Church being divinely guided into all the truth which is to be revealed to her, believe that this state of things will ultimately tend to the clearing of doubt and the stability of the faith. We believe the time to be one of trial, and of the working of God's Spirit in the spirits of men: one which needs, above other times, all the faculties of discernment, and sober discretion, and sound inference. All hastiness in adopting new conclusions, all dictatorial peremptoriness in refusing them, must equally be eschewed. It is not easy, at such a time, to say which does the more harm, he who impugns the faith, or his denouncer. Of one thing we are certain: that one such sentence as that uttered the other day by a popular Evangelical leader against the most remarkable book of the day, will do more harm, than could ever the book itself, even were it all that he described it as being. We want, what seems grievously lacking among the prominent defenders of our faith, largeness of sympathy, warmth of charity: power to go down among, and to deal with, those seething eddies of thought which are now carrying round and round the awakening multitude. For ages, the Church slumbered and neglected her duties. She might have trained the thought of the nation: but she preferred port and pluralities. She left education in the hands of others, and when she saw it inevitable, feebly followed in their track. Let her not now turn and rail at those who are obeying the universal call to awake and behold the light. Let her rather study how to guide them: for it is in her power, if she will. Let her furnish answers, not anathemas: confutations, not condemnations. If her Scriptures are misunderstood, let her explain them: if they are misread, let her put them right: if they are misrendered, let her re-translate them. The time is come, not for timid counsels, but for bold and prompt action. Never was there a crisis in which God's Church had more to gain, and more to lose: to gain, if she have wisdom to see, candour to avow, courage to act: to lose, if she shrink from questioning, tremble at criticism, enwrap herself in precedent and prescription: a time when her clergy are once more called on to prove that which was said of them by one of old, that they were "empowered as ministers of the new covenant, not of the letter but of the spirit—*for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.*"

# HOMER'S ILIAD: THE THIRD BALLAD:

## IN ENGLISH RHYMED VERSE.

### THE COMBAT OF MENELAUS AND PARIS.

NOW when both hosts were marshall'd  with every chief and king,
The Trojans rush'd with noise and din,  like birds upon the wing:
Such as the noise and clangour  of cranes aloft in heaven,
When they from home by wintry storms,  and furious rains are driven,
And screaming tow'rd the rivers  of utmost ocean fly,
To massacre the Pygmy race,—
Proclaiming war along the space  of all the misty sky.
Far otherwise the Grecians  their march in silence made,
Each other purpos'd to defend,  each other sworn to aid.
And such fog as the southwind  sheds o'er the mountain-height,
Unkindly to the shepherd's watch,  by thieves preferr'd to night;
When one can see no further  than he may cast a stone;—
Such ever, from their footsteps flung,
The dustwhirl to the welkin sprung,  as strode they swiftly on.
But when they clear'd the midspace,  and fronted man to man,
Paris, with pardskin lightly clad,  outstepp'd the Trojan van.
A bow hung from his shoulders,  a cutlass at his side;
In either hand a javelin bright  he brandish'd, and defied
The best and bravest of the Greeks  the combat to decide.

Now him when Menelaüs  saw bounding in advance,
Right glad was he, as lion bold,  half-famish'd, who by chance

Has found a goodly quarry of venison on his track,
And he will gorge, though hunters keen and hounds be at his back :—
So glad was Menelaüs when Paris thus he found :—
"Vengeance! the culprit has not 'scaped,"
He cried : then from his chariot leap'd all arm'd upon the ground.

But now, when godlike Paris beheld him in the van,
Struck to the heart with fear of fate back to his friends he ran.
As one a snake descrying deep in a mountain-glade,
Starts and retreats with quivering knee, confused and pale with dread ;
So when the brass-clad warrior his path impetuous cross'd,
Did godlike Paris backward slip amidst the Trojan host,
Fearing the son of Atreus. Him Hector stern recalls :—
"Ah! recreant Paris! woman-mad! thou gallant fair and false!
Now would that thou hadst never been born, or never wed!
Less damage then had fall'n on us, less shame on thine own head!
Now laugh the crested Grecians, supposing thee our best ;
Because, forsooth, thy face is fair :— in courage thou art least.
Such wast thou when the waters thy sea-borne barks bestrode,
And thou and thy brave comrades sought the stranger's far abode :
Such when from Apia's haven the beauteous Argive bride,
The spouse and child of heroes she, was wafted at thy side!
What sorrow to thy father! what hurt to all our race!
Foul scorn to them that wish thee ill, and to thyself disgrace!
Durst thou not meet the husband?— durst not his mettle try?—
So shouldst thou know how stout the man whose spouse thou dost enjoy!
The harp shall nought avail thee, nor Venus' gifts sustain,—
The curling locks, the form and face,— when roll'd along the plain!
But patient are the Trojans ; else for this evil done,
Should they have clothed thee long ago in tunic wrought of stone!"

Replied the godlike Paris :— "Now truly hast thou said,
Hector,—'tis meet and just for thee my weakness to upbraid.
For as the shipwright's weapon wherewith he splits the wood,
And hews it with redoubled might, and squares the timber rude,
Such is thy spirit, keen and stout, and cannot be withstood.
Yet grudge me not the graces by golden Venus given ;
'Twere ill for men to cast away—
Though none for such would rashly pray— the glorious gifts of heaven!
But dost thou now require me my quarrel to maintain?
Then bid all Greeks and Trojans else be seated on the plain ;
And me with Menelaüs set in the clear midspace,
For Helen and the ravish'd spoil to fight before their face.
And he that proves the better, and conquers in the fight,
Let him the ravish'd spoil enjoy, fair Helen him requite.

Then the rest of ye hereafter inhabit Troy in peace;
And let them straightway home repair,
Where dwell their herds and women fair, in Argos and in Greece."

Right glad thereat was Hector: he rush'd his men to stay;
And dress'd their ranks, as swift he pass'd, with javelin grasp'd midway.
The Greeks meanwhile still shot and slung, and still provoked the fray.

Then cried king Agamemnon, far heard of every Greek:—
"Stay, sons of Greece, and shoot no more; hear gallant Hector speak!"
He cried, and all the Argives refrain'd, and silence held:
Then Hector, standing in the midst, to either host appeal'd.
"Hear, Trojans! hear me, Grecians, in shining armour clad!
Hear both the greeting Paris sends, for whom this strife is had.
He bids both Greeks and Trojans their spears and shields lay down,
While he with warlike Menelas for Helen fights alone.
And he that proves the better and stronger in the fight,
Let him take Helen to his home, her treasures him requite;
But all the rest in friendship join, and truth and honour plight!"

He ceas'd, and all kept silence: then Menelaüs spake:—
"Now hear me all,—for mine the grief,— who combat for my sake;—
Who combat for my honour, or Paris' pride sustain;—
Which of us two the fates decree, let him alone be slain;
And cease ye from the quarrel!— Now two lambs duly pay,
One white, one black, to Earth and Sun; myself to Jove will slay.
And bring me here king Priam, that he may plight his troth,
Himself;—for, well I know, his sons are proud and faithless both;—
That none may spurn the right, and break the heaven-attested oath!
For scarcely shall the purpose of fickle youth endure;
But counsels where the old bear part are circumspect and sure."

He spake: rejoiced on both sides the Trojans and their foes;
For either hoped from war to cease, and all its train of woes.
In their ranks the steeds they tether'd; then lighted on the green;
Each near to other piled their arms; small was the space between.
Then Hector to the city despatch'd his heralds twain,
To bring two lambs right speedily, with Priam, to the plain.
To the hollow ships Talthybius Atrides sent away,
To bring one lamb for sacrifice; nor fail'd he to obey.

Meanwhile to whitearm'd Helen, descending from above,
Came Iris, heavenly messenger, in the palace where she wove,
The purple web embroid'ring with the triumphs and the woes,
Encounter'd all for her dear sake by the Trojans and their foes.
Came Iris in the semblance of fair Laodicè,
Brave Helicaon's wife; most fair of Priam's daughters she.

"Come here, and mark, dear sister,"— thus Helen she address'd,—
"The sons of Troy that quell the steed, and Greeks with brazen vest.
Erst have they fought together, and raged in bloody fields;—
Lo! now they pause, by Jove's command,—
Their long spears planted in the sand,— reclining on their shields!
For now with Menelaüs will Paris strive for thee;
Who wins the fight, and earns the spoil, his consort thou shalt be."
So Helen's heart the goddess with gentle longings moved,
For the husband whose she once had been, for kin and country loved.
She issued from her chamber, her veil about her cast,
By Æthra and fair Clymene attended, as she pass'd
Along the streets, until she reach'd the Scæan gate at last.

King Priam there and Panthus, and Lampus, child of Mars,
Ucalegon, Antenor there, all prudent in affairs,
Clytius and Hicetaon, were sitting at the gate,
From fighting long released by age, still eager in debate.
They sat, as sit cicalas, the forest-leaves among,
Chirping and twittering on the bough their lily-woven song.
These on the gate-tower sitting saw Helen drawing near;
And each to other whisper'd thus, all gently in his ear:—
"Ah! well for such a woman may Greek and Trojan brook
Long years of woes, so goddess-like in figure and in look!
Yet even so 'twere better the ships should waft her home;
Nor on ourselves and children dear relentless ruin come!"
So whisper'd they; but Priam to Helen call'd aloud:—
"Come sit by me, dear child, and see, distinguish'd in the crowd,
Thy spouse of yore and kinsmen:— for thine is not the fault;
The blame is with the mighty gods,
The powers which thus our dear abodes have bade the Greeks assault:—
Come, then, and name this hero, this Argive great and fair;—
Others indeed more tall than he, but none so comely there,
So kingly, so majestic."— Sweet Helen thus replied:—
"Oh father, whom I love and dread, would rather I had died,
Then when thy son I follow'd, leaving my couch, my kin,
My infant girl, my maidens dear:— these woes had never been,
For which I pine with weeping:— but he whose name ye seek,
Atrides-Agamemnon he, far-ruling o'er the Greek:—
Good king and potent warrior; brother-in-law to me,
The shameless and abandon'd one,— if I that Helen be!"

She spake; the old man heard her, and gazed on him, and said:—
"O Agamemnon, blest and great,
Auspicious-born, and loved of fate, by whom such hosts are led!
Once reach'd I vine-clad Phrygia, and all the Phrygians saw;
The cavalry whom Mygdon led, to whom gave Otreus law;

What time they went to battle with the bold Amazonés;
For I was number'd in their ranks
That day, on broad Sangarius' banks;— but fewer they than these!"
But next he spied Ulysses, and thus the senior cried:—
"Now name me this man, who he is:— who by Atrides' side
By the head would seem the shorter, yet broader in the chest
And stalwart shoulders; on the sward his mail and weapons rest:—
And so the ranks of warriors he marshals and reviews,
As erst a ram with curly fleece his snow-white flock of ewes."
Him answer'd Jove-born Helen:— "Laërtes' son behold;
The Ithacan Ulysses wise,
Skill'd in all crafts and policies, nurs'd in his rocky hold."
Broke in the sage Antenor:— "'Tis truly spoken, dame;
For on a day Ulysses here with Menelaüs came.
To treat for thee they came here; with me they fed their fill:
I mark'd the shape and size of both, of both the craft and skill.
Now when among the Trojans I saw them stand upright,
The second did the first outstrip by the head and shoulders [quite;
But when they sat, majestic most was he, the least in height.
And when they spake their speeches, and genius made appear,
Then Menelaüs curtly spake few words, but shrill and clear.
He was no large declaimer, nor from the matter stray'd;
As best becomes the younger man, in council shy and staid.
But when the wise Ulysses upstarted to his feet,
Then paused he, and his eyes declined,
Nor waved before him and behind his staff with measured beat;
But held it stiff beside him, as one unused to speak,
Moody in temper, mindless all of that he came to seek.
But when his voice he utter'd,— big voice, and words that fell
As fall the flakes of wintry snow,— ah! who could him excel?
Not e'en his form majestic then beseem'd him half so well!"
Then Ajax next in order the king observed, and said:—
"What other chief is this, so great, conspicuous by the head?"
Replied the long-robed Helen:— "Gigantic Ajax here,
The bulwark of the Greeks, behold!— Idomeneus stands there,
As a god among the Cretans: his warriors all have come:
Him feasted Menelaüs oft beneath our royal dome.
And all the other heroes could I point out and name;
But those twin leaders of the war, my brothers, known to fame,
Castor that quells the war-horse, and Pollux strong of fist,
Those whom one mother bore with me, my searching eyes have miss'd.
Did they not sail with others from Lacedæmon's shore?
Or came they in their gallant ships the long-drawn ocean o'er,
But now, by keen reproaches stung,
And all the scorn upon me flung, join they the fight no more?"

So spake she: but those heroes all-bearing Earth contain'd;
Already dead and buried they in their dear native land.

See now the heralds bearing the offerings divine;—
Two lambs they bring for sacrifice, and a skin of genial wine.
Idæus bears a goblet, and cups of shining gold;
And thus with gently urgent words excites he Priam old:—
"Rise king Laomedontius, the warriors' bidding hear,
The Trojans bold that quell the steed, and Greeks with brazen gear!
Descend, they bid thee, to the plain, that all an oath may swear.
For now with Menelaüs will godlike Paris fight,
Arm'd with long javelins, heroes both;— and Jove maintain the right!
Who wins shall have the woman and treasure for his own;
But let the rest in friendship join, and swear it every one!
Thenceforth shall all the Trojans inhabit Troy in peace;
The Grecian hosts shall home repair,
Where dwell their herds and women fair, in Argos and in Greece!"
Then Priam trembling order'd his squires to yoke, nor wait;
Mounted in haste, and drew the rein;
Antenor mounted, and the twain shot through the Scæan gate.

They reach'd the plain, and straightway alighted from their car,
Amidst the Greek and Trojan ranks, all marshall'd for the war.
Then rose king Agamemnon, and sage Ulysses rose;
The solemn heralds brought the lambs, wherewith to pledge their vows.
Wine in a bowl they mingled, on their hands water pour'd,
And Agamemnon drew the knife which hung beside his sword.
And so from each lamb's forehead a few short hairs he shear'd;
And, while the heralds gave to each, thus pray'd with palms uprear'd:—

"Oh, Father Jove, that rulest on Ida, greatest, best!
Oh Sun, by whom are all things seen, to whom all sins confest!
Oh, Earth and godlike Rivers, and Ye that after death
Avenge the crimes of men below, and scourge their broken faith!
Oh! be ye all my witness, and guard my solemn vows:—
If Paris Menelaüs slay, be his the Argive spouse,
With all the spoil she bears him; and we will homeward sail:
But if the ruddy Menelas o'er Paris do prevail,
Then Helen shall the Trojans restore with all her gold;
And add thereto a fitting fine, for our sons to have and hold.
But if Priam and his children the prize shall still defend,
Here will we stay, and toil and fight, e'en to war's utmost end!"
With brazen knife the gullets of the lambs he slit in twain,
And cast their bodies, reft of life, all quivering on the plain.
Each hero from his wine-cup a due libation shed,
And pray'd unto the immortal gods; and one or other said:—

"Oh Father, noblest, greatest, and ye Immortals all,
Swears any falsely?—may his brain gush, as these wine-drops fall,
His own, his children's,—and his wife a stranger 'master' call!"
They swore; but Jove confirm'd not the vow thus fondly made.
Then Priam, son of Dardanus, betwixt them rose and said:—
"Hear me, ye greave-clad Grecians, and noble Trojans, hear!
Myself will homeward turn, and back to windy Troy repair.
I dare not view my darling with Menelas contend,
Jove knows, and all the gods above, whose is the destined end!"
He said, and in the chariot the slaughter'd victims set;
Mounted himself, and drew the rein;
Antenor mounted, and the twain regain'd the Scæan gate.

Then Hector son of Priam, and great Ulysses took
A measured space, and next the lots in a brazen helmet shook,
For the first to hurl the javelin: while all the people pray'd,
And thus, with hands uprais'd to heaven both Greek and Trojan said:—
"O Father Jove, that rulest on Ida, greatest, best,
Whiche'er of these hath wrought the woe,— on whom the guilt doth rest,—
Let him descend unpitied to Hades' gloomy reign;
But 'tween our hosts let friendship grow, and plighted faith remain!"
They pray'd, and highplumed Hector with eyes averted shook:—
The lot of Paris started forth:— then all their places took,
Each in his rank, wherever their rapid steeds were tied;
Where'er their arms and armour bright lay piled on either side;
While godlike Paris, Helen's spouse, his glittering harness tried.
And first his shins he covers with silver-mounted greaves;
And on his breast his brother's mail, Lycaon's mail, receives:
A sword about his shoulders with silver studs he flung,—
A brazen sword,—and on his back a mighty buckler swung:
Placed on his head a helmet by direful horsetail fann'd:—
Seiz'd the stout javelin in his grasp, well-balanc'd to his hand.
Nor less did brave Atrides his arms about him set:—
So both were arm'd apart, and thus betwixt the hosts they met,
With flashing eyes:—beheld them the warriors dazed with fear,
The Trojans bold that quell the steed, and Greeks with brazen gear.

Now in the measured war-lists they clear'd the middle space,
And angrily they shook their darts each in the other's face.
First Paris hurl'd his javelin, and smote Atrides' shield;
Unpierced, unrent, the brazen orb his blunted shaft repell'd.
Then in his turn Atrides advanced with brandish'd spear,
And thus to Jove, the sovereign king, address'd himself with prayer:—
"Grant, Jove, that godlike Paris his dread account may pay,—
Paris, who first hath done the wrong,— slain by my hand this day;—
That none his host in after time may venture to betray!"

He spake, and pois'd the javelin; straight from his hand it flew;
It smote the Trojan's rounded shield, it pierced it through and through:
Into the shining cuirass the steel fast-driven rent
Close to his flank the inner vest; but haply Paris bent,
And black death scarcely 'scaped he:— thereat Atrides drew,
And reach'd his crest; the shatter'd blade,
Thrice and again in fragments fray'd, away rebounding flew!
Then groan'd great Menelaüs, and gazing heavenwards said:—
"O Jove! no god so fell as thou:— now Paris had been sped—
But now!—when 'twixt my fingers my futile weapon broke!
My spear flew harmless from my hand; the wretch has shunn'd the stroke!"
He said, and rush'd on Paris, and clutch'd his horsehair plume:—
Beneath his chin the straiten'd band left him scant breathing room:—
And off he would have dragg'd him, and earn'd immortal fame;
But Venus saw, and burst the band;
And swiftly following to his hand the empty helmet came.
The helmet Menelaüs behind him whirl'd and flung;
Hurra'd his comrades in the ranks, and caught it as it swung.
Again he leapt on Paris, furious to smite and slay;
But Venus to the rescue ran,
And easily, as goddess can, snatch'd him in clouds away.

She bore him to his chamber, the sweet pavilion'd bower,
And call'd for Helen where she sat with her maidens on the tower.
She shook her scented mantle, in her nurse's semblance seen,
Her long-loved nurse, who erst at home her workfellow had been:—
And thus she cried;—"Come hither! thy Paris bids thee come:
He lies upon the splendid couch strown in the fragrant room;
All shining in his beauty, shining in raiment rare;
As one who seeks or quits the dance, not one who breathes from war."
Then much was Helen troubled; nor fail'd she to agnise
The form divine, the graceful gorge, fair breast, and dazzling eyes.
Then reverently address'd her,— and coax'd with words of fear:—
"Why, goddess! why thy child deceive, who still attends thee here?
Now farther wilt thou waft me?— to another husband give
In Phrygian or Mæonian land, where'er thy minions live?
Is godlike Paris fallen?— hath Menelaüs won?—
And claims he his accursed bride?—
And therefore comest thou to deride, and cheat me thus undone?
Nay,—go, and sit by Paris;— renounce thy bright abodes;
Nor ever with thy foot regain the threshold of the gods:
But moan thou with his moanings;— grant thou whate'er he crave;
So may he take thee for his spouse, or haply for his slave!

But I will not go thither, for shame, nor seek his bed!
Alack! so should the dames of Troy fling scorn upon my head!"
She spake and sigh'd; but Venus impatiently replied:—
"Incense me not, lest I withdraw indignant from thy side,
And prove myself as hostile as erst I loved thee most;
And raise against thee vengeful hands in either angry host!"
Then trembled heavenborn Helen, and her cloak around her threw;
And led by Venus, seen of none, all silently withdrew.

So to the bower of Paris ascended Helen fair:
Her maidens hied them to their tasks, and Venus set her chair.
So placed, she sat before him, and thus began to chide,
Her eyes averting from his sight:—
"Ah! thus return'st thou from the fight?— Ah! better there have died,
Slain by mine ancient husband! How vain a boast was this—
Thy strength, thy skill, thy feats of arms more excellent than his!
Now call on Menelaüs to join in fight again!
Nay, rather let me bid thee stay,
Nor tempt him to a second fray, lest straightway thou be slain!"
"Ah! spare me,"—answer'd Paris,— "nor with reproaches load:—
By Pallas' aid he worsted me:
Be mine to-morrow's victory; for I too have my god!
Come now, and let us mingle endearment and caress;
For ne'er before did fond desire so much my soul possess;—
Not when from Lacedæmon I snatch'd thee o'er the sea;
And met thee first in dear embrace, at sea-girt Cranaë."
Leapt to his couch the lover; follow'd his glowing mate;
And each with other laid them down upon their bed of state.

Meanwhile the son of Atreus like a wild beast rush'd along,
And for his vanquish'd rival sought the Trojan ranks among.
Nor would they have conceal'd him, for any love they bore;
For like black death they hated him, and scouted evermore.
Then cried king Agamemnon:— "Now hear, ye Trojans all;
Hear me, ye Dardans and allies;— on all the hosts I call!
For valiant Menelaüs hath victory declared:—
To us must Helen be restored; by us her treasures shared.
Then pay the fine appointed, that none henceforth may doubt."
Thus spake the king, and all the Greeks applauded with a shout.

Charles Merivale.

# UNIVERSITY REFORM:

## FROM A LAYMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.*

THE correspondence between Dr. Temple and Mr. Meyrick in the *Times* of December last brought the question of University Reform to its true issue, in respect both of discipline and education, though the latter point, it must be confessed, was treated but superficially. Whatever minor points are involved, the main question is the same as that which the Commissioners in 1850 tried to raise, and which, so far as it received any answer at all, was then answered in favour of the college system. That question is, Does the University or the College system most tend to the improvement of the undergraduates? or, to put the question more fully, and at the same time more concisely, to the greatest happiness (using the word in its highest sense) of the greatest number? This may again be resolved into three questions:—1st, Can poor and rich men be satisfactorily educated together on any collegiate system? 2ndly, Will the relaxation of college restraints necessarily demoralize the university? 3rdly, Can the professorial system supply all the intellectual needs of undergraduates? We said that these questions had, in the main, been answered in favour of the college system on the occasion of the first

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* An article on "University Reform in Relation to Theological Study" appeared in the April number of this Review. The present article deals with an entirely different subject. It was written before its author had seen Dr. Reichel's article, so that both differences and agreements are entirely accidental.

Commission. In saying this, we allude not so much to the evidence before the Commissioners themselves, as to the general feeling of the University, and more especially the expression of that feeling in the evidence before the Committee of the Heads of Houses, to which the Commissioners' recommendations were submitted, and particularly to the evidence of Dr. Pusey. To the consideration of his evidence, with respect, at any rate, to the third of the questions which we have proposed, we shall confine ourselves in this article.

As to the first point which we propose to consider. There have been, in the main, three suggestions put forward for the extension of the University, all of which were previously proposed to the first Commission, viz., Poor Halls, Affiliated Halls, and the unattached or Lodging system. Dr. Temple has truly said that the last of these is "the only scheme which deserves the name of university extension," since it is the only one which is capable of indefinite development. There are other as important objections to the two collegiate schemes. Even difference of race, when it only incidentally implies greater poverty, if it is the characteristic of a whole college, is sufficient to cut it off from the rest of the university; hence we may clearly infer what would be the result of an institution the very name of which would show its character. Affiliated Halls, on the other hand, seem to be simply the extension of the servitor system under another name; and there would be, if possible, even less hope of breaking down, in their case, the social barrier, which is so painfully marked at Christ Church, between commoner and servitor: for in the latter case the very fact of the continual contact between the two classes tends to bring out into more glaring colours the injustice of the servitor's position; while in the Halls the evil, though as really existing, would be less openly forced on the minds of the undergraduates, and so would be less likely to be remedied. In the lodging system, on the other hand, men would form their own acquaintances (those for instance whom they picked up at public lectures), and would not come under the social or economical tyranny of a college majority. For it is not to the butlers and cooks, wholly or even chiefly, that the expense of a college life is due, but to the standard set up by undergraduates themselves. It has, indeed, been alleged—and Dr. Pusey, in his evidence before the Committee, supports the assertion—that living in Oxford lodgings would be more expensive than in college. This statement, however, he fails to prove, for of the two estimates which he gives of the expenses in lodgings, the highest amounts to only £67 5s.; and in that he includes £6 for professorial fees, though it is far from the universal practice among professors to receive them. Now the lowest estimate* of the average expense of a very frugal undergraduate (that given by Dr. Temple) amounts to £110, exclusive of clothes and journeys. Besides, the lodging plan is the only one by which enough men could be introduced to mould a society which should preserve its respectability while living far below the ordinary expense.*

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* Of course we exclude from these considerations the case of such a college as that to which we alluded above, or of servitorships.

Thus then we are brought to our second question. If it be granted that this is the only plan on which poor and rich men can live together with sufficient economy, and yet without giving rise to new castes, can it be carried out without overthrowing the morality and discipline of the university? Now when we refer to Dr. Pusey's evidence on this point, we do not in the least mean to bind him in 1866 to the opinions he expressed in 1852; but as Mr. Meyrick, who in the eyes of the public is the leader of the present opposition to this system, has appealed to the evidence laid before the Commissioners, as an excuse for his position now; and as we have nowhere else seen that side of the case stated so ably and moderately, we feel justified in taking that evidence as the text of. our remarks. We venture, then, to think that when Dr. Pusey lays so much stress on the want of discipline and morality introduced by the un-collegiate system in France and Germany, he leaves out of sight two most important considerations. The first is, the want of the proctorial system in those universities; the second, the relation of the university, and more especially of the professors, to the Government. The first point, indeed (as far as Dr. Pusey's evidence is concerned), rather concerns the University of Paris, of the disturbances in which he gives one instance: with respect to the second, we shall rather draw our illustrations from the Universities of Berlin and Bonn.

The account which Dr. Pusey gives of the disturbances in the University of Paris is a little obscure, for he only tells us that the Parliament remonstrated with the University on the "excesses of the students," and that the University replied "that there were numberless teachers and scholars outside the colleges, and that these excesses had taken place through them, not through the real scholars studying in the colleges." Now where, as in this case, "the teachers and scholars were quite independent, and could change their place of abode at pleasure,"† we do not wonder that outbreaks should occur: but no one, we suppose, would wish to introduce such a system as this at Oxford; the lodgings would of course be certificated by the Vice-Chancellor, and the proctors would have all the control which they now have, or even wider powers if necessary.‡ We venture to say that if the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford were to make such a remonstrance to the Vice-Chancellor as the Government made to the University of Paris, their answer would be very different. The proctors would be found sufficient to repress such disturbances, or to procure the "sending down" of the offenders; and whatever obstacles might stand in the way of their power would, we suspect, proceed, not from the fact of men living in lodgings, but from the hindrance to the proctors' authority in the college system. For this is a most important point, not only, or chiefly, as exposing one of the blots in the foreign university system (for that we are all only too ready to do), but as showing how discipline is kept up in Oxford, and where it breaks down. Does Dr. Pusey forget the story of the "Christ Church Martyrs"? Does he think that the bonfire in "Peckwater," which was at last suppressed not much more than a year ago, was a sign of the superiority of college to university discipline? Does he think that the unfortunate undergraduate who was ducked in "Mercury" only a term or two ago, would have been more likely to undergo that punishment if he had been able to escape from college walls, and at the same time to be under the protection of the proctors? Would the disturbances in a college very near Christ Church this last term have been more or less likely to be suppressed by a vigilant university police? Are suppers generally less noisy in colleges than in lodgings?

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* We are aware that there is a college in Oxford in which Bible-clerks are admitted to an equality, but there they are not, as a rule, of lower rank.

† "Conversations Lexicon," article "Universitaten."

‡ For instance, undergraduates might be obliged to be within their lodgings by twelve, as they are in the colleges now.

The second difference between our system and that of the German (and we suppose, also, of the French) universities is the difference between the institutions of a free and a despotically governed country. This view may strike some as an overstrained piece of John Bullism; but to our mind, the idea of professors being perpetually watched, as the German professors either are, or certainly, at the time of Dr. Pusey's evidence, were, by a Government spy,—the idea of the Government being perpetually able to interfere with both the governing and governed body,—seems obviously subversive not simply of freedom but of all order and discipline. We do not mean to protest against Government Commissions, when there is a call for them from within; but we believe that even they are only necessary evils, and that if, by a judicious reform of the governing body of Oxford, the power were put into the hands of those who are immediately interested in the welfare of the University, and have opportunities of judging each special scheme which the non-resident members of Convocation cannot have, even these occasional interferences might be dispensed with. It is not, however, only in point of discipline that Dr. Pusey believes that the un-collegiate system would fail, but in morality. "It is known," he says, "that persons who have escaped every other sin, have fallen through lodging-houses." Now without for a moment denying the dangers of which Dr. Pusey speaks (their kind we need not explain to any one who knows anything, we will not say of Oxford, but of life in lodgings anywhere), we venture to offer two suggestions. First, cannot this remark be applied with equal force to every stage in life and temptation? We know more than one instance of men who, having passed, tolerably unscathed, through the trials of a school, fell by the temptations of a *college* life; and there must be many more who, having escaped the dangers of a college life, fall into sin in London. Dr. Pusey would reply, that that is no excuse for throwing unnecessary temptations in a young man's way. Certainly not; but secondly, we would ask, Do you, by shutting a young man up in college, really keep him out of temptation at all? and still further, even if you do so to any degree, is it in such a way as to strengthen him to resist temptation better in after life? With regard to the first point, it was once remarked to us that there was no place in which a man had so much opportunity of going to the devil as in Oxford; and the speaker, at any rate, meant to include college life. And if we will consider a moment, we shall see that it must be so. An undergraduate attends a few lectures in the morning, and the rest of the day he can, till quite late, go just where he will. He has none of the restraints of home or of female society; and he has not the smallest chance of losing caste in average undergraduate society by looseness of life. Add to this the contact in college life with a much lower tone of society (or at any rate with a great number of men holding a lower tone of morality) than he has been used to, and we see almost all the evils which Dr. Pusey would fear from a lodging-life, with one equally great to counterbalance the one that is absent.* We think, too, that there is another point worth Dr. Pusey's attention. Who are in the main the promoters of these evils in undergraduate society? Are they not the rich and idle men who only come up to Oxford to amuse themselves, or, if necessary, to gain whatever respectability is to be got by a bachelor's gown. Now to work the lodging system at all at starting, it would be necessary to introduce a poverty qualification; and to bring the collegiate part of the university into harmony with it, there might be introduced the often proposed scheme of a matriculation examination by the university.† But as to further moral restrictions, we cannot believe that they will be of any avail (except, perhaps, by extending the proctorial authority to Abingdon and Ensham, and getting a clean sweep of such places). We have already said that we believe the temptations that beset young men at Oxford are the same in kind, the same nearly in degree, with those which come to them afterwards. Innocence cannot be maintained by ignorance; and as it is notorious that those who have gone through the least course of temptation (who have been brought up, that is, at home or at a small private school) generally fall the most easily at Oxford, so we believe that in the main the mere restraints of college walls have done harm rather than good.

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* We must remark, too, that one of the evils which Dr. Pusey quotes as especially characteristic of lodgings, is shown by the very words of Mr. Cox, whom he quotes, to be produced by opportunities quite open to the college undergraduate.

† Dr. Pusey himself approves of this in his evidence before the Commission, though with his usual kindliness he thinks it should be strictly private, to spare the feelings of the rejected candidates.

The third question which we propose to consider is the one to which Dr. Pusey has devoted the greater part of his evidence to the Committee. We will therefore preface our remarks with his definition of the tutorial as distinguished from the professorial system.

> "The collegiate system is that by which the mind of the young man is brought into direct contact with the mind of his instructor,—outwardly in the way of discipline; morally by advice and instruction; intellectually by the catechetical form of imparting knowledge; wherein the mind of the young man, having been previously employed on some solid text-book, has its thoughts corrected, expanded, enlarged by one of mature mind and thought, who also brings to bear on the subject knowledge and reflection, which the pupil cannot be presupposed to have."

The professorial system, on the other hand, he characterizes as "one in which the professor is himself the living book, and imparts knowledge, original and instructive, but still wholly from without, to the mind of his pupil;" and adds afterwards:—

> "The (professorial) system itself of necessity excludes the eliciting the mind of the pupil, and leaves it at the option of the student, whether he will employ his own labour upon his text-book, or whether he will trust to gather what superficial knowledge he can from the delivered comments of the professor."

Now with respect to the first part of Dr. Pusey's account of the tutorial functions, we have already said that we believe the proctor's authority to be sufficient for the discipline of the university; we also believe the connection of the tutor's office with any merely police discipline to be one of the great blots on the college system. For we are convinced that the introduction between the university teacher (whether professor or tutor) and his pupils of such relations as must necessarily exist between a schoolmaster and his pupils, is directly in defiance of the meaning and intention of our English education. The child is kept under constant superintendence; a wider liberty is granted to the schoolboy; in play-hours he is to a great extent his own master, though certain prohibitions, of which, however, he begins to see the reason, are imposed upon him; and in school-hours he is still superintended with respect to learning as well as saying lessons. When he comes up to a university he is supposed to understand the main distinctions between the right and the wrong, the judicious and the injudicious, and to have sufficient self-restraint to act on them: he has learnt what his powers are; he is now to learn how to use them. Therefore we are also opposed to the second part of the tutorial function, "the catechetical form of imparting knowledge." To teach a man how to think, not what to think, ought to be the object of a university teacher; and we believe that the catechetical form of instruction fails in this.* Curiously enough, Dr. Pusey imputes to the professorial system rather than the tutorial the tendency to teach men "jurare in verba magistri," as he expresses it in another part of his evidence. Now we must say that our own experience, and that of others who have passed through the same course, is adverse to this theory. We do not mean that the tutorial system tends to teach men to believe in their tutor's theories, but simply to accept second-hand from him the theories in the ordinary class-books. This may be traced to three causes; in the first place, to the lower intellectual standard of tutorial ability, arising obviously from the greater closeness of the corporation by which, and the smaller number of men from whom, they are chosen; secondly, to the fact that the tutors are bound chiefly to cram men for examinations, in order that their college may make a fair show in the class-lists; and thirdly, since they are the magistrates as well as the teachers of the college, to the necessity of lowering the standard of their teaching to the wants of those men whom it is their great object to force to one or two lectures in order to keep them out of mischief. The professor, on the other hand, having a higher interest in the work, and feeling that his work is rather education than cramming, encourages his pupils to compare authorities, estimate evidence, and exercise their own judgment. As to their not being able to consult the text-books, either before or between the lectures, we cannot understand where the difficulty lies. It may be desirable that an undergraduate should not attend more than a certain number of lectures in the week; but that is a question of detail, and affects one system as much as the other. That a pupil's thoughts are more "corrected, developed, and expanded" by the lectures of an ordinary college tutor than by those of such men as Dr. Pusey and Mr. Jowett, is a paradox which few, we think, will agree with Dr. Pusey in maintaining. Still fewer will agree with his even more startling assertion that "we have abundance of theories about the professorial system; we have no facts of its having produced any but evil fruits." In which part of the United Kingdom is education most widely spread among all classes? Dr. Pusey himself allows, that one reason that the custom of delivering lectures has been so long maintained, was, probably, the poverty of the German students.* And if both in Scotland and Germany this plan has succeeded in supplying education to men who could not be reached in other ways, and if in the former case it has not produced insubordination, and in the latter, whatever disorder has been produced is due to causes which would not be in operation in England, why should we fear the extension of the system here? There is, indeed, one strong objection to the system as it at present exists, which is strongly dwelt on by Dr. Pusey:—"People," he says, "in their theories as to their ideal professor, combine two incompatible things; that he shall in his lectures act upon larger classes; and that through those same lectures, whereby he acts upon them, he shall advance the deeper knowledge of the subject." Further on he adds,—"If the professor have a large class, then, on any subject which really requires thought, he must make his choice, either to lecture popularly for the many, or to be understood by the few, whether he lecture to the few or the many." Now this we admit to be a great difficulty, but by no means an insuperable one. Assistant professors might be appointed, as has been often proposed; and these might lecture to the "awkward squad" of the university, till they were ready for the higher teaching of the more distinguished professor. (It would perhaps be necessary that the professor himself should appoint them.) But we are persuaded that a great part of this awkward squad might be got rid of by the establishment of the matriculation examination to which we before alluded. Men often come up to Oxford ignorant of many things which they ought to have learned at school, and that these should be kept back from a university education till they were really ready for it, would be a great gain both to themselves and the University at large. Such a reform as this would, we believe, clear away the main hindrance, not only to the professorial system, but to all Oxford education. These, then, are the main grounds on which we defend Dr. Temple's scheme; and if they point to a further development of it than he intended, even then they have a right to be considered on their own merits, and not be met by the old mob-cry of "Nolumus Academiam Germanizari."

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* Dr. Pusey afterwards shows, by the instance of his own custom, that it is possible for a professor to employ this catechetical plan if he so chooses.

⁂ Since this article was written, the subject has again been brought before the public by the speech of Mr. Lowe (on Mr. Coleridge's Bill for the abolition of Oxford Tests) and his subsequent letter to the *Times*. Surely the support of a man who notoriously unites a dislike of Government educational endowments to a contempt for those who are known, in Tory slang, as "the masses," ought to be a strong argument for the necessity of a scheme which aims at promoting the good of those "masses," by strengthening that part of the university system which is so largely supported by Government endowments.

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* We have not touched upon Dr. Pusey's remark, that "it is a mistake to suppose that superior books will be the result of professorial lectures" (rather, as he afterwards explains, than of canonries or monasteries). The lectures of Niebuhr, Mommsen, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel are surely considerable exceptions to this rule.

# NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Mill and Carlyle. An Examination of Mr. John Stuart Mill's Doctrine of Causation in Relation to Moral Freedom, with an Occasional Discourse on Sauerteig, by Smelfungus.* By PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER, A.M. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo. 1866.

"RIDENTEM dicere verum quid vetat?" is well exemplified in this little book. Mr. Alexander is certainly a lively writer: perhaps, were Dominie Sampson his critic, he might describe him, like Mr. Pleydell, as "a man of great erudition, but who descendeth to trifles unbeseeming thereof." Yet even the learned Dominie could at times be "face-ti-ous;" and if Mr. Alexander has occasionally followed so respectable a precedent, he may at least plead in excuse that his trifles, like the culinary compound known by the same name, has good matter underneath its froth. Notwithstanding its formidable title, this "Examination of the Doctrine of Causation in Relation to Moral Freedom" is the most readable work on philosophy which we have seen since the late Professor Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic," and, like that work, exhibits great philosophical power in conjunction with a keen sense of the humorous. Mr. Alexander has a quick eye for a fallacy, and an unsparing hand in dissecting it; and his exposure of the tissue of sophisms involved in the attempt to reconcile Necessitarianism with moral obligation is very searching and complete. The following specimen, for example, goes exactly to the root of the matter. But we must first hear Mr. Mill's defence of the doctrine of necessity, in order to estimate the force of Mr. Alexander's reply. Mr. Mill says,—

> "The truth is, that the assailants of the doctrine cannot do without the associations engendered by the double meaning of the word Necessity, which in this application signifies only invariability, but in its common employment, compulsion."

And he adds elsewhere,—

> "If necessity means more than this abstract possibility of being foreseen; if it means any mysterious compulsion, apart from simple invariability of sequence, I deny it as strenuously as any one."

Let us now hear Mr. Alexander's reply :—

"According to Mr. Mill, when he sees a stone unattached fall to the earth, he simply knows that it *does* fall, not that it *must*, or does *necessarily* fall. . . . . It may facilitate the decision of this question to substitute for the stone and its fall, in which compulsion is held inadmissible, a case in which it will not, by plain men at least, be denied. Suppose, then, ten big men, thewed like Hercules, to clutch hold of a small and weak one, and *per* force drag him after them,—is there for Mr. Mill in *this* case any *must*, or inference of Necessity? If Mr. Mill, like a mere man of common sense, decides to answer 'Yes,' he implicitly throws up his brief; he admits here a *must* and a necessity, which elsewhere, having made this admission, he will in vain seek to deny; for that this and every other conceivable case of compulsion admit of being generalised under Mr. Mill's law of Causation, defined as simply 'invariable sequence,' is too obvious to be more than merely suggested. . . . . Unless Mr. Mill is prepared to announce one doctrine of Causation for gentlemen under constraint, and another for gentlemen at large, stones, and the like inanimate bodies, he must needs confess his distinction between the doctrines of Causation and Necessity, in relation to the moral problem, a trivial and merely verbal one."—(Pp. 6—9.)

It would be difficult to find a more telling instance of the "engineer hoist with his own petard" than this neat refutation of Mr. Mill by the aid of his own theory of causation. The following is equally to the purpose in relation to Mr. Mill's express admission that our approbation or disapprobation of actions varies according to the strength or weakness of the temptation resisted or yielded to :—

"It is sufficiently clear that the phrases *merit* or *demerit*, *moral* approbation or reprobation, can, except as, so to speak, *stolen*, have no place in Mr. Mill's vocabulary. For how should a desire or aversion as failing in the hour of temptation, incur his moral censure as *weak*, if, being, as it is, the last link in a chain of unconditional sequences, we can only suppose it *stronger*, by supposing a change in the series of these sequences? To alter the whole world from the beginning is surely the sort of feat, for his culpable neglect to perform which it seems odd to arraign a poor sinner. Further, in the matter of temptations yielded to or resisted, why should he apportion his moral approval or the reverse, according to the strength or weakness of the temptation? Is not the weakest temptation which results in act, as strictly as the very strongest, the sufficient reason of the act, and in so far forth the excuse of it? Two temptations, a strong and a weak respectively, having induced act, does Mr. Mill really suppose in the strong temptation any compulsory *power* to induce its act, which did not also reside in the weak one? And why talk of strength or weakness of temptation? These phrases have only meaning in relation to the strength of antagonist impulses, a strength severely predetermined, like that of the temptation itself. The question of the result can plainly be no more a *moral* one than if it simply concerned the tilting of weights on a balance."—(P. 94.)

The following is a good objection, in short compass, to the utilitarian theory of morality; that theory being, as the author states it, that we discriminate between the actions of men—

"As good or evil, approvable or condemnable, according—not necessarily as we *see* them to conduce—a misapprehension of the utilitarian doctrine which vitiates very much of the argument directed against it even by intelligent critics—but as they may belong to the classes which, on a wide induction, *have been found* to conduce to human welfare or its opposite."

To this doctrine Mr. Alexander objects :—

"Moral acts presuppose moral agents; to say that there can be moral acts without moral agents is only a shade less glaringly absurd, and not any whit less really so, than to say that acts can take place without agents. Thus it is, that to the act of a maniac, bearing precisely the same relation to utility as that of a sane man, we attribute no moral quality whatever. To constitute an act moral, it must—apart from its tendency to subserve utility or the reverse—be done morally; that is, in fulfilment or outrage of a known law of duty or obligation; and as the maniac is amenable to no law of any kind save that of causational necessity, we absolve both him and his act from all stigma of moral blame."—(P. 37.)

Various other fallacies of the necessitarian argument are exposed and refuted, sometimes gravely, sometimes playfully, but nearly always effectually, in this little volume. To the author's manner it is scarcely possible to do justice by extracts, but we can promise those of our readers who are inclined to turn to the book itself, that they will find within its short compass both sound philosophy and pleasant reading.

The "Discourse on Sauerteig" is a happy imitation of Mr. Carlyle's style, and an amusing but not unfair caricature of some of the more extravagant phases of his hero-worship. It is a good-humoured *jeu d'esprit*, with a slight admixture of friendly criticism, but with nothing which could reasonably give offence to the writer who is the object of it, "a man," says Mr. Alexander, "whom I entirely honour, and—though with only a modified belief in him as a prophet—consider simply our greatest man of letters now living."

*Alfred Hagart's Household.* By ALEXANDER SMITH, Author of "A Life Drama," &c. London: Alexander Strahan.

"ALFRED HAGART'S Household" is a very charming tale: nothing to astonish any one, nothing to provoke either laudatory or adverse criticism: quiet, thoroughly good, capitally told, with every here and there a sprinkle of really beautiful poet's prose. There is also a relish of mild Scotticism, not only where the characters speak, but where the author himself speaks, which is of itself a charm in these days of clipped hedges and wire fences.

The book might almost have for its second title, "Quarrels made up." The chief figure in it next to its hero, is a rich old aunt, who has fallen out with her well-descended niece for marrying beneath her, but who does all kind things under her crabbed surface of pride: one great kind act above all others, buying a partnership for Alfred Hagart, of which, to the end, the recipient never knows. Then we have a lovers' quarrel, very well told, and nobly adjusted again, by the working of a hint given by the same original old lady.

Next to her character, the best drawn in the book is that of Alfred Hagart himself. The intermixture of the folly of the head with the wisdom of the heart; the combination of restlessness and yearning for change with safe anchorage in affection and respect for a good wife, are capitally described. The climax of both sides of his character is reached when, in the midst of advancing prosperity, forming an exaggerated estimate of his own command of success, he is tempted to emigrate to Central America in pursuit of greatness, but feels it in his heart first to consult his diligent school-boy son, and abandons the wild scheme on seeing how he takes it.

But we must give a specimen or two of a book which we cannot forbear from highly praising:—

> "With a lump in his throat as big as an apple Jack got clear of the maternal embrace, and he had no sooner turned out of the gate, than the whizz of an old shoe—which up till now Martha had been keeping in hiding under her apron—came past his ear; and then the girl came running out to have a last look, uttering a sort of hysterical giggle, which was compounded of laughing and crying in pretty nearly equal proportions. Jack knew that his mother would be at the window as he had seen her once before, but he did not dare to look back.
>
> "In silence they marched along the road toward Greysley till they drew near the distilleries, and could hear the roar of the river as it tumbled over the rocks; silently they turned up the little footpath which led along the distilleries, and silently they emerged on the canal bank. Along the bank they had not proceeded far when Hagart began slackening his pace a little:—

"'And so, John, you are leaving your father's house and going into the world to seek your fortune, like the young people in the story-books!'

"'Yes,' said John, making a brave effort to swallow the apple in his throat, which seemed, however, to be getting bigger.

"His father went on a few paces without speaking. 'It's just twenty-five years and a few months since I left *my* father's house to seek my fortune. Twenty-five years ago, and a few months! I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was a summer morning, and my father walked with me, as I am walking now with you. He's been dead these many years; and perhaps the time will come, John, when you will walk with a son of your own, and say the same of me.'

"The apple was so big in the throat now that it brought the tears into the boy's eyes.

"'My father's farmhouse,' Hagart went on, 'was at Old Rome Forest in Ayrshire,—where Burns lived when he was correcting the proof sheets for the Kilmarnock printing press,—and that morning I got up early and took farewell of everything. I saw the hares scudding across the dim fields; I went down to the river in which I used to fish, and stood on the bridge looking down into it, and saw the trout darting about; and I remember that, as I looked down, from behind me the first ray of the sun flashed into the water, and turned the pebbles at the bottom to amber and gold. I climbed to the top of Dundonald Castle, and saw Arran far away with a white cloud on it, and the sea, nearer me, sparkling as with a million of newly minted silver pieces; and a belt of surf white as snow on the yellow Irvine sands, white as snow to the eye, silent as snow to the ear. I went into the garden to have a last look of a thrush's nest, and the mother bird went off with a whirr that made my heart jump, and then I took out the warm eggs one by one, and put them back again. I was very sorry and happy that morning, John. I was going to London. I had dreamed of London before that. Its great roar filled my imagination. I thought of London when I read in my Bible on Sunday evenings about Babylon, Damascus, and Nineveh, and the great cities of old.'

"'Did you like living in London?'

"Of course! who that ever lived in London could endure to live anywhere else? The English air is softer and warmer than ours. The English earth is fatter, the English trees are taller and greener. The voices of the English women are sweeter and more silvery. England is to Scotland, John, what the rose is to the broom, or the nightingale to the linnet. Everything there is plenteous, gracious, and of soft outline; everything here is harsh, angular, and high-cheeked-boned. You must see London, my boy! There is the carved Abbey filled with the dust of kings, statesmen, soldiers, and poets. There is St. Paul's with its dome and cross of gold standing above the smoke. You must stand on the floor of St. Paul's and see the great roof floating above you like heaven. From the river you must see the dome looming through the sunset. You must see the moon rising over it, as it rises over the shoulder of a mountain. But it's a dreadful city, too, John. It's a terrible city. For every one it smiles on, it breaks the hearts of a thousand. It's the brilliant candle that attracts the moths of the three kingdoms—I was attracted like the rest, and singed my wings."

The following is not mere "tall talk," but has real beauty:—

"Was John in love with his pretty cousin? If he had asked that question of himself, he would have answered by a decided negative. He would have pled guilty to liking: not guilty to love. But liking is love in bud. He was in love; but he was unconscious of it—as most quiet equable natures are for a while. You have walked out at early morning before the sun has visibly risen, and in the cool beamless light seen every object preternaturally clear, passionlessly distinct; and you have fancied in the strange distinctness of objects, and in the perfection of coolness and silence, that the world is waiting for something,—that the guard of honour has assembled, but that the king has not entered an appearance,—and before this conceit has had time to form itself in your brain, like one red-faced with haste, up bounces the sun, and the far-off hills, so coldly distinct a moment before, lose outline in a flush of heavenly roses; and the stream is covered with patines of fine gold; and the white cloud reddens passionately like a cheek; and beneath it the lark sings in rapture; and the cool emotionless atmosphere is all at once pierced with the arrows of sun-fire, and the dumb colourless dawn has passed into a vocal morn, glittering with the hues of the humming-bird. There is the progress of the passion in image! John Hagart was in the dawn state when he was writing and receiving the letters: he was passively in love: but the time was coming when that love would become active; when he would become *conscious* that he was in love, and when that consciousness would transfigure the ideal world for him, just as the rising of the sun transfigures the material one. We can all remember such immortal moments. If we do not, we have not drunk the wine of life with the foam on."

Here is the very hint mentioned above, which led to the making up of the lovers' quarrel :—

> "Don't peril the happiness of a lifetime on a pique. Pride's chickens have bonny feathers, but they are an expensive brood to rear,—they eat up everything, and are always lean when brought to market."

The following description is to our mind very beautiful :—

> "The early twilight was falling. The lemon-coloured light was still lingering around the splintered peaks that rose to the west of the great bay, wan lemon-coloured light that was dying momently: while above a dark round hill on the other side, a cone of tender radiance shot upward, the *avant-courier* of the moon. In a little while, above the dark hill peered the full-faced spring moon herself, and the rocks, almost undistinguishable before, came out in a flicker of glister and gloom, and the making sea was traversed by a faint mesh of tremulous lustre. As the light increased, felt more than heard or seen was the stir of life along the shore, in the distance motion and the sound of wings, and the fine flute-like call and recall of birds. Paler grew the lemon light above the peaks, higher rode the moon, and broader and more vivid grew the net of trembling light, till at last all was silver and silence and the cold splendour of the making tide. The fallen sun had drawn his last skirt of sunset after him; and the moon had no rival save the shadows which were afraid of her, and which hid themselves from her ray behind rocks and in hollow places."

But here and there Mr. Alexander Smith indulges in something which we should like to see weeded out of a style generally so unexceptionable :—

> "On the evening of the day on which the M'Quarrie girls left Mortimer Street on their return to Uanvohr, Henry Willoughby sat in the library at Marsco House reading *Samson Agonistes* with the lemon sky of a March sunset broken by the pointed gloom of the pine wood outside. The young man read till the light began to fail, and then he closed the book, his finger still keeping the place, and paced up and down through the apartment, his mind filled with austere music. 'The reading of Milton always humiliates me,' he said to himself, as he strode backwards and forwards. 'What immeasurable altitude and solitariness of soul! what cruel purity and coldness as of Alpine snows! Chaucer gossips, Spenser dreams, Shakspere is mobile as flame, now Clown, now Emperor; now Caliban, now Ariel; at home everywhere, taking his ease in every condition of life,—but Milton is never other than himself; he is always autocratic—the haughtiest, scornfullest, stateliest, loneliest of human spirits. He daunts, repels, frightens, yet fascinates. He would sing the song of Paradise, and he left the task to the close of life, when smitten with blindness, pierced with ingratitude, and fallen on evil days and evil tongues—perfectly conscious that he could become immortal whenever he pleased. Gracious Heaven, what a *will* the blind old man had, making time, infirmity, and sorrow his slaves! Other poets are summer yachts, moving hither and thither on the impulse of the vagrant wind; Milton is an ocean steamer, with steadfast-pointing needle, plenty of coal on board, and which, relying on internal resources, and careless alike of elemental aids or hindrances, bears straight on its determined way, deviating not a hair's-breadth, come hurricane, come calm. What power, what energy in everything he does! His lines are like the charging files of Cromwell's Ironsides. Compared with this man, what am I? Clay in the hands of circumstance, to be made or marred—without force, resolution, will—a spineless caterpillar—a blown arrow of thistledown—a mere thing of shreds and patches; with no virtue in my goodness, no hardihood in my evil—a something marching shabbily from birth to death, a poltroon, a fool'—and here the young fellow, having worked himself into a rage, threw down the book impatiently, and going forward to the window, stared out on the lemon-coloured sky which the black needles of the pine wood fretted."

Here and there a stray expression needs sending to school to be made English : for example (vol. i., p. 265), "We saw her carriage at the door as we came up, and have been walking up and down, and going round the corner, till once it drove off. I did not like to come in *till once she had gone.*" And again (p. 275), "And so they lingered, walked up and down and went round the corner, *till once the coast was clear.*"

Here is one, of the meaning of which we confess ourselves ignorant : unless, indeed, it imports, *to tell tales* (vol. i., p. 276): "Keep her ignorant, Margaret, if you would not have her *speak back.*"

*The Odyssey of Homer.* Edited, with Marginal References, Various Readings, Notes and Appendices, by HENRY HAYMAN, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, Head Master of the Cheltenham School, Author of "Exercises in Translation into Greek and Latin Verse," and a Contributor to Dr. W. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. Vol. I. London: D. Nutt and Co. 1866.

THE severest critic of this volume must admit that a vast amount of labour has been expended on its pages. We have calculated that the marginal references to the text amount collectively to not less than twelve thousand; and in this calculation we have not included the various readings appended to each page between the text and the explanatory notes, or the references given in the latter. In addition to this elaborate elucidation of the text, we have four introductory divisions, extending over one hundred and three closely-printed pages; and further, the so-called "Appendices," which occupy about one hundred and fifty pages. It must be remembered also that the editor's labours in this volume are limited to the first six books of the Odyssey, though undoubtedly the introductions and appendices belong as much to the remaining eighteen as to the six here edited. It is not paying Mr. Hayman a very high compliment to say at once that his volume is, so far as it goes, infinitely superior to any English edition of the Odyssey hitherto published; as it would hardly be possible to name one such, the scholarship of which deserves the mild praise of being termed "respectable." The pages before us bear throughout the marks of sound scholarship and severe and conscientious toil, and their merits undoubtedly greatly outweigh such defects as we have been able to discover.

Part I. of the Preface discusses the question of the authorship of the Homeric poems. Mr. Hayman maintains the anti-Wolfian theory of the composition of the Iliad and Odyssey, and has arrived at the exactly opposite conclusion to that advocated by Mr. Paley in his recently published edition of the first twelve books of the Iliad. Into this controversy we shall not enter. Indeed, had we unlimited space at our command, we should decline to do so, as we see no possible means of placing the matter beyond doubt. We need only say now, that while our sympathies incline us to Mr. Hayman's theory, our convictions undoubtedly lead us to side with Mr. Paley. The whole of Mr. Hayman's introduction is a very interesting one, and testifies to the careful and accurate scholarship of the author.

Part II. of the Preface gives a summary of the ancient editors and commentators of Homer. This portion of the volume will perhaps not be very keenly scanned by the ordinary student of the Odyssey. The information given is necessarily not very recondite, but it will save trouble to those persons who wish to know something about Aristophanes of Byzantium, Aristarchus, &c., without undergoing the labour of searching through biographical dictionaries and other elaborate works.

With Part III., viz., the MSS. of the Odyssey and its scholia, we must confess that we have been somewhat disappointed. We have a list of MSS. extending over ten pages, and we were thereby led to hope that to Mr. Hayman might be attributed the credit of having given English readers a text of the Odyssey which should supersede all others. But he has unfortunately been unable to make any use whatever of the MSS. of which he has given his readers a tempting list in these pages. He says,—

> "As regards the text adopted, it rests on no collation of MSS.; nor, if I had enjoyed the leisure to collate any one, although general Homeric scholarship might have benefited, would this edition probably have been perceptibly improved by the labour. The time has

> long gone by when it was worth while to edit a single codex of Homer as such, or, at any rate, such a work is wholly distinct in scope from that which I had proposed to myself; which was, to give the student a text which, resting on the results of the most advanced collations, would, as far as possible, eliminate the imperfections and defects of any one MS. It is, further, advantageous in the present day to adopt the economy obtained by dividing the labours of collating and editing, the preparation of the material and the digesting and selecting from it."

We quite agree with the editor that the time has gone by when it was worth while to edit *a single codex of Homer as such;* but we should certainly have desired to see some of the best readings of the aforesaid MSS. quoted, where the text (as is not seldom the case) contains a doubtful reading.

The editor has given us two emendations of his own, both of the most modest description. In Od. iii. 33, he reads *κρέα ὤπτων τἄλλα τ' ἔπειρον* for Wolfe's *κρέα ὤπτων ἄλλα τ' ἔπειρον*, thus introducing a fresh example of the use of the article into Homer; and in iv. 665, he writes *ἐκ δὲ τόσων ἀέκητι* for *ἐκ τόσσων δ' ἀέκητι.* Readers of the Greek series of the "Bibliotheca Classica" will recollect the sad havoc which one at least of the editors, in his ultra-mischievous diligence, has made of the text, and be thankful to Mr. Hayman for his discretion in dealing with textual corrections.

He gives a somewhat lengthy list of the foreign libraries, to whose heads he addressed letters of inquiry touching various MSS., and who gave him courteous answers. He adds,—

> "Inquiries have also been addressed to the Vatican Library at Rome, the Pauline Library at Leipsic, and to the principal libraries at Strasbourg, Augsburg, and Basle; also to the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, to that of the Holy Synod at Moscow, and to the Royal Library at the Escurial; but no replies have been received from any of them. The notices of MSS. said to be in their keeping are derived from Fabricius, Heyne, Dindorf, and other scholars. As regards private libraries, it is quite possible that MSS. may exist there which are generally unknown. I shall of course be thankful for information concerning any such."

The late Mr. Buckle, in his well-known volumes, laid down the odd theory that women write purer English than men, simply because the former are not taught to learn Greek and Latin in the modern fashion. He complains bitterly that the practice of baldly literal translation from the ancient languages taints the style of the young learner's native tongue. We fear that some of Mr. Hayman's versions would have tended a little to confirm the author of the "History of Civilization" in his dogma. They are too often prosaic, and not seldom inelegant. We will give a few specimens of them :—

*καί μ' οἶον ἐάσατε πένθεϊ λυγρῷ*
*τείρεσθ'.*—(II. 70.)

"And leave me to pine merely with sorrow."

*εἰ δή τοι σοῦ πατρὸς ἐνέστακται μένος ἠΰ*

"If you have a drop of your father's spirit in you."

*ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν νοέω καὶ φράσσομαι ἅσσ' ἂν ἐμοί περ*
*αὐτῇ μηδοίμην.*—(V. 188.)

"But I think, and will contrive for you, just such a plan as I would wish to frame for myself."

*πολλὴν δ' ἐπεχεύατο ὕλην.*

"Laid his material on in abundance."

*ἐέδνοισι βρίσας.*

"Preponderating in gifts."

*πᾶσιν γὰρ ἐπίστιόν ἐστιν ἑκάστῳ.*—(VI. 265.)

"It [viz., shipping] is a matter of domestic business."

Again, of *νόον ἔγνω*, in the third line of the Odyssey, we have the translation, or rather paraphrase, "learned all they knew," which appears to us at once incorrect and inelegant.

Further, in the 19th line of Book I., we find,—

> θεοὶ δ' ἐλέαιρον ἅπαντες
> νόσφι Ποσειδάωνος,

Translated,—

> "All the gods were feeling for him except Poseidon."

Now for whose use are these and the like versions intended? Surely they are not fitted for the students for whom the elaborate indices and appendices of this volume have been prepared. They might perhaps indeed aid the Greek studies of the mythical young gentleman (if we suppose his Greek to be on a par with his Latin), who in his "smalls" translated *odor cœni gravis*, "a strong smell of supper;" for all others they seem to us worse than useless.

We have already expressed our opinion that Mr. Hayman's scholarship is, on the whole, accurate and careful. Occasionally, however, a slip may be detected. Thus, in Od. i. 327, &c., we have the lines—

> ὁ δ' Ἀχαιῶν νόστον ἄειδεν
> λυγρὸν, ὃν ἐκ Τροίης ἐπετείλατο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.

Here Mr. Hayman translates *ἐπετείλατο* (doubtless correctly) as "decreed;" but unfortunately he refers to Æsch., "Prom. Vinct.," 99, 100,—

> μόχθων χρὴ τέρματα . . . ἐπιτεῖλαι,—

where the word bears a very different meaning. Suidas gives *ἐπιτείλας* as equivalent to *ἀνατείλας*; and Mr. Paley and all the best editors of Æschylus hold that the modern metaphor is from the rising of a star.

Again, we find the following explanation of *ἀμύμων* in a note on Od. i. 29:—"*ἀμύμων* was at first an epithet of distinctive excellence, but had become a purely conventional style as applied to a class, like our 'honourable and gallant' or 'learned' gentleman." In line 232 he says of the same word, as applied to things, "*ἀμύμων*, applied sometimes as here to things, keeps up the sense of distinction in its own class." This is somewhat hazy and indefinite. What students really want to know is the original meaning of *ἀμύμων*, and how that was modified by subsequent usage. We believe with Mr. Paley that its original signification was "handsome," and that it nearly represented the *καλὸς κἀγαθὸς* of the Greeks. Those who feel curious on the subject can consult a good note on the word in Mr. Paley's "Iliad," p. 215.

In v. 468, Mr. Hayman has the following note on *κεκαφήοτα*:—

> "This Crusius makes an aorist of *καπύω*, but Doederlein imperfect of *καπύσσω*, comparing *ἁλύειν ἀλύσσειν*, *ἀφύειν ἀφύσσειν*, and citing Hesychius. A scholiast gives *κάπος* (presumably akin to *κάπνος*) = *πνεῦμα*. With the form of the participle here compare *κεχαρηὼς κεκμηκώς*."

This same participle occurs in Iliad v. 698, and Mr. Paley, in a sensible note, shows that it comes from *καφέω*, root *καπ*, or *καγγ*. To make it come from *καπύσσω* seems to us about as probable a derivation as that of Tryphon, who by an ingenious process gets *φιλήτης* from *ὑφειλετής*.

In ii. 284, we have the following note:—

> ἐπ' ἤματι πάντας ὀλέσθαι.

> "*ἐπ' ἤματι*, upon a day (not fixed), *i.e.*, some day; elsewhere defined by *τῷδε*, 'on this day,' but also meaning, for a day's space."

Surely *ἐπ' ἤματι* means here (as in Il. x., line 48, and in Od. xii. 105), "in one day"?

We are inclined to think, after all, that the most valuable part of this book is to be found in the Appendices. We know no other work where so much careful information is to be obtained respecting very many interesting Homeric topics. The leading characters in Appendix E, are, we think, especially well done; and Odysseus, Penelope, Telemachus, Pallas Athene, Ægisthus, Antinous, Eurymachus, Menelaüs, and Helen, are respectively presented to the readers of this volume in lifelike portraits. Those of Odysseus, Pallas Athene, Menelaüs, and Helen, are very elaborately drawn; and the diligent student of Homer will feel surprised and pleased at the skilful manner in which Mr. Hayman collects the odd traits of the various Homeric personages, and shows how aptly they fit the individual character of each.

Of Pallas Athene Mr. Hayman says,—

> "Of all characters ever drawn, she is the most wonderful and most difficult, though far from the most admirable and the most interesting. . . . It is only by watching her closely from scene to scene that we get a due notion of the tremendous vigour which marks her—*her*, but she is not feminine, save perhaps [for?] a touch of spite; for in all main features Pallas's character is utterly sexless. . . . We note her indignation at wrong and her championship of the right, but she has little hearty sense of sympathy with right as such. Her character is without tenderness or tie of any sort; it never owns obligation; it never feels pain or privation; it is pitiless, with no gross appetites—even that of sacrifice, conventionally necessary to a god, is minimized in it; its activity is busy and restless, its partisanship unscrupulous, its policy astute, and dissimulation profound. It is keenly satirical, crafty, bantering, whispering base motives of the good, nor 'afraid to speak evil of dignities;' beating down the strong, mocking the weak, and exulting in her own easy superiority over them; heartless as regards deep and tender affection, yet staunch to a comrade, touched by a sense of liking for its like, of admiration for its own faculties reflected, of truth to its party, ready and prompt to back its friend through every hazard—the divinity of human society; in short, a closer impersonation of 'the world' than any Christian (not to mention heathen) poet has ever produced."

This essay on Pallas extends over upwards of eleven closely printed pages.

In Appendix A, there is an interesting treatise "On the use of moods by Homer." For many of the examples and some of the arguments in this article, Mr. Hayman acknowledges his obligations to Hermann's "Dissertatio Prima de Legibus quibusdam Subtilioribus Homeri." We have the same fault to find with the treatise here that may be urged against the original work of Hermann, viz., that the writer does not deal with Homer's grammar *per se.* He too often compares it to, and measures it with, Attic rules, with which he appears occasionally somewhat too anxious to reconcile it. Mr. Hayman does not, we admit, do this to the extent which has been done by nearly all the other editors of Homer who have dealt with the subject. But surely an Homeric grammar should first of all be compiled solely from Homer's writings, irrespective of Attic rules and idioms. To try and reconcile the dialect or grammar of Homer with that of the writers of the purest Attic age would be a task perhaps but little less absurd, than if one were to test the writings of Chaucer grammatically by those of the best authors of Queen Anne's time.

On the whole we may fairly congratulate Mr. Hayman on the success of his task. Two more volumes are promised in due time, and then we shall have an English edition of the Odyssey which may fairly be presumed likely to satisfy the wants and wishes of most students. We see, however, that Mr. Hayman's edition will not be the only one in the field. A list of books in preparation for the Clarendon Press at Oxford, announces that two notable scholars of that University are engaged in editing the Odyssey. Mr. Riddell, Fellow of Balliol College, has taken the first twelve books as his share of the task, while Mr. Robinson Ellis, Fellow of Trinity College, will edit the last twelve. The Iliad, too, is to be edited by Mr. Monro, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; and we have also an announcement from Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh, that he has in the press "Homer and the Iliad," in three parts. Part I. is to contain Homeric Dissertations; Part II., the Iliad in English verse; Part III., a Commentary, philological and archæological. The whole, we may add, will be published in four volumes. This Homeric revival may be in a great measure, we think, attributed to Mr. Gladstone's volumes on "Homer and the Homeric Age."

*The Heavenly Father. Lectures on Modern Atheism.* By ERNEST NAVILLE. Translated from the French by HENRY DOWNTON, M.A., English Chaplain at Geneva. London: Macmillan & Co.

WE learn from the Preface that these Lectures were delivered to large audiences at Geneva, where the author formerly held the office of Professor of Philosophy. He is also known to the public by another course of Lectures, which have been published under the title of "La Vie Eternelle," and by his biography of Maine de Birau. The present work combines, in a manner which is unfortunately only too rare, earnest religious feeling with a truly liberal and philosophical spirit. There is none of that depreciation of reason and conscience with a view to exalt the claims of Revelation, which disfigures so many of our English "defences of the faith." On the other hand, there is no lowering of the flag of Revelation before the assaults of modern science or criticism. Throughout, the author stoutly maintains that the cause of reason and of morality is also the cause of religion; that, far from mutual jealousy, they should feel that they stand or fall together; and that they receive from each other their strongest support.

M. Naville begins by analysing our idea of God, and tracing it back historically, in his first chapter. In the following chapters he points out the consequences of the suppression of that idea (1) in the individual, and (2) in society. Having classified the spiritual functions in man under the heads of thinking, feeling, and willing, he shows how, as a matter of fact, the human mind is naturally led by each of these three paths up to God as the ultimate object of the conscience, the heart, and the reason. To possess truth is to know God,—to know Him in the works of his hands; all science is a hymn to his glory. Again, He is the eternal source of beauty. He has established between nature and man those mysterious relations which are the cause of our noblest pleasures. He opens beyond nature the regions of art; the ideal is the reflection of his splendour. Lastly, holiness is his law established for spirits, to be realized by the co-operation of their own free will. We have thus a triple ray descending from the uncreated light, which does away with the distinction between profane and sacred. Wherever we meet with goodness or truth or beauty, there God is; and where He is, nothing is profane. To deny the existence of God is to deny the ground of belief in truth, and thus to subvert reason; it is to render conscience unmeaning, and deprive it of all its power; it is to deliver over the heart, with its infinite desires, to never-ending disappointment or to the weariness of despair. The following noble passage is in reference to the possibility of morality surviving religion, as the "potter's wheel goes on turning when the foot of the potter is withdrawn:"—

> "There are exceptional men who seem to bear in their bosom a God veiled from their own consciousness. Such men are possible at times when doubt is a prejudice which current opinion deposits on the surface of the mind without penetrating deeply. There are men all whose convictions have fallen in ruins while their conscience continues stand-

> ing like an isolated column, sole remaining witness of a demolished building. The meeting with these heroes of virtue inspires a mingled feeling of astonishment and respect. They are verily miracles of that Divine Goodness of which they are unable to pronounce the name. If there is a man on earth who ought to fall on both knees and shed burning tears of gratitude, it is the man who believes himself an Atheist, and who has received from Providence so keen a taste for what is noble and pure, so strong an aversion for evil, that his sense of duty remains firm, even when it has lost all its supports. But the exception does not make the rule, and that which is realized in the case of a few is not realized long, and for all."

The author closes the passage with one of those illustrations borrowed from his native mountains, which occur so frequently in the volume, and greatly heighten its interest for the reader who remembers where the lectures were delivered, by comparing such an insecure morality to the snow-bridge crossing a crevasse.

In order to exhibit the effect of atheism on society, M. Naville first shows that the two factors of civilization are justice and benevolence, both finding a common ground in the more general feeling of humanity. He shows that these are derived, both logically and historically, from the Christian idea of the brotherhood of all men in Christ; that even liberty and toleration, which have been especially claimed as the offspring of modern philosophy, are in reality due to the Christian recognition of the value and the responsibility of the individual soul; that enlightened faith is never satisfied with compulsory assent; that it is as possible to persecute for the modern dogma "that there is no dogma" as for any other; that the blood of martyrs, not disbelief or indifference, has been the seed of liberty; lastly, that to destroy the idea of God is to destroy liberty, justice, and love, and to let loose all the anarchical passions of the Reign of Terror.

In the chapters which follow we have a sketch of atheism in its newest developments as the idolatry of man or of nature. This is given with some fulness for France, Germany, and Italy; less fully for England and Russia; and hardly anything is said of America or of the other countries of Europe, though in some of these, as in Holland, negative views have been carried as far as in any of those first mentioned. A most interesting portion of the lectures is that which traces the opposite fortunes of French Materialism and of German Idealism: the former passing from the denial of all but matter in motion into the positivist religion of humanity; the latter from the self-existent, impersonal, creative idea of Hegel, into the naturalism of Feuerbach, and the pure materialism of Büchner. As side-currents of this philosophical development, M. Naville points out the doctrines of the socialist and critical schools. Ignorant of the profound sources of evil, the socialist believes that the organization of society alone hinders the realization of perfect happiness; but finding himself opposed by religion, which promises this happiness only in another life, and inculcates resignation and submission here, he cries, in the words of Marr, "The idea of God is the key-stone of the arch of a tottering civilization: the true road to liberty, equality, and happiness, is atheism. No safety on earth so long as man holds on by a thread to heaven. Let us teach him that he is the only god, the Alpha and Omega of all things." The critical school is defined as a literary branch of the positivist school engrafted upon the eclecticism of Cousin. It professes to explain all the phenomena of literature and of history on the principles of pure science, freed from childish emotions of admiration or disgust. In few words its principle is, "Whatever is, is right." M. Renan, the representative of this school who is best known in England, has given a striking example of this in venturing to attribute imposture to the Person whom he still considers all but Divine. No observant person can have failed to remark tendencies of English thought, even within the limits of Church orthodoxy, which correspond to the two schools just mentioned. One of the most important is the prevalent dislike of dogma, coupled with the interest shown in the history of the progress of thought, whether upon secular or religious topics.

In his chapter on Naturalistic Atheism, M. Naville shows by instances as well as by reasoning that it is not a necessary effect of the study of nature. He then explains how it is that in some cases it has produced this effect. From the weakness of the human mind, the exclusive culture of one faculty tends to paralyze another. So Hegel, lost in abstractions, thought to construct a world by logic; so the naturalist, accustomed to examine only the phenomena of matter, is satisfied when he discovers the laws by which they are governed. But in so doing he asserts nothing as to the cause. When he affirms or denies a Creator, he is in reality stepping beyond the bounds of his science. Then follows a most interesting discussion of the question whether the modern results of science have in any degree weakened the case of religion? Passing over what is said of other sciences, we will confine ourselves to the examination of the Darwinian hypothesis. This hypothesis, though guarded from irreligious consequences in the writings of its author, has been extended by his French followers in order to invalidate the idea of God. M. Naville endeavours to show that they only accomplished this by great inconsistency and confusion of thought. Granting that matter passes spontaneously from one form to another, does that prove that *nothing* passes spontaneously into *something?* What has given rise to such a diversity of development among similar atoms? If diversity of circumstance, what caused that diversity, especially under the rule of supposed immutable laws? The theory of slow causes is brought to an end by the adjective devouring the substantive: by dint of becoming *slow* the *cause* becomes superfluous. But take a being organized for an æonian existence, then causes which seem to us slow may seem rapid to it, and thus the old difficulty reappears. Never were such flagrant instances of M. Comte's metaphysical stage as these three—Time, Circumstance, and Natural Selection.

Our space will not permit us to dwell on the account of the humanitarian atheism. We will therefore pass on to the consideration of the objections raised on the side of the inductive logic. Real sciences, it is said, are formed by the union of observation and ratiocination; but God is not the object of experience, nor can His existence be demonstrated *à priori;* there is therefore no place for this idea in the region of science, whatever there may be in the region of poetry. The reply is at first sight startling. God is an hypothesis. But science requires hypotheses no less than observation or ratiocination. It is through hypothesis that all discovery is made, and the agreement of the hypothesis with experience proves the truth of the hypothesis. Applying this to the particular case, it is shown at length that the traditional hypothesis of God as Creator, and as Father, does explain the facts of the moral no less than of the material universe; that it unites in itself the truth which has been split up between the two one-sided systems of Pantheism and Deism, and that it is not overthrown by the difficulty of the existence of evil, which the author explains, with Rousseau, as the necessary result of man's moral choice and capacity for virtue. We cannot refrain from quoting two passages on the moral evidence for the existence and love of God:—"God is in all, because He is the universal principle of being, but He is not in all after the same manner. He is in the pure heart by the joy which He gives it; He is in the frivolous heart by the void and vexation which urge it to seek a better destiny; He is in the corrupt heart by that merciful remorse which does not permit it to wander without warning from the springs of life." "Love is the solution of the riddle of the universe; it is our duty to be happy. Not to believe in happiness is the root of all our ills. We give ourselves up to pleasure, because we do not believe in joy: we run after giddy excitement, because we do not believe in peace. If in the depth of your soul you are conscious of an aspiration after true felicity, do not suffer the holy flame to be extinguished; do not talk of illusions; do not, I pray you, resign yourselves to the prose of life, to a dreary and gloomy contentedness with a destiny which has no ideal."

We have only, in conclusion, to thank the translator for having introduced to English readers a work which is of much value and interest at the present time. He has been particularly happy in his verse translations, of which we append one or two examples. They are exact renderings of the French given in the notes, and yet have all the spirit and ease of originals:—

"Between ourselves—you own a God, I fear?
Beware lest in your verse the fact appear:
Dread the wit's laughter, friend, and know your betters:
Our grandsires might have worn such old-world fetters,
But in our days! come, you must learn respect,—
Content your age to follow, not direct."—(P. 131.)

"Though all the good desired of man
In one sole heart should overflow,
Death, bounding still his mortal span,
Would turn the cup of joy to woe."—(P. 167.)

"God measures not our lot by line and square:
The grass-suspended drop of morning dew
Reflects a firmament as vast and fair
As ocean from his boundless field of blue."—(P. 326.)

*Wives and Daughters. An Every-day Story.* By Mrs. GASKELL. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WHEN the great novelist of our day died, three winters ago, a fragment of a story remained on his desk. He had been busied with it up to the very time of his death; it was published in the magazine then as now associated with his name, and Thackeray's admirers found in it all the great traits of the master—his keen scorn of meanness; the sympathy which could look through an insipid and vulgar exterior to the nobleness of heart within. Nor was this all; there was a freshness of interest, a wealth of pity, a softness of words, never so seen in him before. "Death is a greater poet far than Love;" it was his deepening shadow which, all unconsciously to the man himself, was bringing forth into relief the crowning heights of Thackeray's nature. And now, after two years, we have, in the same magazine, the last, unfinished work of another novelist. The fact seems to challenge a comparison, and, provided it be not pushed too far, such a comparison may fairly be allowed its place. Both writers have changed their style somewhat. We miss in "Denis Duval" many of the little parables and pleasant wayside prosings of earlier works. Mrs. Gaskell also has laid aside her old plan. There is no set purpose in her latest novel; she writes for the delight of writing, of drawing soft pictures, and tracing loveable characters. These are at once the means and end with her; nothing lies beyond them to take the fancy off from the page before it. There is no harassing the memory with this or that detail for fear of its being called for later on. We lounge along the book as through some wood on a lazy autumn day. The glare of summer is gone; there is no one special tree or flower insisting on being seen, and demanding a botanical dissection; the full colours blend into each other perfectly. Perhaps we have little reason to give for our delight; we cannot produce one fact learned on our ramble; it is enough for us to have been filled with dreamy thoughts, and come home refreshed in heart. And so it is in its way with "Wives and Daughters;" its plot is nothing grand and startling; the delight of it is its gentle, even progress. The persons belong to no higher sphere than the family of a country doctor, but then they are real men and women, "with hands and feet." It is a pleasure to know them, for they have power and character of their own. We must not expect to read them right off at once, and be able to say, This is the villain, and that the heroine. Watch them: they have their own natures to unfold, and they will require much sympathy before they will unfold them rightly. There is many a surprise for the reader: not till the end of the book will he see his way to understand Cynthia; probably not then. Not till he has watched her in real life: then the picture will help the original, and the original the picture. In a word, the interest of this book is that it is so faithfully what it gives itself out to be, a picture of every-day life. *That* is never made insipid by routine, neither is this story; *that* is full of simple action and complicated motive, so is this. There comes to the little county town some one who is a puzzle to all the ordinary folk,—no disguised count,—a bright girl fresh from a boarding-school in France, quite innocent of being a mystery. Her portrait is the delight of the book. It shows a wonderful power of sympathy in a woman of Mrs. Gaskell's advanced years that she could enter so lovingly into the trials and struggles of this young girl. Poor Cynthia, hers was not a very deep, passionate nature perhaps, but wonderfully true at the bottom, below the little paltry surface-deceits. All her life, she had been starved for the want of a little mother's love; if she had only had that, she might have become anything. We doubt whether Molly's nature could have borne the want so well. Molly is very charming; almost an ideal of a true, honest English girl, full of love and trust, with depths of strength and self-reliance—witness her trying intercession with Mr. Preston on Cynthia's behalf. There is no weakness there: strong courage of innocence; but then she had happily never known Cynthia's temptations. At first it seems strange that Cynthia, hungering as she was for love, ready to lavish tenderness on Molly and even on Mr. Gibson, should have cared so little for the passion of an honest, loving heart like Roger Hamley's. But when we are let into the secrets of things, and see all Mrs. Gibson's intrigues to entrap the probable heir of Hamley Hall, as she, speculating on Osborne's death, believed Roger to be, we can well imagine how to Cynthia the pure bloom must have been rubbed off her engagement, and can sympathize with her "half disgust at love, life, all things." It is very sad, but we are ready to hope it was for the best, and should dearly like to know a little more about Mr. Henderson. The little we do hear is not very promising. A mere gentlemanly young man—surely, for Cynthia's credit, there would have been found more in him than that. Also one would have liked to know a little how Mr. and Mrs. Gibson got on when Molly was married and gone. That perpetual *tête-a-tête* of two such uncongenial people must have been terrible. Surely in mercy Mrs. Gaskell would have devised some way of escape. And this strikes us as the great fault of the book. It seems hardly possible that a man like Mr. Gibson, so refined and sensitive, and withal so shrewd and keen an observer, *could* have failed to see through the palpable vulgarity of Mrs. Kirkpatrick. Such things do happen, we suppose, sometimes in every-day life, but, let us hope, not often.

*Philoctetes.* By M. A. London: Alfred W. Bennett.

An unknown writer who chooses as the subject of a "metrical drama, after the antique," the sufferings and deliverance of Philoctetes, and so challenges comparison with all but the noblest of the extant works of Sophocles, enters on a task of no common magnitude. For the most part the feeling of mankind sets in strongly against those who re-write old poems and re-handle old themes. They are unwilling that the impression made by the consummate skill of a great master should be interfered with, and prefer to recognise something like a patent right in one who has either been the first discoverer of a subject, or has made it his own by the mastery of a great mind.

In the present instance the writer may plead that this choice of a familiar subject was almost a condition of success in a drama "after the antique;" that the three great dramatic poets of Athens handled and re-handled the same old stories; that within the comparatively narrow cycle of the history of—

"Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the fall of Troy divine,"—

they found what has made their names immortal, and did not shrink from inviting comparison with each other in their treatment of the selfsame incidents, as *e. g.*, in the case of the murder of Clytemnestra. We may add to that plea that the enterprise, bold as it undoubtedly was, has issued not in failure but success. The modern Philoctetes will be read with pleasure by those who have loved and admired the old. It deserves to the full as high a place in the literature of our time as Mr. Arnold's "Merope," or Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon."

Some change in the treatment of the theme was at once legitimate and necessary, and the writer has found it in mitigating one element of the intense sufferings of the hero. The Philoctetes of Sophocles dwells alone; Lemnos is "by men untrod," "without inhabitant;" again and again he speaks of this terrible solitude as the hardest to bear of all his many woes. The chorus of the sailors who come with Odyseus and Neoptolemos, dwell on it with pity and amazement:—

"Wonder holds my soul,
How he, still nearing in his loneliness,
Endurèd still to live
A life all lamentable,
Where he alone was neighbour to himself,
Powerless to move a limb,
And having no man dwelling on this isle
Companion in his grief."

Here the chorus consists of Lemnian fishermen, who have known and sympathized with him all along. There is a friend and counsellor, Phimachus. In striking contrast with the older drama, in which alone of all the extant tragedies of Sophocles, there is no female character (the play of feminine emotions, pity, reverence, affection, blending with the more masculine courage, ambition, subtlety, in Neoptolemos), we have in Ægle, a girl of Lemnos, one who has pitied the sufferings of the hero, till pity passes into love, and who becomes at last (here we get the reflection of modern and Christian feeling upon the old life of Greece) his one great consoler. With these new elements, chosen with happy insight, and handled with great skill, the difference between the old and the new is enough to remove any sense of a mere reproduction of the ancient story.

The merit of such a work as this can be shown very imperfectly by extracts; and if we give a few, as indicating the power of the author over imagery and language, it is only in the belief that those who read these will be tempted to read more. As more separable than most passages of any length, we give part of the hero's narrative of the death of Heracles :—

"All day long
We toiled up Œta, and the evening fell,
One red, great ball of sun, and flared and split
The radiance: and he ever moaning clomb,
Moaning and shuddering, and huge agonies
Of sweat were on the muscles of his limbs,
And in his eyes a terrible dumb pain.
And now he clomb, and now in torment sat,
With set teeth, on some boulder, swaying slow
His head and rugged beard; and all his breast
Lay heaving, and the volumes of its breath
Went up in dry, hot vapour. Or he sat
Staring as in amazement. And I went
And touched him, and he moved not, and again
I touched him. Suddenly the whole man leapt,
Straightened on the instant, and addressed himself
To the sheer hill, and leaning clomb. At length
It ceased into a level, desolate
As death, a summit platform: the near clouds
Racked over us, until the hill itself
Seemed giddy with their motion. Cruel winds
Flapt icily at our heated limbs, and seemed
To bite away in very cruelty
The few blank shivering grasses in the peat,
Or tugged the fangs of heath long dead in cold."

This picture of acute agony bravely borne, and of the utter desolation of the scene of the final sacrifice, will, we think, bear comparison even with the terrible description of the earlier stage of the same sufferings in the "Trachiniæ," 760—802.

Nor is there less power to compress into a few lines, or words, at once the whole impression of a scene, and the subtlest shades of emotion.

Ægle thinks of the time when Philoctetes will have left Lemnos :—

"But somehow, always in those after-times
The old way of sitting here would come on me,
May-be at spring the saddest; for they say
*Old thoughts grow most unruly when the first*
*Bird calls out to the wood.*"

The chorus describes the dwelling of Pan :—

"No cloudy ruler in the delicate air-belts:
But in the ripening slips and tangles
Of cork-woods; in the bull-rush pits, where oxen
Lie soaking chin-deep;
In the mulberry orchard,
With milky kexes, and marrowy hemlocks,
Among the floating, silken under-darnels."

Or paints the manifold delights and sympathies of the same great Power :—

"Pan too will watch in the open glaring
Shadeless quarry, quiet locusts
Scathing in the blaze on vine-leaves.

* * * *

He will watch some bloom of a maiden
From the shrine-porch slow descending,
With her flashing silver sandals,
Bound on service to the image,
Leaning hold by the myrtle bushes,
Raising from the lowest marble
Stair her sacrificial urnlet."

It will be seen from the last extracts that the author of "Philoctetes" follows Mr. Arnold and Mr. Plumptre in their preference for unrhymed English verse, as the best equivalent for the subtle melody of Greek choral odes; and the power which he has shown in varying the rhythm to suit varying themes, with no loss of sweetness or richness, makes us wish that he would apply it to the marvellous choruses of the "Agamemnon," which, excellent as are the versions of Dean Milman and Miss Swanwick in the styles which they have chosen for themselves, still remain, we believe, open to the enterprise of a new translator. We must add, however, that we think the writer has erred in not recognising in his work the characteristic symmetry of the strophe and antistrophe, which in the Greek choral odes gives both to sight and hearing the impression of law, art, self-control, in the midst of the most overflowing feeling or loftiest flights of thought. Mr. Plumptre, it is true, in his translation of Sophocles, has set an example of this disregard, and has ventured on a formal vindication of it in his preface; but the tone in which he speaks is far from being that of strong conviction, and we are mistaken if, in any future revision of his work, he will not deal with this as one of the blemishes to be removed.

If we were to note any graver defect in the "Philoctetes" of this new writer, it would be that he has allowed himself, consciously or unconsciously, to be unduly influenced by Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta," and has followed him in exaggerating the tone in which the great dramatists of Greece speak of the misery of man's life and the stern despotism of the gods. That, as has been often pointed out, is for the most part but one phase of feeling,—the treading the grapes, out of which flows the clear wine; the storm, after which comes the serene and open sky. The thought of an ultimate reconciliation of the discords and perplexities of life is never entirely absent. The "Eumenides" came as the close of the long history of crimes in the house of Pelops. The "Œdipus at Colonus" shows that even the most terrible sufferings and crimes conceivable might end, if only the will was not tainted with evil, in a tranquil and blessed death. Even the binding of Prometheus was followed by and itself suggests the thought of liberation. The complaints and accusations of those who differ do not go beyond those of Asaph, or Job, or the Preacher, and like them they are not final.

It is right to add that the author of the modern "Philoctetes" follows Sophocles in making Heracles appear as in part, at least, reconciling the sufferer to his lot; but there is even then an absence of the Sophoclean serenity, and the ultimate impression is that of submission to a capricious despotism rather than to a righteous order.

We trust that before long we shall be able to welcome by name a writer so capable of noble work, giving to those who read him so true and healthy a pleasure. Whether as translator, or creator, or adapter, there can be no reason why he should shelter himself under the veil of the anonymous.

# MR. MOZLEY'S BAMPTON LECTURES.

*Eight Lectures on Miracles; being the Bampton Lectures for 1865.* By the Rev. J. B. MOZLEY, B.D., Vicar of Old Shoreham. London: Rivingtons.

WHAT is the true position of a miracle? Is it the anomaly of one world or the intervention of another? Is it so strange a variation from a settled system that we instinctively set it aside as either fraud, or mistake, or at best an exception which only awaits its legitimate solution; or is it simply the intersection of a foreign element; an effect appropriate to the world of grace, which only surprises us by its unexpected appearance in the world of nature? This question may be resolved into another which lies beyond it. Can we reduce all phenomena to a single principle, so that even acts of will, when properly analysed, are found to obey the sovereignty of law; or must we classify all things that lie beneath the unity of the Divine nature under the independent heads of law and will, assigning to each of these its appropriate operations, which may cross in action, but are always distinguishable in thought? Those who maintain the first view are quite consistent in rejecting miracles; but their theory binds them to reject a great deal more,—all moral responsibility, all spiritual life, and all that gives the will its distinctive character in either man or God. Those who maintain the second view have no difficulty in finding a proper place for miracles, as perfectly credible within the world of matter, because that world is everywhere penetrated by the influence of the world of spirit.

It is a mere game of cross-purposes, then, to argue for or against the credibility of miracles, till we have come to some agreement on the existence of a spiritual world contrasted with the physical; a world which is independent of what are commonly called the laws of nature, and governed only by laws of its own, with which miracles are in perfect harmony. It is true, that in a wider sense the word nature covers all things that exist; as Spinoza says, "Non solam materiam ejusque affectiones, sed præter materiam alia infinita." But I now confine the word to its usual sense, as describing only those ordinary phenomena which can be reduced under the positive laws of sequence, or as extended at farthest to those acts of man which are so familiar that we forget their spiritual source. In contrast with this sense of natural, the spiritual world is the proper home of the supernatural; which is limited, however, in its turn to that higher department of the spiritual which is independent of all human control.

The same distinction is suggested by the opposite views which can be taken of the Divine nature itself. It makes the greatest difference whether we solve the problem of creation by placing the ἀρχὴ, as Aristotle might say, ἐν τῷ ποιουμένῳ, or ἐν τῷ ποιοῦντι; that is to say, by the theory of a living force, pervading nature, which is the fundamental tenet of Pantheism, or by the theory of a Personal Worker, of whom the human τεχνίτης is an imperfect image, which is the primary postulate of Theism. If the former view be adopted, miracles are impossible, and so is the supernatural; the whole question is shut up within the bounds of material nature; the great machine of the universe can never vary from its iron regularity, because the hypothesis excludes the existence of an external agency, with power to interfere for either good or evil. If the latter view be adopted, we find no more difficulty in recognising the miraculous and providential interventions of the Deity, whether by word or by act, whether through the messages of inspiration or through the works of power, than we find in recognising the freedom of man's will in varying the operations of the laws which surround him.

But the *possibility* of miracles should be distinguished from their *probability*, which must be established by a different class of arguments. That God *can* perform miracles follows from the admission of His personal existence. But the question whether it is likely that, in any given case, He *will* perform them or no, depends mainly on the adequacy of the cause which is proposed. A miracle is no mere δύναμις or τέρας, no mere causeless manifestation of power in the worker, or occasion of ignorant wonder in the spectator: it is also an ἔργον and a σημεῖον; a work wrought for a definite purpose; a sign which has its proper place provided in a comprehensive system.

But again, neither possibility nor probability will prove the *fact* of miracles, which has to be established by a third set of considerations.

And this branch of the subject brings us to the province of testimony in all its departments. The documents in which the working of miracles is recorded must be such as to comply with the legitimate requirements of historical evidence.

Such appears to be the natural sequence of the argument for the credibility of miracles;—the proof first that they are *possible;* next that they are *probable;* and thirdly that they have in *fact* occurred in history. Their possibility rests on the personal theory of the Divine Nature; their probability on the necessities of the revealed system; their actual occurrence on the testimony of unimpeachable witnesses, as preserved by genuine and authentic records. In the words of Bishop Van Mildert: "Their *possibility* cannot be denied, without denying the very nature of God as an all-powerful Being; their *probability* cannot be questioned, without questioning His moral perfections; and their *certainty*, as matters of fact, can only be invalidated by destroying the very foundations of all human testimony."—*Boyle Lectures*, ii. 343.

This is not, however, the order which Mr. Mozley has followed in his masterly and exhaustive Lectures on miracles. Doubtless he is the best judge of the convenience of the method on which his lectures were arranged, and, as Mr. Hallam says in a similar case, would "rather prefer" that we should read them in the order "in which they are at present disposed." It is by no means easy, however, to catch the principle of his arrangement, to which he has furnished no external clue. The order is as follows:—

His first lecture is devoted to the *use* of miracles, as "necessary for a revelation;" a subject to which, in his brief preface, he assigns only a subordinate and collateral place in his plan. The second lecture deals with that great objection to their probability which is rested on the "order of nature." In the third he discusses the further difficulty which arises from the "influence of the imagination on belief." In the fourth, he approaches the subject which is really at the basis of the argument for the possibility of miracles, namely, the "belief in a God." The fifth lecture considers the question of "testimony;" the sixth, that of "unknown law;" the seventh, that of "miracles regarded in their practical result;" and the eighth and last, that of "false miracles."

Now it is true that he generally excludes from his immediate argument the extreme limits of the controversy on either hand; that is to say, both the bare possibility and the actual fact of miracles, as established respectively by personal faith in God and by historical testimony. "We *assume* the existence of a personal Deity prior to the proof of miracles in the religious sense; but with this assumption, the question of miracles is at an end; because such a Being has necessarily the power to suspend those laws of nature which He has Himself enacted" (p. 94). "The question of miracles is thus shut up within the enclosure of one assumption, viz., that of the existence of a God" (p. 95). "All evidence of miracles assumes the belief in the existence of a God" (p. 120). It is "the admission which divines have always made upon the very threshold of the subject of miracles" (p. 130). Again, regarding the subject through the light of that free-will in man which most directly suggests the Divine Personality, he says, "It is indeed avowed by those who reduce man in common with matter to law, and abolish his insulation in nature, that upon the admission of free-will, the objection to the miraculous is over, and that it is absurd to allow exception to law in man, and reject it in nature" (p. 90). In like manner, on the subject of fact he says,—

> "In an inquiry into the particular question whether the Scripture miracles may or may not be instances of unknown law, the question whether those miracles originally took place or not in the way in which they are recorded, in other words, the question of the authenticity of those miracles, is one with which I have nothing to do. Whether or not the facts of the Scripture narrative are the true and original facts which took place, is a question which belongs to the department of evidence, and one which must be met in its own place; but a philosophical inquiry into the consistency or not of the Scripture miracles with law must take those miracles as they stand."—(P. 143.)

It must be admitted that an author has a right to choose his own scope, and fix his own order. Yet it cannot but occur to us, that the real position of these two great questions of the possibility and fact of miracles should have been stated in a more argumentative relation to the rest of the treatise. The quotations which I have just made are taken from the fourth, the fifth, the end of the third, and the sixth lectures. But surely it was undesirable to spend the first lecture in dwelling on the *necessity* of miracles for a revelation, before the position of their very *possibility* had been secured. The method adopted leaves considerable danger lest the deictic should be retorted into an elenctic argument. If miracles are so essential to the proof of revelation that it really cannot be established without them, those who deny their possibility are perfectly willing to accept the alternative, that revelation cannot be established at all. And precisely this result has happened. One of Mr. Mozley's critics writes;—

> "The argument, if such it may be called, is thus stated: 'By no rational being could a just and benevolent life be accepted as proof of such astonishing announcements. Miracles are the necessary complement, then, of [the truth of] such announcements, which without them are purposeless and abortive' (p. 14); that is to say, the announcements, being incredible in themselves, prove thereby the truth of the miracles which are requisite to attest them; and the miracles, in their turn, *though incredible in themselves*, [observe the

assumption,] being thus proved to be true, prove in return the truth of the incredible announcements."

This difficulty is stated, in a different relation, with incomparably more force and clearness by Mr. Mozley himself (p. 96), and is satisfactorily disposed of. But on a more just estimate of his argument, criticism of this kind would be excluded by the very conditions under which alone he professes to conduct it. The same critic also writes; "The miracle of which he ought to vindicate the possibility, the reasonableness, the conceivableness, is one which supposes unlike consequences from like antecedents, unlike effects from like causes and conditions, unlike products from like factors, different sums from identical items." The answer is, that this is precisely *not* the thing which Mr. Mozley or any other Christian apologist is bound to vindicate. The intervening will of God is a distinctly additional element in the total of causation. Its addition alters the antecedents, the causes, the conditions, the factors, and the items, precisely like the intervention of the will of man. Again, the critic writes; "Nor can the immediate action of the *Deus ex machinâ* be assumed, for he is not suspended above the other agents, but is the spring which is already moving them all." That is to say, the critic tests a Theistic argument by a Pantheistic definition, which can lead to nothing but a barren victory. It is not easy to say whether any difference of arrangement or exposition would have protected Mr. Mozley against such misapprehensions as these. But it cannot be denied that the arrangement which he has adopted does little or nothing to debar them. And here we may make an end of fault-finding. Whatever be the order, the argument under each head is close and cogent. Whatever be the limitations which he imposes on his treatment of the subject, there are very few parts of it on which he fails to throw new light.

### § 1. Definition.

In the first place, what is the definition of a miracle? Mr. Mozley calls it a visible suspension of the order of nature for a providential purpose (p. 6); and he is careful to explain that by the order of nature he means only "the visible portion of the whole" (p. 24), or "that order of nature of which we have experience" (p. 162). Another definition which he quotes (p. 361) is admirable for its succinct precision;—"an event with a supernatural cause." It is important for several reasons to combine this definition with the former, as Mr. Mozley does in another place, when he describes "the whole notion of a miracle not as a marvellous event only, but the act of a Supernatural Being" (p. 126). And as no effect can occur without a cause of some kind, we should mean much the same thing if we described a miracle as an effect produced without a natural cause.

There can be no dispute on the importance of the clause, "for a providential purpose," because we cannot recognise a true miracle in any purposeless prodigy or capricious marvel. But there is more room for debate on the statement, that a miracle is "a suspension of the order of nature;" or, in other words, an interruption, violation, infraction, contradiction of, or interference with, its laws (pp. 24, 33, 142, 360, &c.). Objections have been raised against these expressions, as though they implied that a miracle annihilates the laws which it only counteracts, or puts aside for a temporary purpose (p. 360); or as though they represented a miracle as something externally strange and abnormal, whereas the most commonplace occurrences, like rending a veil, or moving a stone, are miraculous, if they are done without a natural cause (p. 361). And many are glad to seek refuge in any modification of language from the dreaded collision between a belief in the miraculous, and the scientific reverence for the laws of nature. Mr. Mozley is plainly right in replying that, "by what particular expression we denote the difference from the order of nature involved in a miracle . . . is a question of language and no more, *so long as* we strictly understand that the natural laws, to which these terms, 'violation' and 'suspension,' are applied, are one set of laws only, viz., that which comes within the cognizance of our experience" (p. 361); or, as was quoted above, that "a miracle is only a contradiction to one part, *i. e.*, the visible portion of the whole" (p. 24). And it is indispensable that we should use some kind of language which will fairly raise the inevitable question on the relation between miracles and what is commonly understood to be the order of nature. When it is objected by an author already quoted, that "it cannot be alleged that" the removal of the stone from the sepulchre by angels "was contrary to nature, or that it involved a suspension of a law of nature," we answer that it certainly both was the one and involved the other, if it was an effect produced without its natural cause. The immediate antecedents of a miracle may vary to any extent, ranging from cases where the ordinary cause is simply absent, as when the stone was moved without the presence of either human or mechanical power, up to cases which are not producible by any natural cause at all, like the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ. Again, many intermediate links may be interposed between the visible miracle and the point where the "finger of God" is laid upon the chain of causes. The direct result may be produced by what appear to be merely natural agencies; while it is only the coincidence of that result with some prediction, or the overruling of the issue to some providential purpose, which shows that the whole has been governed by a supernatural hand. And it is part of the Divine economy to keep even miracles as near as possible to nature, "just diverging enough for the purpose and no more" (p. 120); so that it is generally reasonable to argue whether a given miracle is likely or unlikely, in spite of the retort that if it were likely it would not be a miracle. But whatever variety may be introduced by these considerations, all cases of true miracle seem to involve, of necessity, a more near or more distant variation from the order of nature; a definition which might be extended to cover those mysterious miracles of evil origin which Scripture contemplates as tests of faith (Deut. xiii. 1—5, Mark xiii. 22), and which includes the exercise of supernatural knowledge (John i. 50; iv. 39; vii. 15), as well as the operations of supernatural power.

Upon the whole, then, it seems difficult to dispense with any one of the three elements which have been mentioned. The *formal* cause of miracles is their variation from the order of nature as above explained; but to distinguish them from other conceivable variations, we must add that the *efficient* cause is ultimately a supernatural agent, and that the *final* cause must be adequate, and adequately expressed. Mr. Mozley points out (pp. 8, 211) that special providences differ from proper miracles in the incompleteness of the proof they offer to establish the intervention of a supernatural agent. Sharing in some of the characteristics of miracles, they are deficient in the coincidence between prediction and fulfilment (pp. 7, 148), without which the evidence of supernatural agency is imperfect, and without which we can have no knowledge of the purpose contemplated in the exercise of extraordinary power.

Some of these points will be made clearer by an instance; and I will take it from the baptism of Christ, which meets us at the very outset of His public life. Accepting the narrative as it stands,—and Mr. Mozley well shows that this is the only reasonable way of dealing with the facts recorded in Scripture (p. 143),—we find a supernatural notification in the warning which had been previously given to the Baptist—"upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending," &c.; we have the "correspondence of the fact with the notification" (p. 149), in the actual descent of the Holy Spirit; and that descent of the Spirit, and the voice from heaven which accompanied it, were effects produced without a natural cause, or, in other words, events produced by a supernatural cause. If it were possible to conceive that those heavenly signs belonged to the head of ordinary providence, not miracle; that the testimony which they bore to the present action of the Deity need carry us no farther than the instinctive impulse which led the poet to acknowledge the intervention of a Divine Agent, when he heard thunder from a cloudless sky; yet the two additional elements, namely, the coincidence of the fulfilment with the notification, and the existence of an adequate providential purpose, supply the completeness needed to raise the whole transaction to the rank of a proper miracle, which is perfectly credible to all who believe in the existence of the Divine Persons, yet which was clearly distinguished by all its august circumstances from any possible occurrence in the natural world.

It would be impossible, as well as undesirable, to go over the entire course of Mr. Mozley's argument. I will confine myself to the three points which the above definition has suggested; the supernatural cause of miracles, their relation to the order of nature, and their providential purpose.

### § 2. The Supernatural Cause.

While Mr. Mozley holds the proof of the Divine Personality to be prior and external to his immediate subject, he shows no disposition to avail himself of its exclusion for the purpose of escaping from its difficulties, to the consideration of which he devotes one of his ablest lectures. The question is raised in the following form:—If it be admitted that the conception of a Personal God was "historically obtained from revelation" (p. 97), while revelation "is asserted to be proved by miracles" (p. 96), how are we to avoid the "vicious circle" of making revelation rest on miracles, and miracles on revelation? Mr. Mozley replies by remarking that "what communicates a truth is one thing, what proves it is another: the truth, once possessed, is seen to rest upon grounds of natural reason," especially that form of reason which is known as faith (pp. 99, 100). It has been the effect of revelation to awaken a dormant belief into actual existence, by uniting two things which were divorced in the old heathen world,—a worship which gives expression to the instinctive devotion of the many, and a creed which can satisfy the philosophic few. But though it was revelation which enabled men to take the important step in their religion, from mind *in* nature to mind *out of* nature, and to rise up from the experience of personality in man to the belief of personality in God, yet it is equally true that "the Bible *assumes* this truth, rather than formally communicates it;" that "the first chapter of Genesis proceeds upon it as proved;" and that the prophet "proclaims this idea of God as a plain truth of human reason, which the world did not see, only because it was blinded by folly." The miracles which are necessary to establish all other details of revelation postulate the first step of all, as above the range of their proof, though not of their corroboration, and as resting on sufficient grounds of natural reason. Thus the belief in God really precedes the belief in miracles, which become available at the next stage, to guarantee the messages of that Divine Being whose existence we accept on independent grounds. If that first postulate is granted because, though bestowed by revelation, it is confirmed by the reflection of our own personality, and is implied in our natural instinct of devotion, it not only follows that God *can* work miracles to guarantee His messages and accredit His messengers, but it becomes more likely than not that He *will* use these extraordinary means at His disposal, to certify His extraordinary communications to man. The corroborative proof of this first proposition must be sought from reason and faith, which are waiting to furnish it; but, when once it is granted, the difficulty of miracles exists no longer. "If action is conceded at all, there is no difficulty about miraculous action" (p. 107). If "from personality at one end I [may] infer personality at the other," the wonder would rather be if the records of God's actions did *not* present that resemblance to the highest forms of human volition which we can trace throughout the history of His miraculous and providential dealings with mankind.

To complete this argument, Mr. Mozley points out that there is absolutely no reason whatever for supposing that physical laws, which represent nothing more than the method of the Divine working, can impose on Him who framed them any kind of limitations, analogous to those with which we are familiar, viz., that "God cannot do what is contrary to His will and nature, and cannot do what is contradictory to necessary truth" (p. 108). Such a view would simply force us back upon the ancient notion of a limited Deity, on which men were driven by their "two great difficulties,—the creation of matter, and the existence of evil" (p. 109); or which might be rested on the false analogy of the moral limitation "involved in the power of the human will to resist the Divine" (p. 113). "The conception of a limited Deity, then, *i. e.*, a Being really circumscribed in power, and not verbally only by a confinement to necessary truth, is at variance with our fundamental idea of a God; to depart from which is to retrograde from modern thought to ancient, and to go from Christianity back again to Paganism" (p. 114).

I annex the conclusion of this lecture, in which Mr. Mozley rests a good deal of weight on the argument from results, which cannot be used without great caution. It would not be generally admitted that results alleged to be dangerous would form a legitimate test of a speculative argument, because the opponent may always retort that fears of that kind are probably groundless, and that intrinsic validity is the only relevant test of reasoning. But, taken as Mr. Mozley employs it, *i. e.*, as an *argumentum ad hominem* against the "disposition to maintain the disbelief of miracles upon a religious basis," his remarks are equally true and forcible:—

"If the belief, then, in a personal Deity lies at the bottom of all religious and virtuous practice, and if the removal of it would be a descent for human nature, the withdrawal of its inspiration and support, and a fall in its whole standard; the failure of the very breath of moral life in the individual and in society; the decay and degeneration of the very stock of mankind; does a theory which would withdraw miraculous action from the Deity interfere with that belief? If it would, it is but prudent to count the cost of that interference. Would a Deity deprived of miraculous action possess action at all? And would a God who cannot act be a God? If this would be the issue, such an issue is the very last which religious men can desire. The question here has been all throughout, not whether upon any ground, but whether upon a religious ground, and by religious believers, the miraculous, as such, could be rejected. But to that there is but one answer, that it is impossible in reason to separate religion from the supernatural, and upon a religious basis to overthrow miracles."—(P. 116.)

The cause of miracles being thus rested on God's personal action, we may be content to leave in mystery the mode of their production. No experience can be more complete than that which teaches that the will of man moves freely in its proper sphere, untrammelled by any hindrance from the equilibrium of existing forces. And as the will of God fills the infinitely larger sphere of the whole universe, its free action must admit of a proportionate extension. But the *fact* of interference is all that concerns us. The *mode* of operation is as mysterious in the one case as in the other. Is it urged that experience forbids the expectation of the intervention of any fresh physical forces? We answer that even if this be so—a point which we can have no present interest in arguing—yet the birth of any single child is a proof that the world of mind is governed by a different law. It must be granted that, unless the will itself is but a mode of the material, a new power germinates with the entrance of every child into the world. And if a fresh human will can be added every moment to the existing *sum* of causation, much more may fresh acts of the Divine will intervene in the existing *sequence* of causation, so as to produce miraculous results. The "new effect," as Mr. Mill admits, would flow from the hypothesis, is "supposed to be produced by the introduction of a new cause" (p. 302). In Mr. Mansel's words ("Aids to Faith," p. 16), it is "the introduction of a new agent, possessing new powers;" and in such a case the inductive law itself would lead us to expect that the effect will vary with the varying cause. And if it be alleged that the multiplication of the widow's oil, or of the loaves of bread, or the changing water into wine, implied acts of creation, and therefore additions to material antecedents, it may be answered that the objection rests on an hypothesis of the *mode* of operation, which is not involved in the belief of the *fact* of the miracle. It is not worth while, for the needs of this particular question, to argue whether any creative addition would or would not disturb the existing equipoise of nature. It was as easy for Christ to summon from the world around Him fresh particles of matter for the increase of the bread, or the distinctive elements of wine to change the water, as to perform an act of real creative power.

### § 3. Relation to the Order of Nature.

But we here approach another subject to which Mr. Mozley has devoted much of his attention; the great question whether miracles can be proved to be contradictory to reason, because they are at variance with the laws of nature. He asks us to consider whether the prevailing prejudice on this point is not really a deceit which imagination imposes on the scientific temper, much in the same way as the historical temper is liable to be misled by the impression that whenever we have realized a picture of the past, we have brought back from the departed world the same kind of reliable information which eye-witnesses bring back from a distant land. To quote his singularly clear and vivid image,—

> "All we can say is, that the known casts its shadow before; we project into unborn time the existing types, and the secret skill of nature intercepts the darkness of the future by ever suspending before our eyes, as it were in a mirror, a reflection of the past. We really look at a blank before us, but the mind, full of the scene behind, sees it again in front."—(P. 37.)

Mr. Mozley argues, then, that there is simply no reason assignable "for our belief in the uniformity of nature;" not demonstrative, for its contrary is no contradiction; not probable, "for all probable reasoning respecting the course of nature is founded *upon* this presumption of likeness, and therefore cannot be the foundation of it" (p. 39). It is not self-evident, for its contradictory involves no absurdity; and, for the same reason, it is not specially privileged as an original perception. It cannot be said to rest on experience, which reports the past, but by its very definition stops short of the future. On this point Hume is found, for once in a way, to render good service on the side of faith. In short, we can give no reason why we expect the future to be like the past, which is not resolvable into the simple fact that we *do* expect it. The "inference and belief" may be "remarkable and momentous," "necessary, all-important for the purposes of life," but it is "solely practical, and possessing no intellectual character" (p. 42). It is the "common primordial property of rational and irrational natures, which lies at the basement of the whole pyramid of life" (p. 45); but it belongs to those parts of our constitution which lie outside of reason, like our liability to be influenced by the lapse of time, by the force of association, or by the force of habit. The argument is equally applicable to a case of reported past unlikeliness, and it follows that if the belief which miracles are said to contravene has no foundation in reason, the events which contradict it are not contradictory to reason.

We come to the same conclusion if we consider the subject under the more scientific aspect of the "inductive principle." Accepting the common division of the inductive process into observation and generalization, Mr. Mozley argues that we owe the second step to instinct, or imagination, or habit, not to reason: "the same instinct which converts ordinary and common experience into law, viz., that habit by which we always extend any existing recurrent fact of nature into the future" (p. 53). The leap from the known to the unknown, from some to other some, or from some to all, rests upon no grounds of reason, and is confessedly guaranteed by no formal laws of thought (p. 285). The result is not altered if we accept Mr. Mill's analysis, and pass direct from the fact observed to the fact inferred, without the intervention of a generalized law. The vast improvements which have been introduced into the inductive process bear solely on its earlier portion, for they mainly consist in varying and testing the modes of observation. But the second portion, or "the inductive principle, is simply the mechanical expectation of the likeness of the unknown to the known, not become any more luminous than it was before because its subject-matter is higher, but being in the most vulgar and the most scientific material alike unreasoning, *i. e.*, no part of the distinctive reason of man." Whenever, therefore, as in the case of miracles, reason furnishes the evidence of testimony against it, "the antecedent counter-expectation of instinct must give way" (p. 57).

It has been objected that Mr. Mozley does not lay sufficient stress on the positive service rendered by the inductive principle, as teaching us that if like causes produce like effects, a variation in the effect will necessarily follow on a variation in the cause. But the answer is, that his present object was not to show what would ensue on the admission of the principle, but to analyse its character in reply to a specific objection. No one doubts the importance of the principle itself, or of our belief in the uniformity of nature. "Everything connected with human life depends upon this belief." It is "necessary, all-important for the purposes of life." "Without this expectation, what would be our prospect? Every moment of nature might be its last" (pp. 39, 42, 66). And so far as miracles *can* be brought within its range, they share to the full in the protection which it yields. But the difficulty arises from the fact that there are certain aspects in which they *cannot* be brought within its range. And then the question follows, What is the ground of the belief with which they are to that extent at variance? Is it guaranteed by the highest principle of our constitution, or is it a mere mechanical presumption of the lowest? It is true that instinct is a primary element as well as reason; but it obviously makes the greatest difference in what order the forces are marshalled; and miracles occupy a very different ground when it is discovered that reason is rather on their side than against them, and that the antagonist with which they are confronted is not reason but instinct. The argument from testimony, by which miracles are supported, confessedly appeals to rational principles. The belief in uniformity, by which miracles are discredited, is found to rest on a totally different and much lower principle, and to be unsupported by any ground of reason. The real presumptions which now arise in favour of miracles, and which rest on the higher laws of the spiritual world, are stated with great force and clearness in the Lecture on "Unknown Law:"—

"Is the suspension of physical and material laws by a Spiritual Being inconceivable? We reply, that however inconceivable this kind of suspension of physical law is, it is a fact. Physical laws are suspended any time an animate being moves any part of its body; the laws of matter are suspended by the laws of life, &c. . . . The constitution of nature, then, disproves the incredibility of the Divine suspension of physical law; but more than this, it creates a presumption for it. For the laws of which we have experience are themselves in an ascending scale. First come the laws which regulate unorganized matter; next the laws of vegetation; then, by an enormous leap, the laws of animal life, with its voluntary motion, desire, expectation, fear; and above these, again, the laws of moral being which regulate a totally different order of creatures. Now suppose an intelligent being, whose experience was limited to one or more lower classes in this ascending scale of laws, he would be totally incapable of conceiving the action of the higher classes. A thinking piece of granite would be totally incapable of conceiving the action of chemical laws, which produce explosions, contacts, repulsions. A thinking mineral would be totally incapable of conceiving the laws of vegetable growth; a thinking vegetable could not form an idea of the laws of animal life; a thinking animal could not form an idea of moral and intellectual truth. All this progressive succession of laws is perfectly conceivable backward, and an absolute mystery forward; and therefore, when in the ascending series we arrive at man, we ask, Is there no higher sphere of law as much above *him* as he is above the lower natures in the scale? The analogy would lead us to expect that there was, and supplies a presumption in favour of such a belief.

"And so we arrive again by another route at the old turning question; for the question whether man is or is not the *vertex* of nature, is the question whether there is or is not a God. Does free agency stop at the human stage, or is there a sphere of free-will above the human, in which, as in the human, not physical law, but spirit, moves matter? And does that free-will penetrate the universal frame invisibly to us, an omnipresent agent? If so, every miracle in Scripture is as natural an event in the universe as any chemical experiment in the physical world; if not, the seat of the great Presiding Will is empty, and nature has no Personal Head: man is her highest point; he finishes her ascent, though by this very supremacy he falls, for under fate he is not free himself; all nature either ascends to God, or descends to law. Is there above the level of material causes a region of Providence? If there is, nature there is moved by the Supreme Free Agent; and of such a realm a miracle is the natural production."—(Pp. 162-5.)

### § 4. The Providential Purpose.

But if these considerations break the pressure of the more formidable difficulties, by giving an adequate account of the causation of miracles, and showing that their variation from the order of nature is in accordance with reason, it remains to ask whether a sufficient *motive* can be assigned for God's departure from that order, which He established for man's benefit, and as the standing witness of His faithfulness and truth. Proofs that miracles are possible and even probable fall short of the mark, unless we can also establish that they have been called forth by an adequate providential purpose. Can such a purpose be produced to account for the Scripture miracles? The answer will depend on the value we assign to revealed religion. Those who believe it to have been unspeakably important for man to receive a revelation which, on the lowest view, was calculated to advance an imperfect race towards perfection, and which, on a higher and more correct view, was adapted to lead back a fallen race to its complete recovery, must ascribe a corresponding importance to the proofs and guarantees by which the supernatural claims of that revelation were substantiated. Among the foremost of those proofs are miracles, which afford the most appropriate test of a revelation, corroborated as they may be by the internal evidences of the doctrines and results of Christianity:—

> "If there is a species of evidence which is directly appropriate to the thing believed, we cannot suppose, on the strength of the indirect evidence we possess, that we can do without the direct. But miracles are the direct credentials of a revelation; the visible supernatural is the appropriate witness to the invisible supernatural—that proof which goes straight to the point, and, a token being wanted of a Divine communication, is that token. We cannot, therefore, dispense with this evidence. The position that the revelation proves the miracles, and not the miracles the revelation, admits of a good qualified meaning; but taken literally, it is a double offence against the rule, that things are properly proved by the proper proof of them; for a supernatural fact *is* the proper proof of a supernatural doctrine; while a supernatural doctrine, on the other hand, is certainly *not* the proper proof of a supernatural fact."—(P. 19.)

The logical defence of this position is worked out with great ingenuity and completeness in the first lecture. For a further statement of the providential purpose we must proceed to the seventh lecture, where the appeal to results is perfectly legitimate, because the result has now become the very point on which the decision turns. The question is not now whether the weakness of an argument can be helped out by the plea that it is useful to accept it, and undesirable to press the antagonist considerations: it is simply whether the issues are great enough to justify an interference which would be incredible except on the assumption of their importance; and in this aspect the value of an effect is the appropriate witness to the importance of its cause. To this question, then, Mr. Mozley answers,—

> "If, as the source and inspiration of practice, doctrine has been the foundation of a new state of the world, and of that change which distinguishes the world under Christianity from the world before it; miracles, as the proof of that doctrine, stand before us in a very remarkable and peculiar light. Far from being mere idle feats of power to gratify the love of the marvellous; far even from being mere particular and occasional rescues from the operation of general laws, they come before us as means for accomplishing the largest and most important practical object that has ever been accomplished in the history of mankind. They lie at the bottom of the difference of the modern from the ancient world; so far, *i. e.*, as that difference is moral. We see as a fact a change in the moral condition of mankind, which marks ancient and modern society as two different states of mankind. What has produced this change, and elicited this new power of action? Doctrine. And what was the proof of that doctrine, or essential to the proof of it? Miracles. The greatness of the result thus throws light upon the propriety of the means, and shows the fitting object which was presented for the introduction of such means, the fitting occasion which had arisen for the use of them; for indeed no more weighty, grand, or solemn occasion can be conceived, than the foundation of such a new order of things in the world. Extraordinary action of Divine power for such an end has the benefit of a justifying object of incalculable weight; which, though not of itself indeed proof of the fact, comes with striking force upon the mind in connection with the proper proof. It is reasonable, it is inevitable, that we should be impressed by such a result; for it shows that the miraculous system has been a practical one; that it has been a step in the ladder of man's ascent, the means of introducing those powerful truths which have set his moral nature in action."—(Pp. 194-6,)

The results of Christian doctrine, then, supply a measure of the importance which we assign to miracles, on which it rests as its appropriate proof. And this is an argument of which it is impossible to doubt the overwhelming cogency. It is certain that, independently of the religious question, the moral elevation of the entire platform of humanity has been the practical benefit derived ultimately from miracles, through the medium of those doctrines which they guaranteed, and which a denial of the miraculous would utterly destroy. But when we pass on to contemplate the position of the Incarnation, and recollect that it is at once the mightiest of miracles, and the central doctrine which is certified by miracles, we shall be still more ready to believe that when God sent His Son into the world, to reunite the bonds which sin had broken, the Divine Presence would necessarily make itself felt through the veil of His humanity, by signs which the order of nature could not parallel. In that Advent, when the Lord of the spiritual world condescended to dwell for a time in His lower courts of the material, the whole range of Scripture miracles finds its explanation and completion. The prophetic miracles were types, the apostolic miracles were lingering echoes, of the works which Christ wrought with the finger of God, to prove that the kingdom of God was come upon us. No doubt the special character of the Gospel miracles gave a persuasiveness to their influence which no works of mere power could have exerted. The types had been often tinged by the shadow of severity; the fulfilment always overflowed with mercy. The garb of Christ's humiliation might generally conceal His rightful glory; it could not arrest the stream of His beneficence, in which all who were admitted to His presence might share. Wherever He moved He bore about with Him an influence of blessing, which flowed forth even from the fringes of His garment. But whatever might be added by these considerations to the effect of the wonderful works of Christ, their evidential value, and the grounds on which it rested, would remain the same.

Now the relation which existed between His miracles and His teaching is exactly fixed in the prophetic language, which He quoted as His reassuring message to the imprisoned Baptist:—"The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me" (Matt. xi. 5, 6). It might be urged, indeed, that some, like the Samaritans, believed without the actual sight of a miracle; and doubtless they were rewarded for their free and noble faith. But it must not be forgotten that the rumour of Christ's miracles extended far beyond the circle of immediate witnesses; and also that the supernatural knowledge, by which He roused the deep attention of the woman of Samaria (John iv. 19), itself partook of a miraculous character. With this explanation the course of His teaching on that occasion is not unlike the order which He elsewhere followed. The effect of the first stage was—"Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did;" that of the second—"Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard Him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world" (John iv. 29, 42). Thus the words of supernatural knowledge, and the works of supernatural power, were equally effective to certify the mission of the Teacher; and the hearts of His hearers were thus equally prepared to receive His message as also from God.

The direct and appropriate proof, then, of Christ's mission, the foundation of that inheritance of faith on which we have entered, was afforded by those variations from physical order which bore witness to the immediate action of the Lord of nature. If Christ was all that Christians worship, miracles were the most seemly concomitants of His Incarnation. It was only fitting that when He vouchsafed to visit us His condescension should be occasionally relieved by glimpses of the splendours of the supernatural world. But it was indispensable, as well as fitting, that He should prove Himself to be "God manifest in the flesh," by doing works which were appropriate to that lofty character; not granting mere signs of unmeaning wonder to gratify an idle curiosity, but forcing men to ask, as He "manifested forth His glory," "What wisdom is this which is given unto Him, that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands?" and to exclaim when they felt the shock of nature following on His death, "Truly this man was the Son of God."

I have left untouched some very important subjects embraced in these Lectures, especially in the three which deal with the influence of the imagination on belief, with testimony, and with false miracles. But enough has been said to indicate the general outline of Mr. Mozley's reasoning. The book cannot fail to tell weightily in the long run, though it is possible that its progress may be somewhat slow. To persons unfamiliar with the subject it may seem deficient in animation and warmth. There is great brightness and beauty, however, in many of the images, in which the author condenses the issues of his arguments. And many passages are marked by that peculiar kind of eloquence which comes with the force of close and vigorous thinking; passages which shine like steel through their very temper, and which are instinct with a controlled energy, that melts away all ruggedness of language. There can be no question that, in the deeper qualities of a scientific theology, the book is thoroughly worthy of the high reputation which had been gained by Mr. Mozley's previous writings.

J. Hannah.

# MR. KEBLE AND THE "CHRISTIAN YEAR."

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*Hooker's Works.* A New Edition. By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Oxford. 1836.
*The Life of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man.* By the Rev. JOHN KEBLE. Oxford. 1863.

IF we may judge by the unexampled diffusion of the "Christian Year" among the more thoughtful class of readers, there must have been many to whom the announcement of the death of one whose name had long been a household word in their ears, will have caused that "strange thrill of pain not unmixed with pleasure," which the biographer of the wisest of the heathen describes as the natural feeling on the close of a good man's life. Few men have done the task which was given them to do more thoroughly than Mr. Keble, or have more completely, though no doubt unconsciously, realized the ideal at which he aimed: and though our first thought may be one of sadness that—

> "The silver trumpet's sound is still,
> The warder silent on the hill,"—

yet it is in all ways more consonant to the life and death of such a man to feel, that "when he had served his generation, he fell on sleep," and that he, if any man, may surely be believed "to have entered on his rest," and his works "follow him."

In any ordinary case, we should take some shame to ourselves for beginning our paper in what would be usually a tone of very inappropriate solemnity; but in speaking of a man whose peculiar gifts were such transparent simplicity and holiness of character, we are inclined at first to deprecate the function of a critic, and to give free expression to the higher feelings of admiration and gratitude. The difficulty of criticism is moreover increased in a case where these inner gifts coloured the whole man as well as the whole character of his writings; so that, as Sir John Coleridge very naturally remarks, in the touching sketch which he has given us of his friend, we can scarcely feel even his poetry to be a proper subject for literary criticism, and neither the time nor the materials are ready for a full estimate of his life. Still, on the other hand, there would be something almost unbecoming in passing over without notice the life of a man who has occupied a place almost unique in the Church of England, and one to which his own modesty gave a more than double dignity,—*eo ipso præfulgebat quia non visebatur.* And when we consider not merely the debt which a country owes to its poets, and the manner in which he has called forth and directed the best feelings of his age, but also the fact that he has been long looked up to as a kind of presiding genius over one of the most powerful movements which the Church of England has ever known, we venture to hope we may be justified, in anticipation of a worthier record, in setting before our readers a brief and imperfect estimate of his writings, and of the part, in many respects peculiar, which he was called to play among various and at times dissimilar companions.

Mr. Keble's life, like that of so many poets, may indeed appear at first sight to have been singularly uneventful. But it was not so in reality. The great author of the "Apologia," in words which we shall presently quote more fully, has spoken of him in terms which show that unconsciously he exercised a constant influence over those who themselves more directly influenced others; while there is a great interest, at the very outset, in the fact that he bore a part in two great movements of the English mind (though he was no doubt far more closely connected with one than with the other), each of which arose in the University which he so dearly loved, and which, though apparently dissimilar, had in reality many great thoughts in common, so that the one was the very natural precursor of the other;—we allude, of course, to what are called the "Oriel school," and the "Tractarian party." He began life as the cherished friend of Arnold and the companion of Whately; he ended it as in a closer sense the fellow-labourer of Dr. Pusey—we would gladly add Dr. Newman. He was himself, however, born and bred, what he continued to be through life, a devoted English Churchman. His father was rector of Coln St. Aldwyn, in Gloucestershire, but resided, after the manner of the last century, some three miles from his living, at Fairford, where John

Keble, his second child, was born in 1792; and he must have been a man of no common power, for he not only gave his son an early training which sent him a promising scholar to Corpus at fourteen, and helped him to attain at eighteen a success which we believe has never since been equalled for its precocious ability, but he inspired him with a profound filial veneration, which, as we have heard one of his greatest contemporaries half regretfully remark, almost prevented him from ever allowing himself to question any principle or opinion of his early teaching. At the age of nineteen he gained what was then the Blue Ribbon of the University, an Oriel Fellowship, and came in contact with the set of men to whom we have just referred, who may be called the literary, if not the theological, parents of modern Oxford, and who will be long remembered as the second founders of her intellectual life: "they were the first who ever burst into that frozen sea" which seemed to have closed in upon the University for the greater part of the eighteenth century. The young Keble added to his distinctions by obtaining in the next year both the Latin and English essays (Dr. Milman, we believe, is the only person who has ever carried off all the four); he was made Examiner in the schools at a time when his modesty must have been severely tried by plucking many who were his seniors; in a word, he was marked as one who could scarcely have avoided having greatness thrust upon him, if he had not been more than insensible to "that last infirmity of noble minds." This unworldly humility was undoubtedly in Mr. Keble *κόσμος τῶν ἀρέτων*; and though we are not indisposed to say a good word for that wish "to do some noble deed before we die," which inspires men "to scorn delights and live laborious days;" though something of such high ambition is traceable in the energy of Mr. Keble's greatest fellow-workers, we willingly acknowledge that there is a beauty in the unambitious character higher than in any other, where it is really an example (in his own words) of "a soul that seems to dwell above this earth."

It may not be out of place here to allude to that curious stagnation of Oxford for most of the last century which was perhaps due to the lingering Jacobitism which Hearne the antiquary has amusingly described, and which was far from extinct in Keble's earlier days. Nothing can be scantier than the "Memorials of Oxford" in the last part of the eighteenth century. There were indeed the now forgotten works of Dr. Humphry Hody, a man of real learning, and an honour to Wadham; later there were Wharton's books; and far greater, there were Lowth's "Prelections;" but these were mostly for the earlier period, and of the last fifty years of the century it may certainly be said,—

> "Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

Towards the end, indeed, Elmsley was beginning to redeem its character for scholarship, but it produced no single name in theology or general literature, and even of its preachers we have often searched in vain for any record. The functions of University Preacher seem indeed to have been chiefly delegated to what were called "hacks," one of whom earned a great reputation by a sermon addressed to the country gentlemen and clergy, on the subject of "Abraham regarded as a country gentleman;" while another's renown is still kept alive by an attack, not the last of its kind, on German theology, which concluded with a wish that "all the German books were at the bottom of the German Ocean." This spirit was not quite extinct in later days, and many will remember a famous sermon on the study of Greek, which declared that the proof of Christianity would have been incomplete if "the adversative force of the particle ἀλλὰ had not been happily balanced by the intensitive force of the particle γε," and which (according to the undergraduate version of it), summed up by an account of the glories of the Greek tongue, "certainly in this world, and not improbably in the next." Dr. Newman's amusing account of Dr. Whately's practical joke in inviting him to dine with all the "two bottle orthodox," may help us to fill up the picture of a now extinct Oxford generation. University life at the end of the last century was something like the clerical life which Miss Austin describes in some of her novels—the easy-going, "good old days of George the Third," which "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner" so exactly reproduce.

This old *régime* was beginning slowly and reluctantly to break up when "the Oriel school"—which entirely owed its origin to the fact that Oriel was the only college with open Fellowships, and thus drew into one focus nearly all the life and fire of the University,—naturally became the head of the movement, made Oxford once more famous, and gave a reality to the old adage, "Cum pugnant Oxonienses, volat ira per Angligenenses." One of its first trials of arms was in the encounter of its two leading tutors, Copleston and Davison, with the *Edinburgh Review;* and the same men were already active in theological speculations, though Davison's "Prophecy," and his famous pamphlet on "Sacrifice and Atonement," which spread terror through the Evangelical party, were published much later. Its chief members were Copleston, Davison, Whately, Hawkins, Keble, Arnold—for Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman and Mr. Hurrell Froude, the last a great but somewhat eccentric genius, had not yet appeared; and academically the first five or six of these men were certainly remarkable for having showed, what has never been done since, nor probably will be again, how much can be effected by a body of men of great energy, and who, in spite of considerable differences, were united in the same leading ideas. It may seem paradoxical to connect them with the later Oxford movement, or even to speak of them as in any sense united in the same school of thought: for Mr. Keble in particular was a man essentially *sui generis*, a Tory of the Tories, in the midst of a party chiefly Liberal; and we can well believe, as Sir J. Coleridge tells us, that he often sighed, amongst his new and more disputatious friends, for the quieter society at Corpus. He was indeed in some respects a curious contrast to most of his more stirring companions; for he was of all men the most unambitious, a poet by temperament, "contented if he might enjoy the things which others understand," loving and entirely believing in his Ideal of past goodness and greatness, "the Church of Charles I. and the Non-jurors," and while endowed with the greatest powers of thought, possessed equally with an almost excessive dread of any inquiry which might lead beyond the bounds of soberness and reverence,—one whose every feeling was,—

"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet;
The place where man his God may meet,
Be sure is holy ground."

Dr. Whately we believe used to speak of him as "the caged eagle;" so that while Whately and Copleston were frightening men by their speculations ("Isn't Whately at the bottom of it all?" said a Northamptonshire rector to Newman, on the first appearance of the "Tracts for the Times"), while Newman was still a heretic, and Arnold quiet indeed, but brimful of schemes for Church and State, Keble himself had as yet made no sign, was writing from time to time bits of the "Christian Year," but resisting the wish of his friends to publish them, "till he himself was out of the way," and devoting himself partly to his college duties and partly to the work, which he held to be simplest and best, the life of a plain "country parson." And yet, at that time at least, Keble and Arnold, and Davison and Whately, were all in one sense of the same school, and their minds had been early imbued with the same leading ideas, which, however different their later directions, had sprung from one parent source;—

"They stood apart, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between;
But neither heat, nor storm, nor thunder
Shall ever do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once has been."

Dr. Newman's "Apologia" helps us best to understand the direct influence which this earlier school of thought, or rather perhaps the general aspect of the time, had upon himself and his companions. Just twenty-five years ago, when he was defending "No. XC.," he described these common sympathies by saying that there had long been a progress in the English mind "towards something deeper and truer than satisfied the last century," and he cited the works of Scott, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, as well as those of Alexander Knox, and Irving, in proof of his assertion. It was partly, indeed, the same current of thought in England which had recently been setting so strong in Germany, in Novalis, the two Schlegels, and even in Göethe,—the reaction from a hard materialism to what may be called the romantic in literature, and to spiritualism, or a strong sense of the supernatural, in religion. In England it was first felt through the influence of Coleridge, who was the great prophet of his time, and whose whole teaching tended to what may be called a rehabilitation of religious truth on a mixed basis of Catholicism and Neology. Most of the first Oriel school were men of too little poetry to be much affected by him, but Arnold and Keble had been indoctrinated by Sir J. Coleridge, at Corpus, with a strong love of the poems both of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Keble always held Wordsworth and Scott to be in their way "witnesses to catholic truth," though he had little taste for the dreamy speculations of Coleridge. But the writers who really formed the minds of this Oxford generation, and who fell in entirely with the influence we have just spoken of, were Aristotle and Bishop Butler. Of the wonderful power which Aristotle has always exercised over Christian theology, this is not the place to speak; but it is plain that to Butler are distinctly due, not only those arguments from Analogy and Probability which are the very soul of Newman's and Keble's writings, but also that strong sense of the importance of the visible Christian Church, which recent theology had forgotten, and which became a cardinal point not only with these writers, but with men who worked it out so differently as Arnold and Whately. Every one knows that the thought which to the last filled the imagination of Arnold was his longing for the restoration of what he had imagined for himself as the perfect Christian Church; and though it may be said that this was a mere dream, yet the very idea that Christ came to found a Church not less than to teach a religion, must largely affect a man's whole habits of thought, as may be seen in some of the most remarkable passages of the last great original work upon theology, "Ecce Homo." In this sense, then, we hold that the earlier school of thinkers with whom Mr. Keble was connected, was in some important points the precursor of the later one; and, before following him farther, let us endeavour to fortify our statements, and at the same time to describe some of his earliest companions, by one or two of the lively sketches of the "Apologia." Take the leading Oxford man for twenty years, Dr. Whately. Mr. Newman says,—

> "I owe him a great deal: he was a man of generous and warm heart. He was particularly loyal to his friends, and, to use the common phrase,

'all his geese were swans.' While I was still awkward and timid, in 1822, he took me by the hand and acted the part to me of a gentle and encouraging instructor. He emphatically opened my mind, and taught me to think and to use my reason. . . . What he did *for me in point of religious opinion, was first to teach me the existence of the Church as a substantive body or corporation, next to fix in me those anti-Erastian views of Church polity which were one of the most prominent features of the Tractarian movement.* On this point, and on this alone, he and Hurrell Froude intimately sympathized; and in the year 1826, in the course of a walk, he said to me much about a work then just published, called 'Letters on the Church, by an Episcopalian.' He said that it would make my blood boil. It was certainly a most powerful composition. It was ascribed at once to Whately. I gave eager expression to the contrary opinion; but I found the belief of Oxford in the affirmative to be too strong for me, and I have never heard, then or since, of any disclaimer of authorship on the part of Dr. Whately." —*Apologia*, p. 70.

Or again, take the following account of the impression made on so gifted a mind by Mr. Keble himself:—

"The true and primary object of this movement, however, as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight. Having carried off, as a mere boy, the highest honours of the University, he had turned from the admiration which haunted his steps, and sought for a better and holier satisfaction in pastoral work in the country. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble? The first time that I was in a room with him was on occasion of my election to a Fellowship at Oriel, when I was sent for into the Tower, to shake hands with the Provost and Fellows. How is that hour fixed in my memory, after the changes of forty-two years—forty-two this very day on which I write! I have lately had a letter in my hands which I sent at the time to my great friend John Bowden. I had to hasten to the Tower, I say to him, to receive the congratulations of all the Fellows. I bore it till Keble took my hand, and then felt so abashed and unworthy of the honour done to me, that I seemed desirous of quite sinking into the ground. His had been the first name which I had heard spoken of, with reverence rather than admiration, when I came up to Oxford. When one day I was walking in High Street, with my dear earliest friend just mentioned, with what eagerness did he cry out, 'There's Keble!' and with what awe did I look at him! Then, at another time, I heard a master of arts of my college give an account how he had just then had occasion to introduce himself on some business to Keble, and how gentle, courteous, and unaffected Keble had been, so as almost to put him out of countenance. Then, too, it was reported, truly or falsely, how a rising man of brilliant reputation,—the present Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. Milman,—admired and loved him, adding that, somehow, he was unlike any one else. However, at the time when I was elected Fellow of Oriel he was not in residence, and he was shy of me for years in consequence of the marks which I bore upon me of the Evangelical and Liberal schools."

This passage may be taken as an expression of the earlier periods of Mr. Keble's life. The publication of the "Christian Year" a few years later, was, in some respects, though unintentionally, its turning-point to himself and others; and though he was now solely occupying himself on the laborious and excellent edition of Hooker, which will so long connect his name with that strongly Catholic, but no less strongly Erastian, divine, the thickening plot soon forced him into a position which he was the last of all men to covet, that of a party leader; for soon after 1830 the new Oriel school began to define its position more distinctly. "Whately," says Dr. Newman, "an acute man, saw around me the signs of an incipient party of which I was not conscious myself;" and the removal of Whately's great ability and influence from Oxford undoubtedly facilitated their designs. They consisted chiefly of Dr. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and one who was in some respects the most important of all, Mr. Hurrell Froude, who had a kind of reckless enthusiasm which never suffered his friends to halt, and who, as the intimate both of Newman and Keble, held something like the place of Themistocles' child—"*he* ruled *them*, and they Oxford." So intimate a pupil of Mr. Keble may be entitled here to a short notice, for he was indeed a man of a high and attractive character, cast in the Xavier and Ignatius mould,—and one of those have often appeared in the early stages of great religious movements:—

> "Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. He was a man of the highest gifts, so truly many-sided that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of his gentleness and tenderness of nature, the free, elastic force and graceful versatility of his mind, the patient, winning considerateness in discussion. . . . I speak of Hurrell Froude in his intellectual aspect, as a man of high genius, brim full and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and too strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled with each other in their attempt after distinct shape and expression. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. . . . His opinions arrested and influenced me, even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, 'The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants;' and he gloried in accepting tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. . . . He seemed not to understand my difficulties. *His were of a different kind, the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a high Tory of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill.*"

We should be most unwilling to introduce a vestige of party or politics into this notice; but these last words are a key to that vehement "Cavalier Toryism" of the earlier days of the movement, which was something in the temper of Mr. Keble, and which naturally, though we think unfortunately, coloured its earlier history. Mr. Newman indeed, as we have seen above, "bore about him for years the marks of the Liberal school;" and we must be pardoned for thinking, in spite of his vehement disclaimers, that some of them cling to him still. With him it was always the Church of the Fathers, or of the Middle Ages, or even the Church of the People. Mr. Keble would certainly never have excluded the latter idea, but still it was almost more "the Church of England" alone, the Church of England in its palmy and Catholic days indeed (whenever that might be), but still the Church which, in spite of many shortcomings, was the parent of the Hookers, and Herberts, and Kens. To this contrast between the two men we owe, in some degree, the loss of the one and the preservation of the other. When Newman's hardly achieved ideal of the Non-jurors failed him he had nothing to fall back upon. Keble never lost it. Regrets he may have had; some gentle indignation at the turn things were taking in Church and State; but we are sure that he remained "thorough" in his devotion to the Church to the end, and always too, we suspect, a Cavalier of the Hammond and Sanderson stamp. And although we hold the early "anti-liberalism" of Mr. Keble and his friends to have injured them in some respects, we can neither be surprised at it nor wholly regret it. We cannot regret it, for it gave to their movement two of its noblest features—its entire disinterestedness and its genuine unworldly enthusiasm. It was, in its leaders at least, the boldest effort to realize a high ideal which the Church of England has ever known, and it nobly redeemed it from the old charge of being the child of regal and aristocratical corruption, which is too applicable to many of the Churchmen of Henry, and Elizabeth, and Charles. Nor, again, can we feel surprised, when we remember the anxiety with which the unfortunate alliance of the Liberal party with Dissent, and even infidelity, inspired Arnold;—"I am afraid," he says more than once, "that the Infidels are making a cat's-paw of Dissent;"—and it was in the same spirit that a man so moderate as Davison entitled one of his pamphlets, "A Dialogue between a *Christian* and a *Reformer*." In his last days Mr. Keble could number some of the ablest of the Liberal party amongst his most devoted friends; and we may be pardoned for recalling with pleasure his enthusiastic adherence to Mr. Gladstone; but in 1833 he knew them only as the abettors of Dissent, the "subverters of Irish bishopricks!"

The immediate cause of the movement of 1833 was indeed, as often happens in an excited state of men's minds, a strangely trivial one. It was the suppression of a certain number of the Irish sees, a measure carried, as well as we remember, by Mr. Stanley, now Lord Derby, and one on which most Churchmen will reflect with feelings of unmixed satisfaction. It was followed immediately by Mr. Keble's then famous sermon on "National Apostasy," and soon after by a more solemn "league and covenant," which issued in the "Tracts for the Times."

Mr. Newman gives a graphic account of the first of these events. He had been travelling abroad, and after an illness which nearly carried him off in Sicily, he was hurrying home to join in the coming crusade. He says,—

> "At length I got to Marseilles, and set off for England. The fatigue of travelling was too much for me, and I was laid up for several days at Lyons. At last I got off again, and did not stop, night or day, till I reached England and my mother's house. This was on the Tuesday. The following Sunday, July 14, Mr. Keble preached the Assize sermon in the University pulpit. It was published, under the title of 'National Apostasy.' I have ever considered and kept the day as the start of the religious movement of 1833."

At this point we must abruptly close our personal sketch of Mr. Keble. Though far from uninteresting, the remainder of it was comparatively retired and uneventful. He was now about forty years of age; and we may venture to say that in the "Christian Year," and the "start of the religious movement," he had done the two great works of his life. We are quite aware that it may be said of our imperfect outline, that we have described Mr. Keble's friends more than himself, but this must to a great extent be true of any one so retiring; and we will gladly plead guilty to the charge if we have been able to reproduce, with any truth, the circumstances which called forth, rather than formed, a character so original that it may be best described as self-taught. Wordsworth's words were, indeed, never more applicable to any man :—

"Nature, for a favourite child,
In him had tempered so its clay,"—

(We must add, as his special characteristic,)—

"That every hour his heart ran wild,
Yet never once did go astray."

Soon after this time—in 1835—he married, and settled in the position which he certainly preferred to all others, a living in the country, the gift and in the close neighbourhood of one of his dearest friends, Sir William Heathcote; and the remainder of his life has been described as "belonging to the controversies of the time." This seems to us a misnomer. No man was by nature less of a controversialist; and though he was always reproaching himself when his friends had to bear the brunt of the battle, and was constantly rushing into the fray, as at the time of the "No. XC." controversy, with the feeling of "Me, me, adsum qui feci," yet it is singular that a man who felt so keenly should have been so little looked upon as a polemic. Important sermons and pamphlets might indeed be named, such as those on "Primitive Tradition" and the "Eucharistic Sacrifice," and especially a volume of University Sermons, full of weighty thoughts, and entirely written in the spirit of his great teacher, Bishop Butler. But nature had made him a poet, and such he remained to the end; and without doubting that he had a powerful theological mind, he was still, to use one of his own expressions, in a *primary* sense a poet, only in a *secondary* one a theologian. We can well believe that his true delight was in his translation of the Psalms, in the poems contributed to the "Lyra Apostolica," in the life of his great model, Bishop Wilson, and in that which was a real labour of love with him, the "Lyra Innocentium." "His natural affections," says Sir John Coleridge, "gave clearness and intensity to his belief: the fondest mother never loved children more dearly than this childless man." With great beauty, there is yet visible in all his later poems something of what he himself complained of long before:—"My poetical powers, such as they are, grow stiffer every day;" and when the last was published, he must have been close upon what Johnson calls, in his Life of Waller, "the fatal year of fifty-five." His real work was the "Christian Year;" and the peculiar character of this we shall now attempt to trace, as the natural summary of his life.

If we were asked to assign in few words the causes of the great power which the "Christian Year" has exercised over such different classes of readers, we should say that Mr. Keble has done for religious poetry what Wordsworth did for poetry in general. First, he has shown us, what many were beginning to doubt, that poetry is a requirement, or at all events a high enjoyment, of the religious mind; and secondly, that it is limited to no one class of feelings, or language, or doctrines. Writing himself under the influence of a distinctly theological and orthodox spirit, he has yet understood the still higher art of touching those springs of moral and religious feeling which lie deep in the hearts of all good Christians, whatever their creed; and in the temper of a higher Master he has made everything in nature,—the flowers of the field, our homes and paths, the very "murky lanes" of our cities,—dear to the religious heart. It is this simplicity and reality which has made him the favourite, as Wordsworth became, of all thoughtful and cultivated minds, and emphatically the religious poet of the age. Men of the most opposite convictions have drawn an almost daily inspiration from his writings; and he has been the teacher, the domestic companion, almost the religious philosopher, alike of Arnold, of Newman, and of Robertson.

This singular influence has been partly due to two causes, on which it may be well to say a few words before speaking of the "Christian Year" itself. First, he has been more in harmony than is common in religious poets with the poetical spirit of his age; secondly, he has given more simplicity and reality to religious poetry.

First, we will not say that "The Christian Year" is an echo of, but it is entirely consonant with, the habit of mind which was created by the great poets of the last generation—by Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, and even Byron and Shelley. This is not the time for discussing that complete revolution in the language and objects with which poetry has to do, which the simple words of Mr. Wordsworth's Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads,"—"Poetry is but the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings,"—and still more the power and nature of his early poems, inaugurated rather than created. It is enough to say here, that the one universal and almost absorbing feeling which runs through all the poets of that generation is an intense and affectionate love of nature, and a desire to find, in her outward aspect, something of sympathy and solace for the inward workings of the heart. Assuredly such a feeling is not necessarily a religious one. With Byron its miserable moral is always,—

> "Hear me, my mother Earth, behold it, Heaven,
> Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?
> Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?"—

with Shelley it is generally,—

> "Oh, happy Earth, reality of Heaven!"—

and even in Wordsworth the passionate invocations to Nature, "the being that is in the fields and air, that is in the green leaves among the woods," are very different from Keble's ever-present consciousness "of One unseen, yet ever nigh." Still, such poetry, if it was not exactly "a voice from the inner shrine," was full of what Wordsworth called "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things;" it was "the blank misgiving of a creature moving about in worlds not realized;" it had much of that deep but vague religious feeling which Coleridge has expressed so beautifully in his "Ode on Dejection,"—

> "Oh, lady, we receive but what we give;
> And in our life alone does Nature live:
> Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud.
> And would we aught of higher birth behold
> Than that inanimate cold world allowed
> To the poor, anxious, ever-restless crowd?
> Oh, from the soul itself must issue forth
> A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud
> Enveloping the earth."

Now no religious poet has ever more completely caught this spirit of a passionate love for nature than Keble, and in this sense he was the true child of the nineteenth century. In the whole religious poetry of the previous generation we doubt whether there is a single passage which dwells upon or even alludes to natural beauty, so completely had their writers caught the temper of Pope and Dryden. Keble, like the prince in the fairy tale, was the first who was awakened out of the long slumber by her touch, and, in common with Burns, to whom he was always tenderly drawn by that poetical brotherhood which may be expressed in his own words, —"brothers are brothers evermore,"—he shows in every page that he loves her as a mother, and that she had indeed "tempered his heart, as for a favourite child." It added, moreover, greatly to his power of being, so to speak, her religious interpreter, that he was also a man of first-rate natural ability and cultivation in other respects; although these gifts, like his whole character, were held in check, and subordinated to his religious feeling, by a severe modesty and restraint. Now, very few men who have completely given themselves to religious poetry have brought to it a really cultivated and powerful mind, and Mr. Wordsworth is quite right in saying, in a passage already referred to, that "no great poems were ever produced, except by a man who, being possessed of more than ordinary sensibility, *had also thought long and deeply.*" Mr. Keble's poetry has this last and most perfect charm: it is that of an accomplished scholar, leavened with all the old grace and finish of the great minds of antiquity—a grace never protruded, but seen "alike in what it shows, and what conceals," always the pleasant companion of our way, as the brook playing over its pebbles, which solaced the sorrows of Ruth. A passage which seems to us well to combine these two feelings of the best ancient culture with the modern love of nature is the following:—

"It was not, then, a poet's dream,
An idle vaunt of song,
Such as, beneath the moon's soft gleam,
On vacant fancies throng;
Which bids us see in heaven and earth,
In all fair things around,
Strong yearnings for a blest new birth,
With sinless glories crowned;
Which bids us hear, at each sweet pause
From care and want and toil,
When dewy eve her curtain draws
Over the world's turmoil,—
In the low chant of wakeful birds,
In the deep weltering flood,
In whispering leaves, these solemn words,
'God made us all for good.'
All true, all faultless, all in tune,
Creation's wondrous choir,
Opened in mystic unison,
To last till time expire.
Man only mars the sweet accord,
O'erpowering with 'harsh din'
The music of thy works and word,
Ill-matched with care and sin.

Sin is with man at morning break,
  And through the livelong day
Deafens the ear that fain would wake
  To Nature's simple lay.
But when eve's silent footfall steals
  Along the Eastern sky,
And one by one to earth reveals
  Those purer orbs on high,

. . . . . .

Then pours she on the Christian heart
  That warning still and deep,
At which high spirits of old would start
  E'en from their Pagan sleep,
Just guessing, through their murky blind,
  Few, faint, and baffling sight,
Streaks of a brighter heaven behind,
  A cloudless depth of light."

By thus seizing on a passionate feeling of his time Keble introduced a life and reality into religious poetry, which it was beginning to lose. The religious poets who had spoken to the previous generation were the children of the religious movement of the eighteenth century—the two Wesleys, Toplady, and Cowper. They were, many of them, endowed with a true genius for the expression of religious sentiment and passion, and few nobler hymns can be found in any language than that of Charles Wesley, "Come, O thou traveller unknown, whom still I hold but cannot see," or the spirit-stirring strain of Toplady's "Rock of Ages." But like the movement which gave them birth, they had exclusively harped on the single string, worked out the single vein, of emotion and experience; and this indeed in a very narrow sense of the words. The old English hymn-writers had caught far better the larger and more catholic spirit of the English Church; and Herbert, Donne, and Quarles, like the Andrewses and Taylors of their day—nay, even like Milton himself,—had carried religious feeling into every object of nature, and ransacked all the stores of Pagan antiquity for their illustrations. Keble is, in this respect, distinctly a pupil of Herbert and of Spenser; and by adopting their comparatively quiet and natural tone of religious reflection, he fell in with the feeling of his time, "tired with shadows," wearied with the constant strain of emotion, and glad to be taught how to use religious poetry as the companion of their common thoughts and studies, and of the daily business of their lives.

Taking these as the two leading and most general features of Mr. Keble's poetry to which it has owed something of its immense popularity, let us come more directly to the "Christian Year" itself; and, not without that deference and admiration which makes us hesitate to criticise a work of piety and genius at all, let us test its merits in those four points without which no religious poetry, or poetry of any kind, attains its objects,—(1) its power of expressing depth of passion or feeling; (2) its truth and tenderness of religious affection; (3) its vivid and picturesque power of fancy and imagination; (4) its language.

I. In the most powerful expression of religious emotion and passion, and in this almost alone, the "Christian Year" scarcely appears to us to reach the highest standard of religious poetry. It does not indeed profess to be the language of religious passion; of that intensity which, connected as it is with suffering, has so often marked great poets; or of that vivid imagination which is only kindled by passion;—nay, it may be almost doubted whether, in the opinion of the writer, passion was admissible into religious poetry at all. He often expressed himself on the subject: in his "Oxford Prælections;" in an excellent review on his old favourite, Sir Walter Scott; and in the modest Preface which states the objects of the "Christian Year." His leading idea of religious, if not of all poetry, is as the "*vis medica*," the soothing rather than the rousing and animating power; that which expresses indeed strong feelings, but expresses them "with reserve," "regulates and mitigates them;" or, in a word, as he puts it in his Preface, "next to a sound rule of faith there is nothing of so much consequence as a sober standard of religious feeling in matters of practical religion;" it is "the *soothing* tendency of the Prayer-book which it is the chief object of these pages to exhibit." In this aim he entirely succeeds, and it may seem unreasonable to object to a work of genius for that which it does not profess to give. But there is a large class of powerful feelings, of remorse for sin and happiness for pardon, of which no one could speak as unnatural or unreal; which have often been the strong ground of the tragedian and the novelist; which both Dante and Milton, and many of the older hymns, have described vividly; and in which Mr. Keble, partly from the peculiar graces of his thoughts and style, but partly too from a want of directness and intensity, seems to fail. We admit that these feelings are the most delicate and difficult of all to express without exaggeration; and it was, perhaps, a sense of this which was at the bottom of Dr. Johnson's famous attack on religious poetry, when he says, "Repentance, trembling in the presence of its judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets." Still, we are not without examples, both in prose and verse, which express the thoughts we refer to: first and foremost in the Psalms, which Mr. Keble always made his ideal of religious poetry; most strikingly again in St. Augustine's "Confessions;" again, in some of the ancient hymns, and particularly in St. Bernard's "Jesu, spes pœnitentium;" and in many of the poems in the "Lyra Apostolica." In these last there is often a directness, a brevity, an intensity of religious emotion, which is less strongly felt in the gentleness of the "Christian Year."

It would be difficult to justify our opinion without referring at too great length to passages in the "Christian Year;" but a criticism made to Mr. Keble by his friend Hurrell Froude expresses very much what we mean. He says,—

> "I confess you seem to have addressed yourself too exclusively to plain matter-of-fact good sort of people, and not to have taken much pains to interest or guide the feelings of people who feel acutely, nor to have given much attention to that dreamy visionary existence which I should have hoped it was the peculiar province of religious poetry to sober down into practical piety."

Take the following remarkable poem in the "Lyra Apostolica:"—

"Lord, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
  First quickened love divine;
I am all Thine, Thy care and choice,
  My very praise is Thine. . .
Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
  I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
  In kind austereness clad.
I would not miss one sigh or tear,
  Heart-pang, or throbbing brow,
Kind was the chastisement severe,
  And sweet its memory now.
And such Thy loving force be still
  In life's fierce shifting fray,
Shaping to Truth self's froward will,
  Along Thy narrow way.
Deny me wealth, far, far remove
  The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
  And faith in this world's shame."

And then contrast with this the following passage from the "Christian Year,"—

"Well may I guess and feel
  Why autumn should be sad;
But vernal airs should sorrow heal,
  Spring should be gay and glad.
Yet, as along this violet bank I rove,
  The languid sweetness seems to choke my breath,
I sit me down beside the hazel grove,
  And sigh, and half could wish my weariness were death.
Like a bright veering cloud,
  Grey blossoms twinkle there;
Warbles around a busy crowd
  Of larks in purest air.
Shame on the heart that dreams of blessings gone,
  Or wakes the spectral forms of woe and crime,
When Nature sings of joy and hope alone,
  Reading her cheerful lesson in her own sweet time."

We say it with unfeigned diffidence, but it seems to us that in this, and in some other passages, the religious sympathy with nature, which pervades Mr. Keble's mind and writings, is allowed too great a sway, and almost reaches the point where Mr. Wordsworth would place it, when he says that "Nature never did betray the heart that loves her." Surely, Nature, *of itself,* while it has great power to soften and to charm, has little or none to affect the conscience religiously. In some forms of sorrow, and in some minds, it may indeed play that healing part which Shakspere has so beautifully assigned to the sorrow of Constance, whose "grief filled the room up of her absent child . . . then had she reason to be fond of grief." We allow, too, for reasons which we need not enter upon, that Nature has a far higher and more elevating influence, in this respect, than Art, whose claims to any distinct moral influence have been scornfully dismissed by two of her favourite sons, Schiller and Mr. Ruskin, with whom we are disposed to say in Campbell's words, that "all those trophied arts" never "healed one passion, or one pang entailed on human hearts." But where the conscience is really stirred by remorse or penitence, the greatest poets treat Nature very much as a stranger, which must not intermeddle with its grief. The penitents in Dante never fly to Nature; their brief spoken words are simply, "Tell my mother, or my friend, to pray for me;" in the bitter remorse of Cardinal Beaufort in Shakspere, or in the last compunctions of Manfred, there is no thought that Nature can do anything for them; nay, in describing the deepest natural grief, even Mr. Wordsworth has, almost in spite of himself, thrown Nature aside, and sought deliverance in a higher arm;—when he describes the feeling of the Foundress of Bolton Abbey, that, in *lesser* sorrows, "a comfort she might borrow, from death, and from the passion of death, old Wharf might heal her sorrow;" but that when she had lost her *all,* she could only "pray in silentness, that looked not for relief," till at last her comfort came. On the other hand, we thankfully acknowledge that, *given the religious feeling,* it is Nature's privilege to help to transmute sorrow, "to inform the mind that is within us,—to impress with quietness and beauty." It is thus that Wordsworth is to many such a daily blessing; and Mr. Keble is still more so, although we think that occasionally he has carried his belief in the curative power of Nature too far. Without pursuing this part of our subject farther, we may be allowed to quote some beautiful lines of the Archbishop of Dublin, which give the feeling we have attempted to express:—

“Nature's self, our foster-mother dear,—
could [illegible] us, what help impart? . .
w[illegible] her cold, cold heart—
[illegible] of love

In which to adopt us;—beauty without love,
How should it cherish or make less forlorn
The forlorn heart of man! what comfort yield? . .
While we, the firstfruits of creation, we,
For whose dear sake all other things were made,
Were as we were?"

II. It is chiefly as the poet of the religious affections, of God's love to man and man's answering love to God, that Mr. Keble seems to us unrivalled, at once in the depth and beauty of feeling which he displays, and the manner in which he connects this feeling with everything in nature and life. Here again we believe that it is no mere fancy to say that he is the poet of his time, and has remarkably met its wants, and even supplied an important link of its religious philosophy, by the power with which he has made us realize the personal love of "One unseen yet ever nigh." Mr. Newman has expressed this opinion forcibly, though in rather a singular manner. Speaking of "the difficulty of analysing the effect upon himself of religious teaching, so deep, so pure, so beautiful," he says that one of "the two great intellectual truths" which the "Christian Year" brought home to him, was "that the firmness of assent which we give to religious doctrine is due not to the probabilities which introduce it, but to the living power of faith and love which accepts it." And he adds, that "faith and love are directed to an object: it is in the vision of that object that they live; and thus the argument about probability in religion becomes an argument from personality." And these words, though cast in an argumentative form, which at first seems a strange result from reading a poem, and reminds us of the mathematician's question about Homer, "What does he prove?" really contain the principle which runs through Mr. Keble, and which he had caught from Butler, a sense of the melancholy and even doubtful side of human life, overcome and absorbed by the sense of the ever-present love of God. No doubt the pervading tone expresses that cheerful and quiet confidence which is suggested by the motto of the book, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," and which, though often breathing the wish, "rather in all to be resigned than blest," seems to us to be above that "resignation" which Butler has described as the great temper of religion. But we are also struck sometimes by an attempt to meet and even to sympathize with uncertainty, such as the two following passages express:—

"There are who, darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning morn should only show
The secret of their unknown woe:

*Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain,*
*To ease them of doubt's galling chain.*
*'Only disperse the cloud,' they cry,*
*'And, if our fate be death, give light and let us die.'"*

And again:—

"This is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,
The appalling future as it onward draws:
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud the Eternal Cause."

Now it is instructive to see how other great poets have dealt with what we may call this question of Natural Theology. Mr. Wordsworth meets it, as we might expect, by an appeal to the elevating and tranquillizing influence of nature: "that blessed mood, in which the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world is lightened." Mr. Tennyson (in the "Two Voices," and the "Palace of Art") falls back on the still higher conviction that human love carries within itself an evidence, "a hidden hope," of the reality of Divine love:—

"In that hour,
From out my sullen heart a power
Broke like the rainbow from the shower,—

"To feel, although no tongue can prove,
That every cloud that spreads above
And veileth love, itself is Love."

We believe that Mr. Keble would have recognised the truth of both these answers in the spirit in which he dedicates his Oxford Prelections to Wordsworth, as the "Vates vere sacer, qui legentium animos semper ad sanctiora erigeret. . . . Non solum dulcissimæ poeseos, verum etiam divinæ veritatis Antistes." Of course, he himself goes farther. Assuredly he does not forget that "the invisible things of God are understood by the things that are made;" to him the "clouds mantle round the sun for love:" to him it is "love's supporting force" which "cheats the toil and cheers the way;" and it is his belief that "if human bosoms are waiting to welcome" mourners, God must be still more so,—"they love us, will not God receive?"—still, his strongest warrant for a higher belief is found in his certainty of God's love to man,—"He knows all, yet loves us better than He knows,"—and in man's direct love to God in return. The following lines express this as strikingly as any:—

"Wouldst thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor Divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn;
Love is life's only sign.

The spring of the regenerate heart,
The pulse, the glow of every part,
Is the true love of Christ our Lord,
As man embraced, as God adored."

And what we wish especially to observe here is the skill and religious delicacy with which he has managed this high and difficult argument. It is a great difficulty in all religious poetry, and one which we ought perhaps to have noticed earlier, that the more touching and elevating are the subjects (particularly those connected with our Lord), the more difficult it is to invest them with the novelty of poetical sentiment, or with much of human interest, from their very solemnity and from their familiarity. Dr. Johnson's words are indeed suggestive of a truth which they fail exactly to express. "The essence," he says, "of poetry is invention, such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few." It is perfectly true, as Mr. Keble suggests, that though the *object* of devotion is one, the *topics* are many; and that "the novelty consists not in the original topic, but in continually bringing ordinary things, by happy strokes of natural ingenuity, into new associations with the ruling passion." Now, to have done this is his greatest triumph: and he may be truly said to have "surprised and delighted" us by the manner, novel to sacred poets, in which he has painted many of the deepest feelings of the human heart, not in the ordinary forms of poetical interest and passion, but in connection with God. Surely in no other poetry, scarcely in any other human work, are man and Christ so bound in one, as in the passages, and still more the allusions, which abound in every page,—in His sympathy with the failure of human hopes, in His filling up the imperfection of human sympathy, in His touching the bier of the mourners, in the picture of those who in the "crowded loneliness" of cities still "carry music in their heart, through dusky lane and wrangling mart," and with whom "the melodies abide of the everlasting chime," and above all, in the touching contrast of earthly desolation and the highest earthly happiness, which is perhaps the most delicate and beautiful passage in these poems:—

"Nor deem who to that bliss aspire
Must win their way through flood and fire.
The writhings of a wounded heart
Are fiercer than a foeman's dart;
Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Without a hope on earth to find
A mirror in an answering mind,
Meek souls there are who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm.

> And there are souls which seem to dwell
> Above this earth, so rich a spell
> Floats round your steps where'er they move,
> From hopes fulfilled and mutual love.
> Such, if on high their thoughts are set,
> Nor in the stream the source forget;
> If prompt to quit the bliss they know,
> Following the Lamb where'er He go;
> By present pleasures unbeguiled
> To idolize or wife or child;
> Such wedded souls our God shall own
> For faultless virgins round His throne."

III. Thirdly, as to power of Imagination: it must be remembered, in speaking of the "Christian Year," that its poems are neither Hymns nor Odes: they challenge no comparison with the great Odes of our times, such as Coleridge's "Departing Year," or Wordsworth's "Immortality," or Manzoni's "Napoleon," or even with Heber's occasional bursts of imagination as in the "Hymn to the Trinity." But they are full of graceful imagery, and of a fancy at once lively and thoughtful, and (particularly on historical subjects) they contain many passages of vivid description. Perhaps the epithet which here best describes Mr. Keble's power is *picturesque*; a word which is itself the growth of modern poetry, and marks him, in point of thought and language, as belonging to the school of Scott and Wordsworth. Take, for example, the descriptions of scenery. It is almost entirely English scenery which they bring before us, just as it is the English home, the manor-house or parsonage, with its "waving tracery," hiding the work of time; the "graves beloved" of the English churchyard, and the "timid glances shy" of the English children, that are always in his eye. The poet almost begins by telling us that he will have nothing grander,—

> "Needs no sight of mountain hoary,
> Winding shore or deepening glen,
> Where the landscape in its glory
> Teaches Truth to wandering men;
> Homely scenes and simple views
> Lowly thoughts will best infuse."

There are, indeed, some mountain pictures, though they are very different from Mr. Tennyson's picture of the gorgeous vegetation, and "the winding paths which seemed like ways to heaven," of a tropical mountain. There is "the new-born rill, just trickling from its mossy bed," yet destined to be "the bulwark of a realm," and "to bear navies to and fro,"—which might seem to have been suggested by the seven springs of the Thames near his native village. There is again the "many-twinkling smile of ocean," caught up some woodland dale in Hampshire or Devonshire; there are "the lessons sweet of spring returning;" and the "soberer green of the meadows" in the English autumn; with the "chill and dun November day" falling "over the moor," and the "relenting sun" of the December sky;—and all are represented with a quiet beauty of thought which reminds us of Cowper, joined with a far more genuine fondness for nature, which makes us feel, as the writer says of his favourite Burns, that he never could have been happy without her. It is perhaps this picturesqueness and subdued grace of style which has made the work so popular with the average class of readers, leading them everywhere to feel (what is, after all, a crowning merit both in writers and speakers) that they are in the company of a refined and educated mind. The historical scenes again, and the pictures of scenery in Palestine, are described with vividness, and usually with accuracy; such as the shores of the Lake of Gennesaret, with the bright and red blossoms of the oleanders "baring their bosoms to the breeze" in the Eastern night, and seeming still to watch round the hills where the Saviour prayed; such again as the picture of Balaam, perhaps the most vivid in the book, with the "desert-wearied tribes" in their tents along the line of the willows, or of Euphrates winding through the sea-like plain to the "pearly sea;" and the fine historic comparison of the Jewish people, "tossed wildly like glowing brands through twice a thousand years," to the "thorn wrapt in flame" of the burning bush.

Perhaps the following may be taken as a fair specimen of his power in this line:—

"Where is thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice,
 The region of thy choice?
Where, undisturbed by sin and care, the soul
 Owns thine entire control?
'Tis on the mountain summit dark and high,
 When storms are hurrying by:
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
 Where torrents have their birth.

"No sounds of worldly toil ascending there
 Mar the full burst of prayer;
Lone Nature feels that she may freely breathe,
 And round us and beneath
Are heard her sacred tones; the fitful sweep
 Of winds across the steep,
Through withered bents, romantic note and clear,
 Meet for a hermit's ear," &c., &c.

IV. Lastly, the *language* of the "Christian Year" is entirely in unison with the general character of the book: betraying some want of habitual practice, and lacking the complete "accomplishment of verse," it has the far greater merits of natural feeling, harmony, and reality. Not a line is written for effect, and scarcely a line but conveys a clear thought. There are a few phrases, such as "heaven's aërial lawn," "wearied swains in parchèd bower," "earth tinctured red with blood," which are out of taste or awkward; but certainly nothing like the number which might be pointed to as minor blemishes in Wordsworth. What obscurity there is, is rather in following out the thought than in the actual expressions, for some of the poems fall off considerably towards their conclusion, and the whole is not always sufficiently under the dominion of the leading idea,—while the attempt to connect the subject with the Sunday is sometimes forced, from the different parts of the work being, as the author says, "adapted with more or less propriety to the successive portions of the Liturgy, rather than originally suggested by them." Our meaning may be seen in the "Hymn on Trinity Sunday," where the leading idea of the Trinity is very beautifully carried out during the first part of the poem, with the striking illustration of the three aisles of the cathedral:—

"Three solemn parts together twine,
In harmony's mysterious line;
Three solemn aisles approach the shrine;"—

but the thought is afterwards somewhat lost in the general description of worldliness which follows. It would be a work well deserving the labour, and one which would best show both the depth and general consistency of the thoughts, if any one, with taste and delicacy of handling, were to write such an "Analysis of the 'Christian Year'" as Mr. Robertson has left of "In Memoriam." Nor can we omit to notice that constant felicity of single expressions which the simplicity and reality of the style gives it. It is difficult to do justice to such phrases apart from their context, but there are many which fix themselves in our mind like proverbs, such as,—

"The loving eye that watches thine,
Close as the air that wraps thee round;"

Or,—

"He who dwells above
Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows;"

Or,—

"Strive not to wind ourselves too high,
For sinful man beneath the sky;"

Or,—

"Why should we shrink and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?"

But in fact it may be truly said that there is hardly a poem in the volume without some thought or expression which emphatically "finds us;" and if we add, what will be the experience of many readers, that, almost as in Scripture itself, we always discover in them something fresh and new, and that,—

> "As for some dear familiar strain,
> Untired, we ask and ask again;
> Ever, in its melodious store,
> Finding a spell unheard before,"—

we have perhaps one of the best criterions of what may surely well be called a Divine Poem.

We shall not attempt at present to notice Mr. Keble's other works, to which we have occasionally alluded: they are interesting in many respects; but no one can doubt that his fame will rest upon the "Christian Year." In speaking of this, and indeed of his whole life, we have endeavoured, while warmly expressing our admiration, to do so with a freedom without which criticism would be worthless; and we have thought that his claim to be considered a true poet might be most fairly tested by a comparison with other great poets of his time, especially Wordsworth, who was nearest to him in tone, and was almost avowedly the source of much of his inspiration. Inferior, indeed, as he must necessarily be considered both in depth of thought and in poetical power to that great master, he has yet struck a chord of more universal interest and sympathy. And as we have felt in describing him personally, that the character of such a man is a real glory to his country, as well as to the Church, of which he was one of the highest, because one of the most legitimate, ornaments;—so we may reckon amongst the best signs of an Age, which he was himself too much inclined to regard as one of hardness and decline, the fact that poetry, so pure and unworldly, should be, far above any other that can be named, the constant companion of every class of thoughtful Englishmen and Englishwomen,—a true "Eirenicon," in which, spite of all differences of thought and feeling,—

> "Reconcilèd Christians meet,
> And face to face and heart to heart,
> High thoughts of holy love impart,
> In silence meek or converse sweet."

W. C. LAKE.

# RECENT NONCONFORMIST SERMONS.

*Sermons Preached at Union Chapel, King's Lynn.* By the late Rev. E. L. HULL, B.A. London: Nisbet.

*Notes on the Christian Life.* A Selection of Sermons preached by HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, B.A., President of Cheshunt College, and Fellow of University College, London. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1865.

*Discourses Delivered on Special Occasions.* By R. W. DALE, M.A., Author of "The Jewish Temple and the Christian Church. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

*Quiet Resting-places: and other Sermons.* By ALEXANDER RALEIGH, D.D., Canonbury. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1865.

SURELY the survival of the ordinance of preaching in its present state is one of the most remarkable signs in our remarkable age. When we reflect that at a certain time every Sunday, about a million and a half of our people are sitting perfectly still, listening for the most part to ordinary men, in a very ordinary tone, telling them partly what they all knew before, partly what few of them care to know, and that with the most blameless decorum, a problem presents itself, which neither national character nor the force of habit seems quite enough to resolve. If anything were really accomplished by the generality of preaching—any pleasure, or even any offence given—this would not be so hard to understand. Englishmen would naturally come together and listen if any practical work were in hand: men and women of any nation would come to have their ears tickled; and we fear poor human nature, by the mere force of opposition, would be attracted to hear itself abused.

But the wonder is, that not one of these elements is found in ordinary preaching. Nothing is proposed to be done; no likings of the hearers are consulted; none of their opinions are controverted. The driest and dreariest commonplaces are reiterated during the prescribed half-hour; and the merit, as Pericles said of women, belongs to that discourse, of which there is afterwards the least mention for praise or for blame. And this is really no exaggeration, but the strictly true account of what takes place, and of what many excellent people would maintain ought to take place. Any effect following upon a sermon would, in their view, be an irregularity better avoided. Its use, in their view, is to keep men in a prescribed and even course —not to rouse, but to soothe; not to convince, but to confirm; not to attract, but to keep at rest. We once heard it asserted by a clergyman, who had been listening for many years to some of the best paid, and therefore we suppose the best, preaching in the kingdom, that he never in his life knew the slightest good produced by a sermon. And yet, what says one of the most original and earnest writers of our time?

> "When the preacher speaks out of the overflowing of a genuine Christian enthusiasm, his words will echo in the memories of many until the Sunday comes round again. In periods when the pulpits of a country are occupied by the foremost men of their time for genius and wisdom, this institution may sway and form the mind of a nation."*

Alas, alas! Contrast with these words the pitiful "O dear dear" kind of look of almost every congregation listening to an ordinary sermon in the Church of England. What are these people getting? lessons in patience? So said the good George Herbert: "If the sermon lacketh sense, God takes the text, and preaches patience." But we fear so good an account cannot be given. Rather are they learning a far less desirable lesson—a lesson in which most of them, thanks to their teachers, are considerable adepts:—how to attach no meaning at all to the most solemn words. A dangerous accomplishment truly: one which in Charles II.'s time bore fruit in this our land, and may again one day. This crystallized orthodoxy is really becoming a most serious matter. Not that we want the orthodoxy to become less pure, but that we want to see it live and stir. The sermon is become a kind of phylactery worn on the forehead of the congregation to charm its conscience, and save the trouble of thinking. And we know what One said of those times when men used the good words of God's law for such a purpose.

From the nature of the case, this unpromising description will be found more generally to apply to the sermons of Churchmen than of Nonconformists. The latter, whatever may be the prescribed habits of the body to which they belong, are not so much committed to a routine as we are. The skirmisher is ever freer in his movements than he who marches in the ranks; and it has been with a view to see what result this comparative lightness of armour produces, that we have made a selection out of the numerous volumes of nonconformist sermons sent to us, and have grouped them together at the head of this article.

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* "Ecce Homo," p. 223.

Shall we, before beginning our critique, make just one remark, which may savour of Anglican prejudice, but which really reports our impression from what we wished to be an unprejudiced examination? It is this: that nonconformist mediocrity in our time seems to be something even below Anglican mediocrity. The latter, however tame, flat, ignorant of man and of the time, has yet a certain passable respectability about it. If such a degree of persistency of purpose may be assumed as would suffice for reading through a sermon written by this class of preachers, we do not know that, beyond of course its paralyzing influence, it could possibly do any one harm. But this is far from true of the mediocre nonconformist sermon. We have been looking over some (not included, we beg to observe, among those at the head of our article) which are simply disreputable. Having not a thought in his head which can attract his hearers, the orator betakes himself to shrieking out vociferations against articles of the Christian faith, or against supposed Anglican practices, or against anything which happens to be unpopular at the moment. It is as if the skirmisher in front, lacking opportunities of distinction, were to display his valour by ever and anon wheeling round and discharging his piece in the face of the main army.

Very different in character are the sermons which we have named at the head of this article; and we are not certain whether, when we have said our say about them, we may not be almost suspected of a prejudice in the other direction. It is, we hope, quite needless for us to disclaim such a bias: but it may not be altogether superfluous to confess, in its stead, to an earnest wish that we of the Church of England knew more of the training and work of our nonconformist fellow-countrymen, if it were only for example to ourselves. Our own theological training, very recently described by an able writer in this journal, is not so satisfactory, that it might not with advantage borrow from any body of Christians which really professes to educate for the ministry at all. And it is with the desire of shewing to readers, who may never have even heard the names of the preachers, some of the fruits of nonconformist training, that we have studied, and now proceed to report on, the sermons mentioned at the head of this article.

Mr. Hull's remarkable volume of sermons was published after his death, which took place at the early age of 31. His ministry (at Union Chapel, King's Lynn) extended from March, 1856, to October, 1861. "None of the sermons were prepared for the press by himself, and the manuscripts of only three received his revision: the remainder have been taken from posthumous manuscripts, more or less imperfect, and from shorthand notes of sermons taken during delivery."

—(Preface.) By this notice we are reminded of the circumstances under which the sermons of Robertson of Brighton were published. Nor is this the only reminder occurring in the course of perusal. These sermons themselves bear tokens of study, and to a certain extent imitation, of that original and powerful preacher. But in saying this, we would not be understood in the least degree to detract from Mr. Hull's unquestionable merits. The imitation is not so close as to be servile: nay, is rather the unavoidable consequence of one man of genius being drawn into the track of another, than of any even the least conscious affectation. For there is true genius in Mr. Hull: power of expressing striking thoughts in striking words: of laying hold on the central interest of a topic and carrying it with masterly force into the hearts of his hearers, and this with singular good taste. We have hardly noted more than two or three offences against taste in the whole volume; which for so young a man is really remarkable. And while there is much independence of mind, the same calm assured faith in the great Gospel verities runs through every part of the sermons. The book speaks unmistakeably of thoroughly good training, supervening on a pious, gentle, but at the same time earnest and aspiring spirit. That body of Christians is happy, which possessed such a neophyte, and could so fit him for his work.

But we proceed to justify our eulogium by presenting our readers with some extracts from Mr. Hull's sermons. We shall take them as they struck us in reading the volume: fragments, but illustrative of power over thought and its expression.

On the text "In everything give thanks:"—

"Are we not bound to believe that the far-seeing Eye, which sees to-day what we shall be eternally, sees also every trifle that we require as discipline? And if that be true, is there any event of which we can say, 'I am not bound to be thankful here'? I believe that the more deeply any man is led to search into those dark 'chambers of imagery' which lie in the human soul, the more profoundly he feels that he cannot understand by what discipline God will purge him from his idols, and therefore will accept trustfully the very darkest and strangest dealings of his Father. For there are idols in every man's heart, which are almost concealed from himself; we see them only when the lightning-flash of some great sorrow lights up the inmost recesses of the temple of the soul. And who that ever experienced that insight into his hidden idolatry, did not feel compelled to say in awe, 'God only knows what chastisement I need; I will accept all He sends, for it is meant to make me pure and true'? And if we firmly believed that our Father was ceaselessly training us in His image, we should learn in *everything* to give thanks."—(P. 26.)

In a sermon on "The Attainment of the Resurrection" (Phil. iii. 2):—

"Men fancy that if a man be in Christ he is certain to know the highest

> blessedness on the resurrection morning. Paul's words imply that the blessedness will be greater or less, just as the man has entered into fellowship with Christ's sufferings here; that it is an *outgrowth* of that fellowship. In a word, just as the perfect beauty of the flower lies dormant in the seed, and through its burial in the cold earth is invisibly developing itself, to bloom forth at the voice of spring, so the perfect beauty of the resurrection is hidden in the Christian now; and by all his toil and struggle, that germ of glory is growing. Just as the mental power and strong determined will of the man are hidden in the child, and are maturing unconsciously through all the wonder of its infancy, so the resurrection manhood of the soul is lying in it during this childhood of time, and by the education of fellowship with Christ, and struggle to be Christ-like, is advancing to its final splendour."—(P. 36.)

And the same thought is put even more strikingly farther on in the sermon :—

> "He (St. Paul) seemed to see the far-off light of the resurrection morning, even amid the rush and tumult of strange unfriendly cities; he seemed to hear its voices always summoning him across the sea of death; and in reply to fit himself for action, if by any means he might reach it. But alas! how feebly do we feel that as a motive for endeavour! We lash ourselves into exertion by fear, when we might be so cheered into it by sweet hope, as to become unconscious of toil. Did we but realize the glory of our future, and see it in all its solemn certainty, amid the dusty work of to-day, we should dash aside temptation from our path, and march straight onwards towards the deepening splendour of the everlasting morning. Look at it, my brothers! It is near, and every moment nearer, rising already above the dusky horizon of time. Death *regenerates* us not. We, *we* are the same beings that we shall be; and the burning seraph that will bow before the Lamb is within the soul now. Let us awaken, let us arise: let us rouse ourselves into action, if 'by any means we might attain the resurrection of the dead.'"—(P. 43.)

The author's favourite subjects are of this kind; a circumstance betraying perhaps (we know not the particulars of his short career) a consciousness of the probability of early death. In a sermon on "Christian Joy," we read,—

> "There are men, and I confess I sympathize with them most cordially, who find little charm in the popular pictures of the happiness of heaven. What, they ask you, what to us are the cloudless skies, the bright fields, the choral music, which are so often painted as reserved for the good? We want to be freed from the curse of self, we want to be filled with the eternal love that shall rouse us to labour for God; not to be lulled in eternal slumber. We want the immortal youth that shall aspire after God's life; not immortal ease. For the deepest cry of man is, not for happiness, but to be pure, noble, self-sacrificing, divine; in one word, to be filled with that which the Christian Bible calls the 'peace of God.'"—(P. 50.)
>
> "Christian joy," he says, "is inexpressible from the depth of its emotion. It is not the joy of shouts, and excitements, and manifest exultation. It is not a loud 'Glory to God,' groaned at the end of a prayer. It is too calm in its depths for language to utter it."—(P. 55.)
>
> "Some men seem to fancy that they shall gain joy by entering heaven.

But joy, as we have seen, is not gained or lost by any change of state; it belongs to the immortal soul. You cannot *get into* heaven. Heaven must *enter you.* You must carry heaven with you in the joy of Christ, or you will find no heaven beyond the grave."—(P. 56.)

Let us take an example of a different kind, from a sermon on "Thy will be done:"—

"There is a tendency in man to confuse God's will with the thought of an irresistible force. Totally distinct as the idea of *will* is from that of mere power, men have been perpetually prone to regard them as the same, and thus utterly to misunderstand the Christian meaning of the words 'Thy will be done.' This confusion may arise very naturally from the consciousness of human insignificance. Contemplating the grandeur of God, and overwhelmed before the majesty that rules the universe at his pleasure, man may submit to God's will because it seems an awful power which cannot be resisted. Now this conception of God's will as an irresistible force springs from forgetfulness of the great difference between God's rule in the kingdom of matter and his will in the kingdom of souls. In nature, God's will and his power are one. Stars revolve and shine, seas ebb and flow, in obedience to a might which they cannot resist. In nature, God's will is irresistible. But the essential feature of spirit is its capacity for resisting God. This is the ground of all moral life, of all right and wrong. No mere force like that which reigns in the material world can conquer a soul: the only influences that can subdue it are those of truth and love, and man can resist *them.* To regard God's will as a blind irresistible power, to submit to it when it brings sorrow, merely because it is vain to resist an infinite might, is to forget our very nature as spiritual beings; it is the submission of a heathen, or an animal, not that of a Christian man. Still further, this confusion is utterly opposed to the thought of God as a Father. You cannot think of Him in that aspect, and imagine that his will is carried out among men simply as a crushing almighty force that can uphold or destroy. You must think of it as a well of love and grace, moulding and blessing men by spiritual influences for their highest good. Here then we have the first tendency that destroys the meaning of the prayer. For whenever man conceives of God's will simply as irresistible power, submitting to it only because it is vain to struggle with its might; whenever he bows his own will merely because he feels that an iron hand is ruling amidst the darkness of life, destroying hope and bringing in sorrow; whenever he yields only to an infinite sternness that must have its way, he has not learned anything of the deep meaning of Christ's prayer, 'Thy will be done.'"—(Pp. 194-6.)

In a sermon on the "Gain of the Christian Conqueror," we have a passage containing a wise and by no means unneeded caution:—

"We are more than conquerors. As I have said, that phrase implies that in the conquest itself is something greater than mere conquest—it is its own reward. To overcome temptation is better than to have had no temptation to grapple with; for the conquest, however hardly won, leaves the soul greater, stronger, and more blessed. But here at the outset, we must emphatically guard against a perversion of that truth into which men are very liable to fall. It is not true to say that by *every struggle* a man becomes better than if he had had no struggle, for if he allow himself unconsciously to slide into sin, and then afterwards resist it, he is not nobler for that resistance than if he had not sinned at all. We must dwell on this for a moment, because that doctrine has of late become very prevalent and popular. It has been said that a man's sins are aids to progress, because, by falling into temptation and then overcoming it, he is stronger than if he had never fallen. It has been said that just as we see the beauty of light by contrast with the gloom of darkness, so a man may know more of the beauty of holiness by knowing the depths of evil. And you know how many popular writers teach that doctrine in its most dangerous forms. They tell us that young men *must* be young men; that by a few outbursts of wild immoral life at first, they give vent to the fierce impulses of evil,—which must come forth,—and then settle down into a calmer and stronger manhood. Now every form of that doctrine which makes sin a culture is false, immoral, and ungodly, and is utterly different from Paul's assertion that by the conquest of temptation a man is greater than if he had known none. It is *not* true that we know more of holiness by having fallen into sin. Every temptation that conquers us—even if it be what the world calls a trifling deviation from the standard of spiritual morality—does yet blind that fine spiritual perception by which we distinguish the right from the wrong. *Every* sin leaves a ghastly scar on the immortal soul, that impedes it from soaring upwards to God. Holiness known by its contrast to sin! Does the man who has lived in some darkened cavern, and is brought forth to gaze on the sunrise from some hillside, know more of its beauty than he who has watched with the eye of the artist every tint and glow of the morning splendour, until he can paint them from memory? Just so, he who comes forth from a life of sin to holiness is half blinded with its glory, and must for ever know it less than the man who by resistance has kept his soul pure. To assert that we know it thus by contrast, is a cruel and blasphemous lie. And it is equally untrue to say that men become stronger by falling first, and overcoming afterwards. It is not true that the sleeping powers of evil must come forth into actual sin ere the soul can become strong; they must come forward into temptation, but if it be resisted manfully, the soul becomes eternally more imperial in power than if it conquered *after* falling. I grant that the repentant sinner may have, apparently, greater impulses of joy than the man who has lived from childhood a calm and saintly life; but stronger he is not, for true strength is calm, and the fitful joy of the restored prodigal is mingled with much weakness and bitter self-contempt. In direct opposition to all this, Paul is speaking of *temptations resisted*—resisted manfully, unflinchingly, and unto death; and he affirms that he who conquers *thus* is greater and stronger than if he had never been tried."—(Pp. 270-3.)

We cannot forbear one more quotation from this same sermon, of a more rhetorical kind, full of eloquence and pathos:—

"Passion catches fire by antagonisms. Difficulties wake it into stormy majesty, and it makes them its servants. Men speak of the power of circumstances to hinder a Christian life; of course they have a power, but it is none the less true that a strong love makes the most adverse circumstances the grandest aid to its own progress. To apply this now to the point before us. We may see in every human struggle, how gloriously temptations thus strengthen a man's love for the Saviour. Thus the man of passionate temperament wrestles down the fiery impulse of a great passion, and when the battle storm is over, he finds in his heart a deep, calm love which renders the next conquest easier; therefore he is 'more than conqueror.' The lonely student in his chamber fights through the midnight hours with a subtle doubt which is driving him to unbelief; but when the victory is won, his faith is all the deeper for the struggle, and that struggle is henceforth a possession, rendering him 'more than conqueror.' There are struggles harder than these, and unknown to the crowd. There are many battles fought on this earth of which God alone hears the cry, for men tell them not to their fellows. There are men bearing peculiar and perpetual trials; they seem to have no reward here; they only hold fast with difficulty; there is no rest for them but the grave. We may see the fixed patient lips which tell of struggle, the gleam in the eye which tells of resolve; we do not see the contest, nor do we see the unearthly light which, amidst the gloom of the present, is shining on those men's souls, the light of a grander love to Christ, which will brighten amid the darkness of death, and shine like a star of God on their brows for ever and ever; and *then* they are 'more than conquerors.'"—(P. 274.)

We trust our readers will feel that we have justified our estimate of Mr. Hull's powers by these extracts, which might have been considerably multiplied. We do not know where we have met with sermons in which fervid eloquence and sobriety of judgment were more happily combined.

Mr. Reynolds's volume of sermons gives evidence of considerable power both of thought and expression. We shall present our readers with some extracts which will justify this assertion. But at the same time, we cannot help desiderating more simplicity, more freedom from the tendency to meretricious and sensational writing, more caution against that most fatal obstacle to the practical success of preaching, the exaggeration of religious states of mind and habits of life.

There is a noble sermon, No. III. in the volume, on "Unity in Diversity," from Gal. iii. 28. On "neither male nor female," Mr. Reynolds says:—

"It is not merely the difference of sex of which the Apostle is speaking, but rather of the great types of character, which, though not confined to either sex, are best expressed by the terms *masculine* and *feminine*. By *masculine* character we mean the predominance over the passions of reason and conscience, the energy of will, the submission to law, the conscious pride of independence, strength, self-sufficiency, robust and vigorous life. By *feminine* character, whether seen in woman or man, we mean the predominance of the affections, the delight of dependence, the unreasoning consciousness of right, the strength of submission, the power of suffering, self-sacrifice, and waiting. In the one there is more power to act, in the other to endure. The strength of the one is energy, and of the other is rest. Both may be led to do what is good; but the one because it is right, and the other because it is lovely. The one looks at religion as a system of principles, the other as the expression of deep feelings. The one sees no religion in mere states of mind, devotional postures, strong sentiments; and the other cannot understand the religion of mere principle and energy. The one is roused to action by the records of the conflict of David or Paul, and rises from the perusal of the struggles of Bunyan or Luther with fresh zeal for God; the other reposes with Mary at the feet of Jesus, and having chosen the better part, will not have it taken away. The one, in the hour of spiritual depression, would rush into the world of action, bear burdens, do difficult things, and become all things to all men, so that by any means he might glorify God; the other will steal away into secrecy, where the love-laden soul may hold intercourse with the Bridegroom of the Church, and pour out its sorrows and joys into the ear of Heaven, for the mere luxury of doing it. The one is a servant toiling for an absent Master, the other is a virgin waiting for the coming of the Bridegroom. How shall these two perpetually reappearing types of character ever be harmonized? Where is the link that shall make both of these one? Since they do exist, can we wonder that the prayer is long in being heard, 'That they all may be one, even as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee.'"—(Pp. 57-8.)

In another remarkable sermon on "Every-day Life," we have the following:—

"I know that it is possible for a human being to do the hardest, humblest, even the most distasteful human work, and yet to move along the highways of this dusty, defiled, present evil world, transforming it into a paradise. But there is a great deal of work done that no Christian, that no religious man, can by any possibility do, which no amount of Christian spirit can by any possibility sanctify. There are ways of doing business, that are the devil's own ways of ruining the souls of men. There are cheatery and systematic dishonesty that nothing can justify; which, as long as they are persisted in, no power can pardon. There is work done in this Christian England for which, so long as it is persevered in, it is mockery to speak of the blood of Christ. There is NO PARDON possible, but a certain fearful looking for of fiery indignation.

"There is work done at which human nature shudders; there is work done, which though not actually criminal, none but the hardest hearts can do—none but the coldest souls, the most unbrotherly hands can accomplish. There is a stern justice, and right even, which have no bowels in them. For instance, there is a distress-warrant now on the way to some poor widow. It will quite fill up the measure of her sorrows. She has had a hard week's work, doing her very best; her little fatherless child has been sick of the fever; she has toiled like a slave in some little shop ever since her husband's death; but the heavy rain entered the broken window and spoilt her goods, and trade has been bad, and the rent is due. She does not know it, but all her hopes are hanging on the will of a collector employed by some landlord who rejoices in whole streets of such property as her poor abode. The collector talks about doing his duty; and that work of breaking the widow's heart will be done by him as calmly as if he were treading on a broken egg-shell. Shall not He that fashioned that heart consider it?"—(Pp. 271-2.)

The following again is no mean specimen of fervent and telling eloquence:—

"Take heed to thyself, O man of God! Thou mayest deal with heavenly realities and Divine truths until they are mere chessmen that thou art shifting over the board and fighting imaginary battles with. Thou mayest substitute the intellectual appreciation of the truth which thou hast discovered, for the spiritual reception of it into thine own heart. Thou mayest fail to cultivate thine own inner life, and allow evil thoughts to run riot within thee, while thou art busy with the religion of others, and talking much of salvation. Oh, take heed to thyself, lest by thy 'words or con-

> versation' thou shouldst degrade that Gospel which is at stake in thy person! The whole style of thy deportment should truly refract the light that is in thy heart. There should be no abrupt and wretched transition between thy solemn words in the class-room and all thine other words. 'Thy charity and thy spirit,' the whole of thy temper, and the entire government of thy passions, should reveal that service which is perfect freedom. Is it possible that there should be a professed teacher of Christ's morals whose hands are trembling and whose head is aching from grievous or wicked excess? or that there are lips that can frame to utter the words of Jesus which have been defiled with slander, or impurity, or profanity—that out of the same mouth proceed blessing and cursing? Is it possible that there should be watchers for souls whose 'faith' is worthless, whose honour no man trusts, or whose 'purity' no man believes in? Watchers, indeed! They are watchers for the devil, doing his work, spreading nets about the feet of children, and shedding innocent blood. Suicides, and murderers of souls, such men will 'not perish alone in their iniquity.'
>
> "Take heed to thyself, O man of God! and be on thy watch against all these things. Thou art not only to be free from the blame of others, and from the accusation of thine own conscience, but to be a pattern of purity and honour, of spirit and love, of word and conversation. Thou art to be a specimen of what a Christian ought to be, in the transactions of daily life, at the innermost shrine of earthly affection, on the highways of the world, in the parlour and the committee-room, in journeys and at home, and with all classes with whom thou mayest come into contact. A pattern to BELIEVERS. Ordinary believers naturally look to those who teach for the deepest faith, and for the highest kind of life. 'A city set on a hill cannot be hid. A lamp is not covered by a bushel, but is placed on a candlestick, and gives light to all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'
>
> "Take heed to thyself: for the sake of the children who watch thine every movement—for the sake of the Church which has entrusted its honour to thy keeping—for the sake of the Christ whom thou professest to serve—for the sake of that precious soul which may starve in the midst of plenty, and be lost while it pours forth tidings of salvation."—(Pp. 330-2.)

Having thus, as we trust, indicated Mr. Reynolds's claim to high praise as a preacher, we will proceed to the less welcome task of pointing out faults which we may hope are not ingrained beyond possibility of cure.

It were pity if earnest and practical pleadings like his were always to be neutralized by exaggerations of this kind:—

> "May I ask, brethren, what subject of contemplation most interests and absorbs you? What theme most thoroughly engrosses your attention and gives you the most real enjoyment? Is your highest pleasure in the pursuit of art, or the study of science, or the promotion of political progress, or the advancement of some benevolent or philanthropic object? Is your main delight in devotion to worldly business, in amassing a fortune, in acquiring earthly possessions? or must you confess that your delight is in the pleasures of society, the excitements of music, the sensual gratification of your mere animal needs? Do you acknowledge that your delight is in yourself, in your favourite scheme of amusement or self-education? or dare you say

> that you have learned to delight yourself in the nature and perfections of the eternal God? Test yourself by the simple rule,—To what does your mind fly when you have finished your day's work? Is it to your hobby, to your self-indulgence, to some fresh scheme of enterprise, to the book, or the scene, or the pleasure which drives serious thought from the mind, that you instinctively turn? Or, on the other hand, is it natural to you to contemplate the ideal of all beauty, the source of all power, the giver of all good, the foundation of all righteousness, the complex of all causes,—the eternal, the holy, the almighty, the loving, the blessed God! Is God himself your most exceeding joy? Does your soul swell with the sublime conception of his nature and character? If so, the Lord himself is preparing you to receive the desires of your heart."—(Pp. 123-4.)

And this:—

> "Verily, if the place of public amusement or scientific instruction, if the university, the ball-room, or the warehouse, if the band of music, the shop, or the dance, have greater attractions for you than the house of prayer, then it is clear that you cannot yet know the unspeakable majesty, the infinite power of this great heavenly Father of yours."—(P. 204.)

Or confusion such as this, in which pardon is (rhetorically only, we presume) made to consist of those practical results which spring out of it:—

> "The infusion of righteousness in us, the regeneration of the Holy Ghost, the new heart, the repentance towards God which Christ is exalted to give, *is*, the form in which the remission of the chief and first penalty of sin takes place. Our new and holy life is not the ground of our justification—which is, alas! the hopeless doctrine of certain extremes of theological opinion—nor is it, strictly speaking, the consequence of our pardon and acceptance with God; but it is in one sense *the pardon itself*, it is the way in which the Holy Ghost slays that enmity within us which was the great curse of sin, and actually undoes the penal consequences of our original, actual, and habitual sins."—(P. 29.)

Here and there we have expressions and words which need simplifying or pruning away. Thus the verb to "meeten," for to make meet: "aloofness," for separation: the ascription of praise in Rev. i. 5, called "the great thunder-psalm of the universe:" "righteous indignation" spoken of as "thundering down a wrong." And in Sermon X., "About the Father's Business," we find the following example both of meretricious writing and of rhetorical bathos:—

> "The Man who, in three years afterwards, produced by his teaching, his miracles, and his death, such a tremendous effect on mankind, that the old world has been reeling ever since with the blow which He dealt on its prejudices and the sweep that He made of its philosophies and its idols; the wonderful Being whose words are to this day binding up broken hearts, opening doors into heaven for poor wanderers in every clime, shaking the thrones of the earth, throwing down the gates of brass, and overturning the institutions of centuries; the Being who is destined to be the universal Saviour and Teacher, as He will prove to be the absolute Lord and Judge of the human race,—spent thirty years of his mysterious life in absolute, unbroken, self-contained, unobserved, awful secrecy."—(P. 187.)

We mention these things not because they are rare in the writings of the mob of preachers, but because they are quite unworthy of Mr. Reynolds: because we hope to meet again his warmth, and tenderness, and eloquence, purified from these blemishes.

The next preacher on our list is one of a very different, and to our mind of a superior kind. In Mr. Dale's "Discourses on Special Occasions," we have some of the finest specimens of modern preaching. His earnest downright practical Christian morality is carried into the hearts and consciences of his hearers by words at the same time plain and yet weighty and rhetorical. He knows well how to embody that which is beautiful in glowing description, without anywhere running into exaggeration, or overstepping the bounds of pure taste. The following passage from the second sermon, on "Morality and Religion," may serve as a fair description of the matters on which his pleading is most powerful:—

> "I know that some of you are very impatient about what you call 'moral sermons.' If I preach about the mystery and blessedness of looking on the face of God, the glory of the life to come, the duty of intensifying the devout affections, the infinite love and compassion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and your heart is thrilled with emotion—you are satisfied: but if I preach about 'weights and measures,' you go home—some of you—and think that your time has been wasted. This is mere morality, you say; there is no religion in it. If I preach about the sins of the heart against God, it is right enough: if I preach about the sins of the tongue against man, you think you might as well have stopped away. Now if you thought that nobody to whom I preach ever gives short weight and bad measure, misleads a customer about the quality of goods, or takes an unfair advantage of the ignorance of those with whom he transacts business; if you thought that nobody to whom I preach ever speaks recklessly, carelessly, malignantly about others; it would be reasonable enough to say that there is no need to preach about these things. But you do not think that. You know too that men commit these sins without feeling how wrong they are—commit them carelessly and almost without knowing it: why, then, should I not preach about them? It seems to me that the difference between lying and speaking the truth is of infinitely more importance than the difference between Calvinism and Arminianism; and that the difference between Romanism and Protestantism is less serious than the difference between integrity and knavery. You may not be able to understand the first half of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and yet go to heaven at last; but if you are careless about the second half, in which St. Paul warns you against theft and falsehood and ungoverned passion, it is certain you will not go there. And yet there are some of you who like to hear sermons about the doctrine of Election and the Perseverance of the Saints, and sermons against Transubstantiation, and sermons that make your hearts leap and your pulse beat high, who have a feeling that a minister wastes his own time and the time of his congregation when he preaches against common vices, and enforces the obligations of common virtues. You do not really think that these things are unimportant, but you think that they may be left to care for themselves. You under-estimate the necessity of moral instruction and discipline.

> "For myself, I feel their necessity more deeply every week I live, and I only regret that the customs and habits of our churches do not permit me to give up my pulpit now and then to some solicitor, banker, or merchant, who would know far more than I do about the morality of our business life, and who could correct the follies, point out the perils, warn you against the processes of self-deception, by which thoughtless, careless, feeble men are being constantly betrayed into sin and covered with ruin and shame."—(Pp. 43-5).

In the third sermon, "On Common Prayer," Mr. Dale shows himself conscious of the power wielded by the preacher, to which we would fain awake those in whose hands it is placed:—

> "I do not indeed believe that the glory of the Christian pulpit has faded, or that the ancient power of the preacher over the intellect and heart of nations has passed away. Though there is something more mysterious and awful in speaking to God than in speaking to man, I feel that preaching, too, is a great and wonderful thing. It may be true that men are less disposed than they were at one time to accept blindly and implicitly the opinions of the clergy—no matter to what church they belong, or what hands have invested them with official authority and dignity. But let great preachers rise up, and see whether the world will not listen to them. See whether the living man will not be mightier than the printed book, in convincing the judgment, in kindling the imagination, in making the heart throb with passion, in directing and governing the practical life of mankind. Let him speak of the thoughts by which the men about him are agitated, the fears which haunt the soul conscious of guilt, or drifting swiftly into the unseen world;—let him speak of the love of God for all his creatures with an obvious and intense faith in it;—let him tell the story over again of how God became man, and had sinful men like ourselves for his friends; —let him wrestle down the doubts of his own time with vigorous logic;—let him call the common sins of common life by their true names, and remind men of the present anger of the living God, and the just penalties with which, in this world or the next, He will punish their wrong-doing;—let his own heart be all aglow with the splendour and glory of the life to come, with the rapture of communion with God, with the bright beauty of holiness; and you shall see whether newspaper articles, no matter how clever and brilliant; political speeches, no matter how eloquent, can move the souls of men like sermons. Give to the preacher an intellect, clear, strong, cultivated, rich with the learning of ancient times, and familiar with the restless life of our own day; give him humour, wit, imagination, and fancy, and he will exert an influence incomparably greater than these same endowments would enable him to exert in politics, literature, or art."—(Pp. 61-2.)

The sermon entitled, "The Living God the Saviour of all Men," seems to us one of the noblest we have ever read. Indeed, to have been listened to at all, it must have had eminent merits: for it occupies no less than fifty-three pretty closely printed small octavo pages.

From the sermon entitled, "Missionary Enthusiasm not Irrational," we give the following specimen of Mr. Dale's descriptive power:—

> "We cannot despair of success. What, though the dreary winter of the world's moral life may have lasted far longer than the eager hopes of the

Church anticipated? What, though the thick darkness of an apparently eternal night may have hung for centuries over the vast majority of our race? We do not, we cannot despair. Not suddenly—not in a moment was it reasonable to expect that the bright and blessed change would come. When the morning dawns, and struggles with the gloom of night, how doubtful, how gradual is the progress of the conflict. Silently, and we know not when, the darkness begins to melt in the east, but heavy clouds may still resist the splendour of the rising sun. Gleams of the coming brightness shoot up the heavens, thin lines of glory quiver along the horizon, and prophesy the approaching day, but the mists still hang gloomily in the skies, and threaten to bring the hours of darkness back; and yet the ultimate victory of the light is secure. When the winter begins to feel the thrilling influence of spring, for how long a time is the triumph hindered and delayed. Bitter winds by day, and frosts by night, prolong the desolation, and retard the life which is struggling into faint and tender beauty. Even when, in more southern lands, the wild flowers have begun to blossom, and the trees are robed in the sweet fresh beauty of their young foliage, travel northwards, and the ground is hard and bare, and the forests are standing in the grim nakedness of winter still. But there is no uncertainty about the issue; the winds become more genial, and fruitful rains begin to fall, and the heat of the sun becomes more intense, and the silent presence of the spring steals upwards from the warmer south across the fields of the north, and at last the whole earth is bright with beautiful blossoms, and, far as the eye can see, along the courses of rivers and wide-spreading plains, and even up the gaunt sides of rugged mountains, there is the luxuriant and living green."—(Pp. 210-11.)

We cannot forbear giving one extract more of a kindred character to those with which we began:—

"It has indeed been urged that Christianity, with its professed revelation of the invisible world, and its thoughts which wander through eternity, is unfavourable to the progress of civilization, and the development of the arts which enrich and grace our present life. Men suppose that we Christian people ought to be altogether indifferent whether the earth is yellow with the ripening corn, or whether it lies undrained, unfenced, and barren; whether the chimneys of our manufacturing towns are smokeless, and the gigantic machinery motionless and silent, or whether, on every tide, ships, laden with the productions of our industry and skill, sail off to distant parts to return with the wealth of every land; or if, by some strange inconsistency of reasoning, it is supposed that very religious people may be good manufacturers and merchants, it is imagined that if our faith is deep and strong, we must care nothing for great libraries, for galleries of painting and sculpture, for stately buildings, and for noble music.

"Some Christian men have confessed that the charge is true, and have energetically maintained that to him who lives under the constant control of the grandeur and terror of the eternal world, the wealth, the learning, the refinement, the beauty, belonging to this transitory life, can have no interest. I believe that this theory has inflicted the gravest injury on innumerable souls; has ended in paralyzing, not only the common human sympathies which the Divine wisdom planted in our nature, but the devoutest and holiest affections originated by the Spirit of God in the Christian heart. It is an old heresy in a new form. It appeared in the earliest days of the Church; men thought human nature and human life so mean and so base, that they could not believe that God had become man; they thought it an intolerable dishonour to the spirituality of the Supreme, that He should really assume our nature, and hunger and thirst as we do; and they therefore taught that what seemed the body of Christ was a mere phantasm, and so denied the truth of the Incarnation. This same error, in another form, is the original root of some of the worst corruptions of the Romish Church. In another form still it has reappeared among us Protestants, and resulted in an effeminate, feeble, unnatural, melancholy spiritual life."—(Pp. 219-21.)

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"This present life—with its sorrows and joys, its business, its art, its literature, its politics—this present life was not invented by the devil, to prevent us getting to heaven; it was appointed by God, that we might, by discharging its humbler duties, and caring for its inferior interests, be disciplined for glory, honour, and immortality."—(P. 227.)

The last volume on our list, "Quiet Resting-Places," is likely to be the greatest favourite of the whole. The sermons are full of exquisite beauty of thought and language: sometimes bordering on the fanciful in their application of texts, but even then, never going beyond the limits of good taste and simple pathos.

The title of the volume is taken from the text of the first sermon, "And in quiet resting-places" (Isa. xxxii. 18): and it well describes the character of the book. Dr. Raleigh specially seeks out the indications given in the Divine promises of rest and refreshment, and pursues them into their fulfilments in the ordinary life of the Christian. His "Quiet Resting-places" are "the Evening," "the Sabbath," "the Providential Change," of locality, occupation, or condition, "the Grave," and the final rest in heaven. On each of these he dwells in his soothing strains of half poetic prose, refreshing and calming the spirit of the hearer. Take a specimen of one of these descriptions:—

"Any considerable providential change has something of the same character [of a quiet resting-place]. An infant is born, and in his first sleep sheds through the house something of the solemnity of being. A child 'is recovered of his sickness,' in which the little pilgrim seemed to be wandering away from all your care and love. A son has gone out to a foreign land. A daughter has been married. Anything that breaks the continuity, that alters the relationships, that makes a pause in life—an open space in the forest of its toils and cares—anything of that kind is God's voice, saying, Here is relief for you. Enter this quiet resting-place which my hand has made. Come in! come in! wherefore standest thou without? By thought recollect yourself. By faith recover yourself. By prayer strengthen yourself for the way, the work, and the warfare which are before you still.

"Or, let the change be from health to sickness; then 'the quiet resting-place' is made in the retirement of the chamber, or in the stillness of the bed. If the illness is sufficient to interrupt the ordinary occupation, and yet *not* so severe as to prevent the exercise of reflection, the season may be a very precious one. The soul, by entering into its 'closet,' and abiding for a while in 'stillness,' throws off the burning fever, and comes out 'restored' into more wholesome ways. When the trouble is more severe, however, we find it hard to think of the soul reaching any resting-place until it is over. We are tossing to and fro until the dawning of the day. We hear the sufferer's wail, we see the watcher's tears, but nothing that betokens rest. Yes; but down in the soul's depths that rest is coming on. God's thoughts are settling there: God's Spirit is working there. There the Saviour at times is revealing Himself, amid fear and disquietude, as He did on the night of the storm to his disciples, and that soul is unspeakably comforted by hearing the old assurance, which only He can give, 'Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.' *This* resting-place is sometimes made for a man who has passed all the others we have named without seeing them, and *because* he has not seen them, or at any rate has not filled his heart with their serenities. The evening has not cooled his spirit—the sabbath has not much allayed the fever of life. Other changes have been to him like swift-passing clouds: birth, marriage, death, all these have been in his family, and he has been something the better for them; but still his life is too full of haste and mere mortal eagerness. Perhaps there is a vigorous outwardness about it, but the fountains within are languid and low. The sickness comes, that these fountains may be purified and filled. And as we look at the process, we call it 'sore trouble.' But beneath the physical anguish and the mental fear, the soul herself is entering into sanctuary, subsiding into rest. Blessed process, that cleanses the heart from sin—that breaks the despotism of secularities—that lifts the spiritual high above the carnal, and lays all this visible life under 'the powers of the world to come.' Stand by a bed of sanctified affliction, and look upon the wearied, wasted sufferer. You are like one standing by a fountain of sweet water that has been troubled to its depths by the rod in the hand of the purifier. Let him wait a little; the mud and scum will float away, and he will see his image in the pure translucent well. So Christ waits and looks into that troubled heart, for He knows it will be untroubled soon, and that He will discover then, in its far depths, the clear reflection of his own divine image."—(Pp. 14—17.)

Another sermon, of much the same kind, is on the text, "Being let go, they went unto their own company" (Acts iv. 3). The application of these words is, we confess, a little far-fetched: but the subject to which they are applied is one well worthy of being treated, and its treatment is very beautiful:—

"Let us take for present consideration these ideas, which seem naturally (?) to arise out of the current of this text:—That we suffer a kind of imprisonment by circumstances. That there are occasional openings of the prison in providence. That when so released, we go to our own company."—(P. 89.)

Our space will only permit us to give one or two more specimens of Dr. Raleigh's "Quiet Resting-Places" before we hasten to a conclusion. On the text, "Faint, yet pursuing:"—

"There is a sense in which we can never tell how far we are come in divine life. That is really one of the deep things of God. We may judge our moral state correctly in the main according to the great principles. We may try and judge ourselves by the perfect standard, with considerable approximation to truth. But we shall not find out in that way how far, in time, we are, on the one hand, from the beginning, and on the other from the end. Or in experiences either. I verily believe that many a soul has made long and toilsome journeys, and is 'faint' in consequence, without being clearly conscious of much progressive change. There *must* be a great moral progress, but God only knows how much it is. It has been made in many cases amid difficulties so manifold, and amid moral contradictions so perplexing, that nothing but the measuring-line of Omniscience can cover the distances and reveal the results. God takes forty, fifty, sixty years, for the ripening of one soul. He takes seven, three, or only one, for the perfecting of another. He gives much suffering to one, very little to another. He makes the way hard, and rough, and toilsome for one; smooth, and green, and flowery for another. And no man can find out God's way. No man can measure God's work clearly in the soul of another, or even clearly in his own. You have not been long in divine life, and yet for this world you may be near its end. You still hear the hum and the clangour of the earthly voices, and yet the sweet celestial music is just about to break on your ear. You toil and pant through the feverish air, and as you look on this side and that, the desert still seems to lie far and wide around you, yet the promised land is but a little way before; you will be in greenness, in shade, in eternal rest, ere long."—(Pp. 167-8.)

From a very beautiful sermon on "Angel Help:"—

"*It is a ministry of cheerfulness.* Angels of light, they must surely cast around them some brightness as they go. They throw some flickerings of glory about our weary steps, and light up the landscapes and pathways of this mortal life as with escapings from the summer sunshine of heaven. There are times when the most urgent need of our life is just to have a little more light, and if in such seasons the angels can give us that, they are friends indeed, and ministers of God to us for good. Sometimes the day darkens, we know not how; things are all in shade; the air is heavy; duty does not wear its nobleness; work is mere hardship without recompence; even friendship loses its solace. We are weary of well-doing, almost weary of living. It seems as if the freshness and the charm had been plucked from the very heart of life—as if the angels of darkness, with outstretched wings, were walking over the scene. Then comes a change, we know not how. The day brightens; the sky breaks overhead. We see upwards slanting spaces where there would be room for Jacob's ladder. We look at our work, and it stands in nobleness again. Our friends are invested with the halo of tenderness, and even the crosses and the sufferings of life have something on them now of the celestial light. And all this may be just because our guardian angels have come a little nearer, to minister unto us of that light of God in which they always dwell."—(Pp. 192-3.)

"*It is a ministry of fellowship and convoy* through death to life, and from earth to heaven. When Lazarus died, he was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. Such language is, of course, partly figurative; but surely the mention of the angels is not altogether a figure of speech. Rather, the language seems clearly to point to some offices of mercy assigned to them in regard to the dying, and in regard to the home-coming of death-released souls. Indeed, it could hardly be thought that they would come so far, and minister to us in so many ways in this mortal life, and then draw off from us, and leave us quite alone for the home-going. Accordingly, it has always been a Christian instinct, as well as a scriptural and reasonable belief, that the angels come around dying beds, wait until last farewells are over, and then plume their wings and fly home to heaven with their sacred charge, rejoicing as those who have found great spoil. Sometimes the dying have told how they have seen dawnings of sweet light, and glimpses of bright faces; how they have heard some touches of richest music, and felt some waftings of balmiest air. It has even seemed to some of them that their very names were called; then, with new thrillings of the inner sense, they have joyfully answered and said, 'We are coming; we are coming home!' No one can tell beforehand how death may be lightened to him in this very way. You think of it perhaps as sharp severance from all you love; as loneliness in which the nearest and dearest can give you no company; as a mysterious transit of your spirit through a vast unpeopled void up to the heaven and the home where you would be. And yet, when it comes, it may be the gentlest of all changes. It may be an easy entrance into another company. Ere even you are aware, the whisper of an angel may tell you (with a meaning and an emphasis how different from those which the expression carries on *this* side the veil!) that 'all is over,' and that you shall die no more for ever."—(Pp. 196-7.)

The volumes of sermons which we have been noticing are far, very far above the average of such publications in our own Church. And they seem to belong to a different category, and to spring from a different view of preaching. An Anglican volume of sermons owes its publication most frequently to the eminence of the preacher, or to the affection of the flock, or to the occasion of delivery: very seldom indeed to the fact that the sermons are in themselves worth publishing. There are of course great exceptions: as on the other hand there are plenty of the "baser sort" to be found also on nonconformist shelves. But to have discovered four such volumes almost casually, among the books which flock in upon a reviewer from month to month, prompts a few concluding remarks upon our general estimate of, and behaviour towards, those from whom such sermons proceed.

We do not hesitate to say, that the great phenomenon of Nonconformity is not fairly and truthfully dealt with by us Churchmen. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Are the fruits of which this present article has given us a taste, such as to be lightly esteemed or set aside? And if it be thought that sound and wholesome words cannot be properly called fruits, let us examine the *fruits of* those words, and see whether we rightly estimate the work which those churches are doing among us, which lie outside the pale of episcopacy. What spectacle in the history of nations has ever been nobler than the patience and loyalty of the great middle class in this country? And while we would not for one moment depreciate the blessed influence over that class of the Church and her parochial system, we have also a right to claim at least a considerable share of the influence which has made them what they are, to the teaching of nonconformist schools and pulpits. What would they have been, had that teaching been in the direction of discontent and disloyalty? And then let it be remembered, that these teachers are for the most part working in neglect and disrepute, as far as any recognition of their work by Churchmen is concerned. Not a word is said of them in Church societies, or in Church newspapers: any social recognition of them is treated by the prevalent Church party almost as a dereliction of duty. The monstrous attempt to claim for our reformed Protestant Church a position similar to that arrogated for herself by Rome—an attempt which can only in the end cover its promoters with ridicule at all hands, has brought with it this evil among many others, that "we are verily guilty" concerning our Nonconformist brethren. We, who know better, who have been better taught history and our Bibles, are, in our speech and conduct, yielding in this matter to the encroachments of the dominant High Church party: adopting language, and sanctioning usages, which they know well how to turn to their own purposes.

And in writing thus, let us plainly say that we are no friends to those ill-timed manifestations of pretended unity, which the opposite party in the Church of England are in the habit of making on certain occasions; those oily platform fraternizations, which, as far as our experience has gone, are strictly confined to the two hours of the public meeting. It is no hollow truce of this kind that is wanted among us, but a manly resolve to look in the face God's dealings with our Church and country, and to base our Church-exertions, not on a fictitious estimate of facts, but on a real one. It may be that Nonconformists and ourselves do not fraternize well. Theirs is a work having its distinctive climate and soil; their manners will naturally be somewhat different from ours, and their vocabulary also. In these very distinctions consists the value of their influence, and the obliteration of them would destroy it. All we ask for is, that that influence should be fairly acknowledged, and taken into account; that there should pass away from among us that ignoring, and consequent ignorance, of Nonconformity and its professors, which is now almost universal; that, without any compromise on either side, we be found working with them in all great matters of public utility and Christian benevolence.

The authors of such sermons as we have now been reviewing are not men whom any portion of a Christian society ought to allow itself to treat with neglect. If such neglect be continued, and the arrogance of those who promote it be allowed to prevail, matters seem likely to right themselves in a way little dreamt of by Churchmen. Already the Nonconformists have passed us by in Biblical scholarship and ministerial training; the specimens which we have given of their sermons are such as the Church of England in our day could hardly shew. The labourer is worthy of his hire. If it be so, that on their side are found modest and successful labour under difficulty and disadvantage, and on our side a resting in self-assertion and the pride of our social and ecclesiastical position, it will require no prophet, and no long interval, to manifest the inevitable result.

# BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.

*Beethoven's Letters.* Two Volumes. Translated by LADY WALLACE.
London: Longmans & Co.

LADY WALLACE'S blunders have been sufficiently dwelt upon elsewhere. We are content to refer our readers to the May number of the *Musical World* for specimens. Will no one rescue the letters of great men from such handling? These volumes, like their predecessors, only prove that Lady Wallace's knowledge of German is below a common average, whilst she is manifestly above asking other people, or even consulting a dictionary. But there is want of judgment in the matter, as well as failure in the manner of her translation.

> "DEAR KIND,—I intend to call on you at latest on Wednesday, when I will settle everything. "BEETHOVEN."

"Chops and tomata sauce!" exclaims the indignant reader; "could anything be more utterly unsuggestive, except to the forensic intellect of a Busfuz?" What will editors and biographers tell us next—that Beethoven sat on a chair, and Goethe dined at a table? The English public might be spared this. Who cares to hear about the utterly commonplace things which happen to everybody. What if Plato sneezed, or Julius Cæsar knocked his funny-bone,—are these fit materials for history or biography?

We gladly pass from the translator to her illustrious victim, LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

The person of Beethoven, like his music, seems to have left its vivid and colossal impress upon the age. "The square Cyclopean figure attired in a shabby coat, with torn sleeves," described by Weber, is familiar to all, and the face too,—the rough hair brushed impatiently off the forehead, the boldly arched eyebrows, resolute nose, and firmly set mouth—truly a noble face, with a certain severe integrity, and passionate power, and lofty sadness about it, seeming in its elevation and wideness of expression to claim kindred with a world of ideas out of all proportion to our own. The face at the beginning of Vol. I. is better than anything in the book.

We open these letters with the greatest eagerness; we close them with a feeling of almost unmingled pain and disappointment. Unlike Mozart's or Mendelssohn's, they are not a sparkling commentary on a many-coloured life. Beethoven's outward life was all one colour, and his letters are mainly occupied with unimportant, vexatious, or melancholy details. His inward life has long since been given to the world, but not in words, only in—

> "The tides of music's golden sea,
> Setting toward eternity."

Born in 1770 or 1772,* Ludwig Van Beethoven early showed a strong dislike to music. His father had to beat him before he would sit down at the piano. At the age of eleven, however, he declares that for several years music had been his favourite pursuit. His compositions were always abundant, and from the first met with the approval of the publishers. His early compositions were at once understood. And no wonder, for in him the bereaved public found Mozart "*redivivus*" with variations. "Mind, you will hear that boy talked of!" whispered the great composer when he first heard Beethoven play. Did he foresee with what firm and gigantic strides the "boy," as he entered manhood, would lead the way to fresh woods and pastures new? ever triumphant and successful,—amidst what trials and disasters!

On the very threshold of his career, he was met by two gloomy companions—Poverty and Disease—who accompanied him to the grave. In 1800, he lost his patron, the Elector of Cologne, and with him a small salary, and in 1801 he became partially deaf. Both evils were lightened by success; but what is success without health or spirits? "Oh, blissful moment! how happy do I esteem myself!" and in the same letter, "I cannot fail to be the most unhappy of God's creatures!" About this time occur those strange letters to his "immortal beloved," the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi; and in the still more immortal song of "Adelaide," written then, we can almost hear the refrain of "My angel! my all! my life!" (15), and suchlike passionate utterances. The Countess married some one else, and Beethoven does not seem to have broken his heart. His relations with women were always severely honourable. This is the only burst of love he ever permitted himself, and if we except his unhappy love for Marie Pachler, and the wild fancy which that strange little being, Bettina Brentano, seems to have inspired in Goethe, Beethoven, and every one who came near her, we must suppose that the myth of Platonic affection became for once real history. He was not, however, at all insensible to the charms of female society. The ladies might knit him comforters, make him light puddings, he would even condescend to lie on their sofas after dinner, and pick his teeth with a fork, while they played his sonatas. Madame Breuning and Frau Von Streicher especially seem to have been invaluable friends and advisers. He told them all his petty troubles: "Nany is not strictly honest;" "I have a cough and severe headache." Then follow details about servants' clothes and wages. If, however, his relations with women were unromantic, they were proportionably constant. His correspondence was limited in range, but the same names, both male and female, recur to the end of his life. This fact speaks volumes. It is more to retain than to win. The head may win; the heart alone can keep.

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* See Fétis, "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens;" art. "Beethoven."

Walking one day in the woods with his devoted friend Ferdinand Ries, he discovered to him the sad secret of his increasing deafness—this was as early as 1800. From this time his patience and money were vainly lavished on doctors without success. The world of sweet sounds and pleasant voices was gradually closing up for him. "I wander about here with music paper among the hills, and dales, and valleys, and scribble a great deal. No man on earth can love the country as I do." But he could not hear the birds sing. No one was naturally a more intelligent converser, but he could hardly hear the voices of his friends. Early in life he writes, "I must tell you my extraordinary deafness is such that in the theatre I am obliged to lean close up against the orchestra; a little way off, I lose the high notes of both instruments and singers;" and latterly no sound from the thunder of a full orchestra, whilst he stood in the midst of it with his back to the audience, could reach him. They used to turn him round at the end of his symphonies, that he might see the enthusiasm which his music had created. Thus, in 1802, he bids farewell to his hearing, in one of those bitter heart-cries which remind us of that other immortal plaint,—

"When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide:"—

"As autumn leaves fall and wither, so are my hopes blighted. Almost as I came I depart. Even the lofty courage which so often animated me in the lovely days of summer is gone for ever. Oh, Providence! vouchsafe me one day of pure felicity! How long have I been estranged from the glad echo of true joy! When, O my God! when shall I feel it again in the temple of nature and man?—never!"

When we hear it recorded of Beethoven that he was a morose, churlish, and ill-tempered man, "full of caprice, and devoid of all complaisance," let us rather remember one who, in the midst of sufferings which we cannot estimate, and trials which we have not known, never lost his reverence for God, his deep and tender devotion to all that was highest in man, his patient forbearance with the weak and selfish, and a certain indomitable courage, wideness of vision, and power of will, which has raised him, the lonely worker, to one of the most solitary pinnacles of Fame.

The years from 1805 to 1808 witnessed the production of "The Mount of Olives," "Leonora," "Pastorale," and "Eroica," besides a host of minor concertos, songs, and sonatas. In 1809 his affectionate patron, the Archduke Rudolf, settled a small pension on him for life, and henceforth Beethoven hardly ever moved from Vienna, except to go to Baden in the summer months.

In 1816 he writes in better spirits to his comical friend Zmeskall, "For the sake of various scamps in this world I should like to live a little longer." His general health had improved, a new and sudden interest in life had come to him with the guardianship of his nephew Carl, who, upon his father's death, was rescued by his uncle from the clutches of a most abandoned mother.

His love for this young rascal is the most affecting thing in his whole life. He put him to school—had him home for the holidays—gave him every indulgence, and lavished upon him all the love which was never destined to flow through happier channels. He had a natural horror of business and detail, but nothing could be small or vexatious which concerned Carl. The size of his boots—the cut of his coat—his physic—his food—and above all, his pianoforte playing, were subjects of unfailing interest to Beethoven. By the way, here is a valuable hint to teachers, from the great master to the pianist Czerny: "When sufficiently advanced do not stop his (Carl's) playing on account of little mistakes, but only point them out at the end of the piece. I have always followed this system, which quickly forms a *musician*." But unfortunately Carl was not a musician, but an idle fellow who cared for nothing but pleasure and nobody but himself. It was the last bitter drop in the poor uncle's cup—a drop which he refused to taste until his hair began to get grey—that he, who had been father, mother, servant, nurse, everything to Carl, was only looked upon by him in the light of the "relieving officer." The saddest letters are those from 435 to 450, addressed to this miserable nephew:—

> "Dear son, I still feel very weak and solitary—my weakness often amounts to a swoon. Oh, do not further grieve me! Farewell, dearest boy, deserve this name; anything you want shall be purchased. If it is too hard a task for you to come and see me, give it up; but if you can by any possibility come, &c., let us not refer to the past. If you had any depth of feeling, you would have acted differently. Be my own dear precious son! imitate my virtues, not my faults."

The "precious son" seems to have met all this affection with coldness, ingratitude, and the meanest lying. At last the whole truth breaks upon the unhappy old man, and he exclaims, we can almost fancy with tears, "I know now you have no pleasure in coming to see me—which is only natural, for my atmosphere is too pure for you. God has never yet forsaken me, and no doubt some one will be found to close my eyes." Carl, after attempting suicide, gambling, and commerce, and failing signally in each, finally enlisted, and so disappears from these letters; but we read his last forgiveness in the brief codicil of Beethoven's will,—"I appoint my nephew Carl my sole heir."

Beethoven's external life presents us with the familiar picture of the man of genius and misfortune struggling with the world. "*Miser sum pauper*," he would often say. He was wretched because deaf and solitary and disappointed in the deepest and most sensitive parts of a nature singularly tender and profound. He was poor because the best pay in those days was bad, and because the men who could have helped him hung back until the life that might have been prolonged and cheered by their kindly support was closed abruptly without it. George IV., then Prince Regent, never acknowledged the dedication of the battle symphony, or took the slightest notice of its composer. Neither the Imperial family nor the Austrian Government ever showed the smallest interest in either Haydn, Mozart, or Beethoven. They left them to the mercy of private patrons. Beethoven was always very poor, but in his poverty he never forgot to be generous. At a concert given in aid of the soldiers wounded at Hanau, he supplied music and conducted,—Schuppansigh, Spohr, and Mayseder were amongst the violins, and old Salieri played the drums and cymbals. When some offer of payment was made, he writes, "Say *Beethoven never accepts anything where humanity is concerned*."

On another occasion, when the concert was for poor Ursuline nuns, —"I promise you an entirely new symphony—my joy will be beyond bounds if the concert prove a success." But his charity was not merely for show—it began at home. His friends never applied in vain for money as long as he had any to give, and his purse-strings were often loosed for those who had injured him deeply.

Beethoven's relations with his London publishers were satisfactory. The Philharmonic paid liberally for his works, honoured him with appreciation during his life, and sent him a present of £100 when he was lying on his death-bed.

Beethoven's domestic life was one of singular discomfort. He was always changing his lodgings—getting into worse ones and falling amongst thieves. He no sooner got into new rooms than the chimneys began to smoke, or the rain came in through the roof, or the chairs came down when sat upon, or the doors came off their hinges. He was no more fortunate with his servants. "Nany is too uneducated for a housekeeper—indeed, quite a beast." "My precious servants were occupied from seven o'clock till ten trying to heat the stove." "The cook's off again." "I shied half a dozen books at her head." They made his dinner so nasty that he could not eat it. "No soup to-day, no beef, no eggs again—got something from the inn at last."

From a life of public neglect and private suffering and trial, he turned to the ideal life in art. In all his earthly strivings he might well say with Goethe, "I have ever looked up to the highest." To him art was no mere recreation or luxury, but the expression of all that was conceivable and most worthy of being expressed in things Divine and human. It was a call, a mission, an inspiration; and the ear so early closed to the discords of earth seemed all the more intently open to the voice of the informing Spirit:—

> "Lo, I have given thee
> To understand my presence and to feel
> My fulness: I have filled thy lips with power.
> I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of heaven,
> Man's first, last home; and thou with ravished sense
> Listenest the lordly music flowing from
> Th' illimitable years."

"Nothing can be more sublime," he writes, "than to draw nearer to the Godhead than other men, and to diffuse here on earth these God-like rays among mortals." But none understood better than he that "the excellency of the power was not of him:"—

"What is all this compared to the grandest of all Masters of harmony—above, above!" And so this mighty spirit seemed always reaching forward with the glorious "not as though I had attained" for ever on his lips. "I feel," he writes in 1824, "as though I had written scarcely more than a few notes of music!" for to him—

> "All experience seemed an arch, wherethro'
> Gleamed that untravell'd world whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever as we move."

Beethoven had worked too hard. In 1823 his eyes gave way; for several years before his death he had been spitting blood, and his digestion was nearly gone. In December of the year 1826 he found himself upon a sick bed, in great poverty, and unable to compose a line of music. There are a few more letters, written in a tremulous hand; others only signed still more illegibly; letters to Moscheles, to Sir George Smart, and to Baron Pasqualati, an old friend, who sent him fruit, wine, and other delicacies during his illness.

On the 18th of March, 1827, all hopes of Beethoven's recovery were abandoned. On the 23rd, they read him his will. It was suggested that the words "natural heirs" should be put in the place of "heirs of my body," as he had no children, and the words might provoke disputes. He replied that the one term was as good as the other, and that it should remain just as it was. "This was his last contradiction."

In the afternoon of March the 26th, 1827, Beethoven was seized with his last mortal faintness. Thick clouds were hanging about the sky; towards evening the wind rose; at nightfall a terrific thunderstorm burst over the city of Vienna, and whilst the storm was still raging, the spirit of the sublime master departed.

Ludwig Van Beethoven died in his 55th year, and is buried in the cemetery of Wahring, near Vienna.

H. R. HAWEIS.

# ROGER BACON.

*Fr. Rogeri Bacon Opera quædam hactenus Inedita.* Vol. I. Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1859.

*Monumenta Franciscana Anglicana.* Edited by J. S. Brewer, M.A. London: Longmans & Co. 1858.

*Roger Bacon. Sa Vie et ses Œuvres.* Par E. Charles. Paris. 1861.

THE labours of English and French scholars have combined to bring before the historical students of our time with more distinctness than was previously attainable, the portrait of the most remarkable man in the most remarkable century of the Middle Ages. But little known in his lifetime, and, so far as he was known, crushed, buried, persecuted; destined for some centuries to be the nucleus of a cycle of coarse popular legends, and to bear the repute of a wizard and a sorcerer; partially recognised on the revival of learning in England as one who had been most conspicuous among its forerunners; made better known to a few by the publication of his chief treatise in the last century,*—we are now able, through the editorial industry of Mr. Brewer, and the elaborate essay of M. Charles, to form some picture of what Roger Bacon was in his life, his character, and his knowledge. We can see in what relation he stood to the great movements, religious and intellectual, which were then agitating Europe. Materials thus dug for the first time out of the caves where they had slept so long, may well be reckoned among the gains of contemporary literature.* On that ground alone they might claim a notice here.

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* The "Opus Majus," edited by Dr. Jebb in 1733. The edition was, however, incomplete, the seventh part, which treated of Ethics, being omitted. Both for this reason and because the book itself is now extremely rare, it were to be wished that the plan of the Master of the Rolls might be enlarged, so as to include a republication of it, instead of being confined rigorously to works never before published.

They have, I believe, a yet stronger claim. The century which the life of Roger Bacon brings before us was pre-eminently a transition period, a time of restless activity and agitation, in which men hardly knew as yet whither they were tending, one in which they were at once struggling for light and shrinking back from it. Wide as may be the gulf which separates the thirteenth from the nineteenth century, they have this character in common. In studying the history of such a period we are drawn almost inevitably to fix our attention upon its great events, its wild movements, the surging waves of its confusions; and what we gain by such a study cannot fail to be full of the profoundest interest. But in so doing we run the risk of being absorbed in the confusion, lost in the outward history of the time. What is wanted to complete the picture is to watch the course of the solitary thinker, — solitary because in advance of his contemporaries, — the prophet of a higher culture and a wider knowledge, and to see how the time affected him for good or evil, how it helped or hindered him, how he lived and died in it. Such a portrait, with the materials thus placed at our command, I now attempt to draw.

Few of the chance coincidences of history are more striking than the fact that the great philosophical reformers of the thirteenth and the seventeenth centuries, who fought the same battles against the same foes, who used almost the same weapons, should have also borne the same name. So strong is the resemblance of thought and feeling, that it would not be difficult to select passages from Roger, which, to nine readers out of ten, acquainted only with the latter, would seem to have been written by Francis,† and it is quite conceivable that the

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* It is noticeable that M. Charles, who seems to have taken almost infinite pains in examining MSS. of the works of his hero, wherever they were to be found, writes in 1861, in entire ignorance of Mr. Brewer's volume published in 1859, and speaks of the "Opus Minus" and "Opus Tertium" as not having found an editor. Among the distinctive features of his masterly treatise, which make it almost indispensable as a companion to the publications of Dr. Jebb and Mr. Brewer, must be reckoned the copious extracts from the treatise on Ethics, which Jebb had omitted altogether.

† Mr. Brewer gives two striking instances (p. xxii.) :—

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| (1.) "Utilitas enim illarum (scientiarum) non traditur in eis sed exterius exspectatur."—*Op. Tert.*, c. 6. | "They (studies) teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them and above them."—*Essays*, 4. |
| (2.) "Et ideo patet quod scripta principalia de sapientia philosophiæ non possunt fieri ab uno homine nec a pluribus, nisi manus prælatorum et principum juvent sapientes cum magna virtute."—*Op. Tert.*, c. 16. | "The removal of obstacles in the way of science are *Opera Basilica*, towards which the endeavours of a private man may be but as an image in a cross-way, that may point at the way but cannot go it."—*Adv.* ii. 6. |

I add two others quite as remarkable:—

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| (3.) Roger Bacon is speaking of Peter Lombard's "Sententiæ:"—"Mirum est | "Neque enim B. Augustini aut B. Ambrosii opera, ad prudentiam episcopi, |

students of a far off age may discuss the question whether there were two Bacons or one, as we discuss the question whether there were one or two Zoroasters.

The birth of Roger Bacon is fixed with some probability in A.D. 1214; and Ilchester, in the county of Somerset, may claim, with a faint protest from the Gloucestershire village of Bisley, the honour of being his birthplace.[*] The facts that he had a namesake, and probably an uncle, holding a conspicuous ecclesiastical position in the Court of Henry III., when he himself was but nineteen; and that he contrasts, in later life, his own poverty with his brother's riches,[†] fall in with the statement of Ross that he was of "gentle blood," —the younger son, probably, of some wealthy yeoman. Of his boyhood no traditions have come down to us. We can, however, infer from his own statement, in A.D. 1267, that it was forty years since he had taken the first step in the pursuit of knowledge by learning his alphabet,[‡] that he must have entered on that pursuit at a very early period. We may think of the boy at the age of fourteen or fifteen as taking his place, eager after knowledge, bold in questioning, with little reverence for name and rank, among the crowd of students who then flocked, unrestrained by the necessity of attaching themselves to any hall or college, to the University of Oxford. Assuming this to have been about the year A.D. 1229, we may pause to take note of the world in which he then found himself, so like and yet so unlike to what that life has been since, and is now,—unlike in all outward accidents, yet not without a strongly marked resemblance in its essential character.

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quod sic exaltatus est liber sententiarum, quia liber historiarum est magis proprius theologiæ."—*Op. Min.*, p. 329.

(4.) "Scientia experimentalis imperat aliis scientiis sicut ancillis suis." —*Op. Maj.*, p. 476.

aut theologi, tantum facere posse putamus quantum si ecclesiastica historia diligenter inspiciatur et revolvatur."—*De Augm.* ii. 4.

"Mathematica et logica quæ ancillarum loco erga physicam se gerere debeant."—*De Augm.* ii. 6.

Once and once only does Francis mention Roger, and then somewhat superciliously, as one of those who "de theoriis non admodum solliciti, mechanica quadam subtilitate rerum inventarum extensiones præhendunt."—*Interp. Nat.*, c. 2. It is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that he had come across the MSS. of his works, which were then accessible in college libraries, and appropriated much that he found in them. The circumstantial evidence of this, both in the method of the "De Augmentis," as compared with that of the "Opus Majus" and "Opus Minus," and in details, might be multiplied indefinitely. (See Hallam, "Middle Ages," ii., p. 490; Forster, "Mahometanism Unveiled," ii., pp. 313-16; Whewell, "Philos. of Inductive Sciences," i., pp. 160-9; *Westminster Review*, xxv., p. 538.) The fact that Selden urged Kenelm Digby and Langbaine to edit the scientific treatises of the older Bacon shows that they were attracting the attention of scholars, and Francis would naturally be drawn to read the works of his namesake. (Jebb's Preface to the Opus Majus).

[*] Wood., "Antiq. Univ. Oxon.," and Mr. Brewer's note, p. lxxxv.

[†] "Op. Tert.," c. 3.

[‡] *Ibid.*, c. 20.

The constant quantities in that character,—the merriment and the sins of young men and boys, their sports and games, their fights with the town, their impatience of the slowness or stupidity of those who profess to teach,—we may safely leave to conjecture, nor need we dwell at any length on the outward peculiarities of university life at that period. It is sufficient to note that at that time the monopoly and the magnificence of colleges had no existence; that the town was crowded with lodging-houses and halls;* that th boy-students took their meals together, read manuscript books chained to desks, in libraries without fires; attended lectures, and took notes as they could on the tablets or paper which they bought at the stall of the *stationarius*;† slept three or four in a room which a scullery-maid would scorn, often on truckle-beds spread on the ground below the bedstead of the Magister, in whose Hall they boarded, or with the 'prentices of the tradesmen in whose houses they lodged. Leaving these details of the picture, we have to fix our attention on what was then the great movement of Oxford life, stirring the stagnant waters, drawing to itself the noblest and most earnest hearts, as movements that we have ourselves witnessed have drawn them since.

The year 1224 had been rendered memorable by the arrival in England of the first batch of Franciscan Brothers. Widely as the order had spread abroad, so that not less than 5,000 had attended the great chapter held under the presidency of the founder in 1219 England as yet had known them, if at all, only by repute. They came but few in number (four ecclesiastics and five laymen) from Italy, with no pomp or state, with nothing but the fascination of a self-chosen poverty, and the strength of the "victory that overcometh the world."‡ True as yet to the spirit of their founder, they came to do the work of missionaries among the squalid, foul, depraved population of the towns of Europe, to cope with their vices, their ignorance, their heresies, their unbelief. Whatever view we may take of "the stainless-hearted knight of poverty" whom they revered as their founder, whatever scepticism we may feel as to the *stigmata* which made him like his Lord, we cannot but acknowledge that he and his followers did, in a very real sense, "bear in their body the marks of the Lord Jesus," and give proof of a desire, passionate in its intense earnestness, to revive the type of primitive Christianity.[*] They, too, were content, like the first disciples, to merge all other titles in that of "brethren;" they were *fratres, frères,* friars, and of brethren they were the last and least, *minores,* minorites. They put on no shoes or sandals, but walked over rough stones or sharp thorns with naked and bleeding feet;[†] counted nothing as their own, but had all things common; were attracted not to the castles of kings and nobles, or the stately abbeys and priories of monks, but to the poorest quarters and the meanest houses. With a Christlike sympathy, they took as their special charge those that suffered from the leprosy, which then, as the scourge of God, foul and terrible, was ravaging all Europe. It was the feature in his conversion on which Francis of Assisi himself dwelt with most thankfulness, that he had overcome his natural loathing of the foulness of the leper's form, and had found a sweetness and joy ineffable in ministering to him.[‡] It was the test of fitness for admission into the Order whether the novice could bring himself to this.

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* At the commencement of the fourteenth century there were no fewer than 300 of these *hospitia* in Oxford (Ant. à Wood, a. 1307). It was not till 1231, however, that students were obliged to place themselves under the care of a master at all; and the obligation of *residing* in a hall so governed, or in a college, was not enforced till the beginning of the fifteenth century. When Bacon's Oxford life began, therefore, students had the option of going to one of the *hospitia*, or living in such lodgings as they could find in the private houses of the citizens. Knowing what we do of the limits of old Oxford, and of the mass of students from all countries who flocked thither, it would seem as if there must have been almost as close packing as in our own "casual wards." In the "Canterbury Tales" the scholar of Oxenford lives in the house of a carpenter.

† I am tempted, *àpropos* of this word, to suggest that Bacon's scornful description of his opponents as *theologi stationarii*, which the *Westminster Reviewer* (xxv., p. 543) renders by "conservative divines," may probably have been meant to expose them to contempt as men who were only fit to sell books, not to write them. (See Ducange, s. v.)

‡ The narrative of their arrival is given at length in the interesting book, "De Adventu Minorum," by Thomas of Eccleston, published by Mr. Brewer, in his "Monumenta Franciscana." Five remained at Canterbury, where they had a small cell below a school. There they remained during the day. When school was over they were allowed to go into the schoolroom, gathered round the fire, and ate their meal of hard crust soaked in the

The work of the nine who came to England met with a success as wonderful as that on the Continent had been. Treated, on their first arrival, as beggars and tramps were treated; quartering themselves in a miserable house by a fœtid ditch in Newgate; building a paltry chapel such as a carpenter could put up in a day, they began their work, and called men to share with them the blessedness of divine poverty. In two months' time they had received permission to settle

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muddy dregs of beer mixed with water. The other four went on to London, were received kindly by the Dominicans, hired a house in Cornhill, and ran up cells, with partitions of wattled grass or reeds. (Eccleston, c. 1, 2.)

[*] Mr. Brewer has well brought out, in a few eloquent pages, the character and the services of the Franciscan order. ("Monum. Franc.," Pref., pp. xvii.—xxviii.)

[†] In one instance the sight of the prints of the blood upon the frozen mud and snow, while the friars walked on, joyfully chanting an antiphon, effected a memorable conversion. (Chron. of Lanercost, in "Monum. Franc.," App., p. 632.)

[‡] "Owre Lorde gave unto me, brother Fraunois, thys to begynne and doo penaunce; for why, when I was in the bondage of synne yt was bitter to me, and lothesomme to se and look upon personnys enfect with leopre; but that blessid Lorde brought me amonge them, and I did mercy with them, and I departing from them that before semyd bitter and lothesome, was turned and changed to me into grat swetenesse and comforte bothe of body and of soule." (Testam. of St. Francis, in "Monum. Franc.," App., p. 562.)

at Oxford,* and in spite of prejudice and scorn began their work there. They came not as revivalist preachers only, but as professors of a purer and more evangelic theology, and they were welcomed, not by hot-brained youths alone, but by the most practical ecclesiastics and best scholars of the English Church. Robert Grosseteste, then, at the age of fifty, Archdeacon of Leicester, and rector of St. Margaret's in that town, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln (A.D. 1235-53), gave them, though with some misgivings, a hearty support,† and accepted, in 1224, the year of their arrival, the position of Rector of their house at Oxford.

In the history of the Franciscan Order, as of all religious movements, the first enthusiasm of the founder was soon modified by the varying circumstances in which his followers were placed. The religion which Francis had preached was essentially mystical, ascetic, internal. The possession of books was as much against the spirit of his rules as the possession of money. The only answer he would give to a brother who begged leave to be indulged with one, even if it were but a breviary, was the oft-repeated, "*Ego breviarium*, *Ego breviarium*." They were to be followers of him, even as he sought to be a follower of Christ, and to read in his life the pattern and the law of theirs. But the very exigencies of their work (as Mr. Brewer has well pointed out‡) led them to a higher intellectual culture. They had to minister to the sick, and this called for the study of medicine, and such anatomy and natural history as the time rendered possible. They sought to reclaim those that were sinking into the strange forms of an Eastern heresy, which by a striking Nemesis had crept into Europe as one result of the crusades, and to gain influence over the rising generation, and this made it necessary to meet theologians and scholars with their own weapons, and on their own ground. It was natural enough that they should carry into their new work the same startling boldness as that which had characterized their renunciation of the world's customs, and plunge into the deep abysses of philosophical debate. Within a few years after their establishment at Oxford, Grosseteste had to warn them that unless they adhered more faithfully to the study of Scripture they would degenerate as rapidly as other religious orders had done before them.* Brother Agnellus, the first Provincial Superior of the English houses of the order, was shocked by hearing their younger students at Oxford boldly discussing, though only as a scholastic exercise, the awful question, *Utrum sit Deus.*† The remedy with which he met the growing disease seems singular enough. He bought a copy of the Decretals, and sent it that the friars might study them, and "give over frivolities."

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* They at first hired a house in the parish of St. Ebbe's. This was afterwards secured to them, and enlarged by charters or licences from Henry III. ("Monum. Franc.," App., pp. 615-17.) Traces of their settlement, and that of the Dominicans, are still to be found in that quarter of Oxford, in the names of the Grey Friars, Black Friars' Road, Friar Street, and "The Friar" as the signpost of a tavern.

† The letters of Grosseteste, edited by Mr. Luard as a volume in the series published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, give us full materials for judging of the bishop's estimate of them. In Epp. xxxiv. and lviii. he speaks of their arrival as nothing less than "the light shining on those who sat in the valley of the shadow of death." The wild licence and disorder which prevailed among the many thousand students at Oxford may well have led him to hail any influence that gave promise of a higher moral training. A like feeling led others, at a later period, to found the Colleges which have since monopolized the education of the University.

‡ "Monum. Franc.," pp. xliii—liii.

It was not till the year A.D. 1248 that Bacon became one of the brotherhood, and the gap of twenty years or thereabouts between his first entrance at Oxford and this critical step can hardly be filled up by any but a few meagre facts and uncertain inferences. In the great struggle between Henry III. and his Poitevin favourites on the one side, and Simon de Montfort and the barons on the other side, his family took the side of the King, and later on (*circ.* 1260-67), suffered in fortune and were compelled to leave the country in consequence.‡ The young student took the same side, following his namesake (probably uncle) Robert the Dominican, and in A.D. 1233 gave a singular proof of his having no fear of any man, however high in rank. The King came down to hold his court. Robert, the uncle, preached a sermon which made a sensation, but was thwarted by the intrigues and subtle speech of a certain Petrus de Rupibus (Pierre des Roches), then Bishop of Winchester. The King was holding counsel with his advisers, when the young Roger, then not more than 19 or 20, asked in Latin or French what were the great causes of all shipwrecks; got the answer which he fished for, "Petræ et rupes"—"les pierres et les roches;" and then, having made his point, told the King that he had indeed named his greatest enemy, and the cause of all his failure.§

During these twenty years his life was probably that of a student loving knowledge of all kinds for itself. Merton and Brasenose are both named as having numbered him among their students; but as the former was not founded, as a college, till A.D. 1274, and the latter not till A.D. 1509, all that can be inferred from the tradition, if it is not entirely baseless (the hybrid product of association of ideas between Brazenose and Brazenhead,—a false etymology and a fabulous legend), is that he lived in some private hall or halls (an *hospitium* kept by a Master of Arts for the residence of students) on the sites which those societies afterwards occupied. The years so spent were at all events a time of unremitting labour, and probably the resources of his family enabled him to support himself through them with no distraction but that which he would hardly feel to be such, the work of teaching others what he himself was learning. To Grosseteste he manifestly clung with great reverence and admiration. He found in him one whose skill in mathematics and optics (*perspectiva*) satisfied even his cravings after higher knowledge.[*] If not a thorough Hebrew or Greek scholar himself, the Bishop of Lincoln knew how to encourage those who were, and gathered round him, both at Oxford and his own cathedral city, those who could teach others. In A.D. 1232 he wrote a treatise "De Cessatione Legalium,"[†] specially intended for the conversion of the Jews of England, and what is now the Rolls Court, the scene of Mr. Brewer's labours, was then the site of the *Domus Conversorum*, an asylum founded by him for those who forsook Judaism, and made a profession of Christianity. In that "Home of Converts" many must have been found well versed in the lore of Rabbis, and from them Bacon may well have learnt the knowledge of Hebrew which he unquestionably possessed. Greeks also, and Greek books, were to be found among the men whom the Bishop patronized.[‡] One of these was promoted by him to the parish of St. Alban's, and it was with his help, and that of others, that Grosseteste translated a MS. which seemed to him a precious relic of sacred antiquity. How little any true criticism had been cultivated, how wanting even a man of high culture and ability might be in the power to distinguish between the precious and the base, may be seen in the fact that the book so chosen was that most contemptible of all contemptible *apocrypha*, the "Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs." His next undertaking was hardly better chosen. The English Church owed the Latin translation of the writings falsely ascribed to Dionysius the Areopagite, with all their fantastic dreams, to the practical, earnest, intelligent prelate of Lincoln.

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* Eccleston, c. 24.

† Liber Conform. in "Monum. Franc.," App., p. 634.

‡ "Op. Tert.," c. 3.

§ Matt. Paris, p. 265.

To Grosseteste also Bacon may have owed the passionate fondness for music, and the pure taste, rejecting all that was false and meretricious in it, of which we find so many indications in his writings. Like the late Bishop Blomfield in many other things,—in his restless activity, his zeal for ecclesiastical reform, his love of power, his conflicts with deans and chapters, his hearty co-operation in a movement which he never would have originated, because he saw in it, though not without some forebodings of evil, a preponderant element of good,—that prelate resembled him also in finding in music his chief refreshment and delight.

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[*] "Solus unus scivit scientias, ut Lincolniensis Episcopus."—*Op. Tert.*, c. 10. "Scivit mathematicam et perspectivam, et potuit omnia scire."—*Ibid.*, c. 25.

[†] The object of the book, as the title implies, was to prove that the law of Moses had passed away, partly fulfilled, partly abrogated by the Gospel.

[‡] "Non bene scivit linguas ut transferret nisi circa ultimum vitæ suæ, quando vocavit Græcos, et fecit libros grammaticæ Græcæ de Græcia et aliis congregari."—*Op. Tert.*, c. 25. So *Compend Stud.*. c. 6.

> "He lovèd much to here the harpe,
> For mannys wytte hyt makith sharpe." *

By night and day he had minstrels in attendance; and their music served both to refresh him in his weariness, and waken new trains of thought. Partly to what Bacon had thus observed in him,—partly to what he had known in his own experience, we may ascribe the fondness with which he recurs again and again to the connection between music and prophecy, as seen in the history of Elisha. Other and yet loftier thoughts will come before us hereafter.

In yet another characteristic feature there was a strong resemblance between the master and the scholar. The name of Aristotle was not yet that of a lord paramount of philosophy, and though some of his philosophical writings (Latin translations from the Arabic) were introduced at Oxford, Grosseteste cared little for any of them except the Ethics. Of all others, we have Bacon's testimony that "my Lord Robert entirely neglected the books of Aristotle, . . . and knew and wrote about those things which those books teach a hundred thousand times better than can be learnt from miserable translations."

Other teachers and students at Oxford may yet be named as contributing to the general intellectual activity of the place: Robert Bacon, the uncle of Roger, already mentioned; William of Fitzacre, who wrote "postillæ pulcherrimæ" on the first seventy psalms; possibly the two whom Bacon speaks of as the ablest mathematicians he ever knew,—John of London,† and Peter of Maharncuria;‡ probably a younger brother, whom he speaks of as having been a scholar with him, and certainly Adam de Marisco, Adam of the Marsh, the friend, counsellor, and correspondent of the Bishop of Lincoln, one of the English provincial directors of the Franciscan Order—one of the five whom Bacon recognised as the only perfect philosophers in the history of the world, the others being Solomon, Aristotle, Avicenna, and Grosseteste himself. There, too, though we have no trace of any

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* Robert de Brunne, quoted by Mr. Halliwell in his preface to Grosseteste's "Castle of Love." The poem itself is a mystical allegory on the Incarnation, the castle being the body of the Blessed Virgin.

† John of London has been identified by Jebb and other writers with John Peckham, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury; but M. Charles proves clearly, I think, that he must have belonged to an earlier generation. Still less can we identify him, as some have carelessly done, though Bacon describes him as a *magister*, with the boy Joannes, who had only been one year learning mathematics when Bacon wrote his three great treatises.

‡ M. Charles adopts the reading "Mahariscuria," and identifies it with Maricourt in Picardy. This, and the way in which Bacon speaks of him, would make it probable that the acquaintance began in Paris rather than Oxford. (Charles, p. 18.)

personal contact with him, must have been Edmund Rich, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, a zealous Dominican, famous then for his lectures on Aristotle, yet more famous afterwards for the meekness, self-denial, asceticism, which gave him a place in the calendar of English saints.

It is probable enough that, during this period of his life, he passed from the lectures of Oxford to those of Paris. Such changes were indeed looked on as almost indispensable for any completeness in the study of philosophy. The fame of individual lecturers was high in proportion to the scarcity of books, and the student had to supply the defects of one place by the special excellences of another.* It is certain that Bacon speaks of Paris, throughout his writings, as a place he had known many years, notes the defects in its individual teachers, and speaks with something of the bitterness of disappointment or rivalry of one of them who distanced all others in fame or popularity. Here, at this time, he may have listened to the teaching of Albert the Great, who came to Paris in 1243, and gave lectures on the Sentences of Peter Lombard. Here he may have come into contact with Albert's taciturn, meditative pupil, Thomas of Aquinum, then known by his companions as the "dumb ox of Sicily,"† of whom his master predicted that his bellowings would one day be heard over the world; and with the friend, Pierre de Maricourt, of Picardy, who was to be afterwards the companion of his labours—the one man whose labours were co-extensive in their range with his own, and to whom he looked as to an *alter ego*, above himself, with an almost idolatrous reverence, while he spoke with scorn of Albert and Aquinas, and the general of his own order, Bonaventura.

After some years—probably, as has been said, about twenty—thus spent, he took the step which was the great turning-point of his life, and became one of the Franciscan brotherhood. It is recorded as a noticeable fact in his case, as in that of some others, that instead of passing through any period of probation, he made his profession as a friar on the very day of his admission.‡ The step was said to have been taken by Grosseteste's advice; and some facts, which were nearly contemporaneous with it, suggest the probable motives which may have led the Bishop to give such counsel. It was the year of Robert Bacon's death, and the eager, daring student had lost the guidance of the more sober learning and the more earnest devotion of his kinsman's character. Grosseteste himself, immersed in his diocesan business, was no longer able to keep the same watch over the young scholar, who had first followed and then outstripped him in mathematics and physics, in Hebrew and in Greek. It may have seemed to him that such a character needed the discipline of obedience, and would be the better for some restraint upon the boundless profusion in the purchase of books and instruments, and in working experiments, which made him impoverish himself, and become an importunate borrower of his friends.[*] He might well think also that, as the man of science would be the better for the Order, so the Order would, in its turn, be the better for the presence of the student. The disputes of the Franciscan brothers at Oxford had become matters of notoriety; and John of Parma, then General of the Order, had found it necessary to direct a Chapter to be summoned, for the purpose of restoring peace.[†] Even the story of the *stigmata* had come to be doubted, and one of the brothers had to testify, "*Isti oculi peccatores ea viderunt et istæ manus peccatrices contrectaverunt.*" One who remembered the good that had been effected when the Order was in the glow of its first love, may well have hoped that Bacon's burning love of knowledge would tend to keep it from degenerating into idleness and ignorance—would keep up the intellectual life, without which the wise Bishop foresaw it would become a by-word and reproach.

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* An obscure note in an old MS., quoted by Antony à Wood, speaks of his having been a disciple of Albert the Great. I do not find any direct proof of this in Bacon's own writings; but his mention of the German Franciscan, Bertholdt, and of Hermann ("Op. Tert.," c. 25), makes it probable that he may have travelled to Cologne or Regensburg, or he may have heard Albert, as suggested in the text, at Paris.

† The epithet is noticeable as showing that the name Sicily was then popularly used of the continental provinces of the kingdom of Naples as well as of the island. The Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, now merged in that of Italy, preserved the memory of the fact.

‡ "Monum. Franc.," App., p. 550.

For a time, probably, the experiment seemed to answer. Grosseteste, though chiefly at Lincoln, was still able to protect him, and Adam de Marisco, the friend and correspondent of the Bishop, himself a Franciscan, and, like Grosseteste, an able scholar and mathematician, was still at Oxford as a teacher. The reverence and gratitude with which Bacon always speaks of them excludes the probability of his having suffered anything at the hands of his brother Franciscans whilst they continued to exercise any influence over the actions of the Order. But the Bishop, after his memorable conflict with the Pope, died in 1254. Adam de Marisco followed him in 1257; and then there was an immediate change for the worse in his treatment and position.

In the year just named he passed from Oxford to Paris; and this time the absence was prolonged for at least ten years.[‡] The migration may have been in part a consequence of the political changes which drove his brother and other members of his family into exile.

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[*] It is difficult for us to conceive and enter into the passionate eagerness for books of the students of this period. Bacon had his agents (*mediatores*) in all parts of Europe, and tried in vain, for twenty years, to get the works of Seneca, and Cicero's treatise "De Republica."

[†] Eccleston, c. 12.

[‡] "Jam á decem annis exulantem."—*Op. Tert*, c. 1.

It may have been that the Oxford Franciscans found him unmanageable, and thought he would be more under control at Paris. The years of his exile were, at all events, a time of mortification and disappointment.

The Franciscan vow of poverty was in itself a great hindrance to the purchase of books and the performance of experiments. So long as he was employed by the Order in the work of teaching, his expenditure may have been sanctioned or connived at. But it was in the power of the General, or his Provincial Deputy, at any time to bring the rule of the Order in all its rigour upon a refractory member, to limit or forbid the possession of books, to refuse any money for experiments. Under a discipline of this kind the martyr of science was now placed.[*] Few complaints are more piteous than those which are poured out in almost every page of his three great works, telling too plainly of a life of daily worry and mortification. Experiments could not be performed without great expense: books and parchment were very costly; division of labour required capital. He had spent 2,000 *livres*[†] upon such things in the time when he had money of his own. Who would help him now? What prince or prelate would come forward and supply the money by the help of which science would be brought to its perfection?

Nor was this the only grievance. He had given himself chiefly to the canon law. At Paris all honour and profit were on the side of the teachers of the civil law, and he was passed over and neglected.[‡] His own scientific teaching was slighted, and the world of students ran with a blind devotion after a teacher upon whom he looked as a shallow pretender, neglecting all that was important in a true philosophy, dogmatizing where knowledge was impossible.[*] To feel himself superior in wisdom to all around, and find them preferred before him,—to see his knowledge of Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, slighted whilst their miserable Latin was applauded,—to compare his encyclopædaic learning, extending in all directions, to metallurgy, chemistry, agriculture, jugglers' tricks, alchemy, and magic, with their narrow ignorance,—to spend many months in constructing a burning mirror,[†] and crystal spheres, and astronomical tables, and to see that no one cared about them,—to feel that he stood alone on the pinnacle of the highest and most mysterious science, and ought to have been honoured by kings and princes, while he was only a mendicant friar, suspected and worried by his brothers,—this must have been the great and bitter trial of his life. He might persuade himself that he did not care for the prizes he had lost, that the tranquillity which knowledge brought was a compensation for them, but the soreness remained, and showed itself conspicuously as soon as the opportunity occurred.

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[*] "A me jam omnibus inaudito, et velut jam sepulto et oblivione deleto."—*Op. Tert.*, c. 1. "Facta est constitutio gravis . . . . sub præcepto, et pœnâ amissionis libri, et jejunio in pane et aquâ pluribus diebus."—*Ibid.*, c. 2.

It gives a painful interest to this portion of his life to remember that this rigorous treatment must have had the sanction of the "seraphic" Bonaventura, then General of the Franciscan Order (1257-74), and its ruling mind at Paris. St. Louis was reigning during the whole of it (1226-70), and yet the only reference to any public event in Bacon's writings is a passionate wish that his burning mirrors might be tried against the Saracens in the defence of Acre.—*Ibid.*, c. 36.

[†] The statement that he spent £2,000 in experiments has been repeated again and again by biographers, and is given by Mr. Brewer in his marginal analysis. This, however, would convey the impression of gold coins of the weight of the modern pound, and this, in the time of Henry III., would have been an enormous amount. The *libra* of which Bacon speaks, like the later French *livre*, was a silver coin, about the size of the more modern *franc*. Its equivalent in modern money would of course be ascertained in the usual way, by reference to the price of bread and the wages of labour.

[‡] The bitterness with which he speaks against the civilians is the least pleasing feature in his writings. "The study of the civil law is destroying the Church of God." "Through it the whole world lieth in wickedness." "Its doctors hold all benefices and offices, and the jurists of the sacred canon are left to starve." He could wish that "all priests who occupied themselves in it should be set to the only tasks they were fit for, as carpenters or cobblers." ("Compend. Stud.," c. 4; "Op. Tort.," c. 24.)

One consolation of a truer and better kind remained to him in the friend who has been already named, Pierre de Maricourt. There he found one whose heart was like his own. Again and again he speaks of him, without naming him, in terms that fit in so closely with all we know of Bacon himself, that the reader is half inclined to look upon the formula as chosen for the purpose of disguising and yet expressing his opinion of his own merits. Pierre, with John of London, ranks highest of mathematicians; he does not care for strifes of words, but seeks after true wisdom and rests in it. All the world would follow him if he would but court it, but his whole joy is in experimental science, and therefore he neglects all honour and riches. He sees in daylight what others see in twilight; has spent three years in constructing a burning mirror, which, "by the grace of God," was just finished when Bacon wrote. He has been occupied for forty years (the exact date which Bacon gives for his own studies) in the text and literal interpretation of the Scriptures. He does not scorn the claims of soothsayers and wizards, would be ashamed to be ignorant of anything that a peasant might know of agriculture, or a soldier of war, or an old woman of household matters. He, too, is hindered by the heavy expenses of experiments and books.[*] Might we not well think we were looking at Bacon's own portrait? Is there not a subtle, unconscious egotism in the delight with which he dwells on the features of a character so like his own?

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[*] In the "Op. Tert.," c. 9, he dwells at great length on the evil which such a teacher was doing, but does not name him, and English editors have not as yet ventured on a conjectural identification. I trust I shall not be thought too bold if I hazard one, however startling it may at first seem. The facts which Bacon states in reference to this teacher, whom he manifestly dares not name, are, (1) that he was then living; (2) that he had an authority in doctrine such as no one ever had before; (3) that the special ground of this authority was that his philosophy was looked on as exhaustive; (4) that he omitted all that Bacon thought most important—science mathematical and physical, and linguistic studies; (5) that he was quoted, though still living, as men might quote Aristotle or Averroes; (6) that he had not been educated at Paris; (7) that his followers claimed for him a special revelation. There was but one teacher known to us as teaching at Paris at this time (1253-72), in whom all these statements meet, and that one was Thomas of Aquinum. I cannot resist the conclusion that this hitherto obscure and almost unnoticed passage is a solemn protest on the part of the student of physical science and biblical criticism, against the science, "falsely so called," of the "Summa Theologiæ." In the "Opus Minus" he seems to allude (p. 330) to the very title of the book. "All questions that are worth anything *in omnibus Summis et Sententiis* might be discussed better from the text of Scripture." It is noticeable that he speaks with somewhat of the same scorn of Albert the Great, the Master of Aquinas ("Op. Tert.," c. 2), and M. Charles (p. 109) quotes from an unpublished MS., in which he joins the two together, and applies to Thomas the epithets "*vir erroneus et famosus.*" M. Charles himself (pp. 105-9) is disposed, following M. Cousin, to refer all the strong language which Bacon uses of the unnamed teacher to Albert, on the ground that the fame of Aquinas had not reached its height when Bacon wrote. It may be urged, however, on the other side, that Albert had been so short a time at Paris (1243-5), that there could hardly have been any rivalry between him and Bacon, and that Thomas had risen before 1267 into immense popularity. Bacon's reticence as to the name of the latter is intelligible enough. It is almost inexplicable as to the former.

[†] "Op. Tert.," c. 13.

With this friendship there was also the delight of influencing and guiding others. Thwarted by the men of his own standing, he turned to the young, in whom he found an eager love of knowledge like his own, and gathered them by twos and threes around him. To rescue such as these from poverty and ignorance, to impart to them all that he had to teach, to feel half delighted and half jealous at the rapidity of their progress,[†] to train them to construct diagrams or perform experiments, to watch over their religious life, and keep them pure in the midst of the fathomless impurity by which the University of Paris was then tainted,[‡] this was the best and noblest comfort he could have. To me this sympathy with the young, this hope in their future, this power to live again in their energy and progress, and find his joy in their gratitude and affection, is by far the most noble and admirable element in Bacon's character. Even the prophet of a science yet to come falls into the background, and we see the living and the loving man.

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[*] "Op. Tert.," c. 12, 13, 20, 25, 36.

[†] There is something half ludicrous in the alternation of the two feelings. Now the boy student at the age of twenty, "me senem in multis transcendit." He has learnt from him that "cum simplicibus est sermocinatio Dei." ("Op. Maj.," p. 15.) But then again he is sure that, old as he is, if he did but set himself to the work, he could learn more in a day than the boy could in a week." ("Op. Tert.," c. 20. See also c. 17.)

[‡] How deep-dyed the evil may be inferred from the fact that many theologians of eminence at Paris were banished from the kingdom for the very foulest crimes. ("Compend. Stud.") A like horrible description is given, in the Prologue to Wiclif's translation of the Bible (Forshall and Madden, i., p. 51), of the state of Oxford in his time. Yet, in the midst of all this, Bacon had found by a manifold experience, "in multis juvenibus mundis," that purity of life and love of wisdom went hand in hand together. ("Op. Maj.," p. 447.) So in the "Compendium Studii" (c. 2) he quotes from Averroes the saying that "though all virtues are necessary for the attainment of wisdom, *tamen castitas maxime requiritur.*"

There was yet another feature in that character, without which our view of his life would be incomplete. In a remarkable passage at the close of the "Opus Tertium," the importance of which has escaped the notice even of Mr. Brewer and M. Charles, he speaks of the preachers of his time, and complains of their manifold defects. Even bishops were content to borrow the sermons of young and ignorant friars, and the result was an "infinita puerilis stultitia et vilificatio sermonis Dei." But there were some marked exceptions, and there might be as infinite a gain. Conspicuous among these exceptions, doing more good alone than all other friars of both Orders (Dominican and Franciscan) did together, was a certain "Frater Bertholdus Alemannus." So the book ends abruptly. Either because he has brought it to its close, or because there is something that kindles his feeling, he adds solemnly, "Deo Gratias. Amen. Amen. Amen."

It will surely help us to understand Bacon better if we can get at some knowledge of the preacher who alone seemed to him to fulfil the apostolical ideal of a teacher and evangelist,—who helped to raise, strengthen, and it may be, tranquillize the mind so vexed and distracted,—who then, or later, may have led him from the care and trouble about many things to the one thing needful. As painted by Neander[*] and Kling,[†] the portrait of this Bertholdt, the Franciscan, is like that of the great saint of Assisi in all that was essentially good, without the wildness and extravagance by which his life was disfigured. Starting from Regensburg (*Ratisbon*) and Augsburg, he went preaching to immense multitudes in Austria, Bohemia, Thuringia, with the old prophetic power, speaking simple, earnest words that went to the hearts of men, pierced them, and drew forth their secrets. The forerunner of men like Tauler and à Kempis, the burden of his preaching was evermore of love,—the love of God in Christ, the life of the love of God in the soul. The poor found in him sympathy and comfort; the young, guidance and a father's care. His words were as a torch, and his mouth as a sharp sword, against all hypocrisy and formalism. Tindal was not stronger in his protest against a religion of mere outward mortification.[‡] Luther hardly equalled the burning zeal with which he protested against indulgences. That such a man should have been brought into contact with Bacon, —that the one should have admired and rejoiced in the teaching of the other,—is surely a fact which throws light on the characters and lives of both.

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[*] "Church History," viii. 81 (*Eng. transl.*).

[†] Herzog's "Real-Enkyklopädie:" art. "Bertholdt."

[‡] Neander, *l. c.:* "It was better," so Bertholdt taught, "to eat half an ox on Good Friday than to deceive one's neighbour in anything, however trifling." His work, as protesting against the corrupt practices of the Church of Rome, has been recently brought before English readers in Dr. Pusey's *Eirenicon* (p. 201).

So his life must have passed on in much weariness and vexation till the event which gave him, as it seemed, the golden opportunity he had so long desired, and without which all our knowledge of him would have been vague and indistinct. In A.D. 1264, Cardinal Guido di Fulcodi (Guy de Foulques, to give his French name), Bishop of Sabina, was elected Pope, under the name of Clement IV. In the course of his ecclesiastical career he had visited England with a legatine commission, and had, at Oxford or elsewhere, heard of Bacon. Something there may have been of real sympathy with the struggles of the student,—some feeling that he had been misunderstood and ill-used,—some hope that his own name might become conspicuous in the annals of the Papacy by its association with the revival and expansion of a true philosophy. Whatever motives may have prompted him, the result was a letter sent, of course, by special messengers, in answer to an application, bidding him write fully as to the evils of which he had apparently spoken in the letter to which the papal rescript was an answer, and set forth his remedies. The letter is dry and formal enough.* It probably passed from the Pope's secretary as a piece of official routine in the course of twenty minutes. Few documents could have been more tantalizing and vexing, holding out hopes which met the yearning of the friar's heart,—crushing them with the most embarrassing conditions. He was to write a full survey of all theology, philosophy, experimental science, and to do this without delay; and not a penny was contributed for the books, parchments, instruments, helpers, transcribers, that were indispensable. The Pope had spoken as if all he had to do were to send a fair copy of a book already written; and he had nothing in his possession but fragments and memoranda. The rule of his Order forbade, as has been said, the communication of anything written by a brother to any one of the outer world, under pain of forfeiture of the book and many days' fasting on bread and water; and the Pope had charged him to go on with his work, *non obstante* any such rule, and yet had clogged that dispensation with the incompatible condition of entire secrecy. We can picture easily enough the struggles that followed. The friar's mind and cell are noticed as giving signs of an unwonted and unaccountable activity.[*] His brethren press upon him hotly, urging obedience to the constitution of their order, and putting a stop to his compilation of astronomical tables, and he dares not tell them of the Pope's letter. He wants money—60 *livres* at least,—and has none of his own; and his brother, already impoverished by the troubles in England, cannot lend. He goes to many friends, still unable to reveal his secret, asking money for some unknown enterprise, and meets, as might be expected, with refusals, excuses, and delays.[†] Baffled elsewhere, he turns to those who had most regard for him—the poor scholars whom he had gathered round him,—and persuades them to lend what they have, to sell their small stores and lend the produce, to pawn at a high rate of interest what they did not sell, and to lend what they thus obtained. To them, it would seem, he dared to reveal his secret, and buoyed them up with the hope that an exact account would be kept, and that they would one day be repaid out of the papal treasury. Under these difficulties, either at Paris or at Oxford,[‡] he set about his task. With a wide-reaching scheme and a memory stored with an encyclopædaic knowledge, he wrote three great treatises—each of which might well have been the work of half a lifetime—in less than fifteen months.

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* The text is given as an introduction to the "Opus Tertium" in Mr. Brewer's edition. Bacon had sent his letter by a knight, William de Bonecor, who seems to have known enough of his plans and studies to be able to supplement the letter by verbal communications, and so stimulate the Pope's curiosity.

The structure of the treatises in question presents a strange union of love of system and defective power of organizing, which has perhaps its nearest analogue in the mind of Coleridge. They are not consecutive, neither are they independent. Full of all the thoughts which have been brooding in his mind for years; burning with scorn for the *asininities* (his favourite word in speaking of them) of the pedants who eclipsed him; full of discoveries, conjectures, speculations in every region of knowledge, from ontology to optics, from magic to music,—he pours it all out with inexhaustible fluency, and so completes a volume—the "Opus Majus"—which, in

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[*] The glowing heat of Bacon's language tempts one to write on the margin of his page, with somewhat of the sad irony of the Preacher, the words "*Vanitas vanitatum.*" In the accession of a Pope who could write such a letter, he sees the dawn of brighter days for the Church,—the emancipation of theology from ignorance and doubt,—the reunion of Christendom,—the defeat or conversion of the Saracens,—the triumph of a true philosophy,—the prospect of reward for merit long hidden and oppressed.—*Op. Tert.*, c. 1, 2, 24.

[†] "Op. Tert.," c. 3.

[‡] M. Charles, with a legitimate national pride, claims Paris as the scene of these labours, as well as of the ten years' exile. I incline, however—partly from the way in which he speaks of Paris and France, as one who is writing of places in which he has been, not of those in which he is,—partly from the intercourse with his brother, and from the greater freedom which he must clearly have enjoyed in order to be able to write these books at all,—to the belief that, at some interval after his reception of the Pope's first letter, he obtained leave of absence, and returned to Oxford. He is at least said to have been there in 1267, the year in which the "Opus Tertium" was finished.—(Ant. à Wood, "Antiq. Oxon.," a. 1292.) Here I am glad to find the *Westminster Reviewer* agreeing with me.

Dr. Jebb's edition, occupies not less than 460 folio pages, and which Dr. Whewell has well described as being, in its width and fulness, at once the "Encyclopædia and the Novum Organon of the thirteenth century." His favourite pupil, the boy Joannes, whom he has rescued from ignorance and misery, and who under his teaching has made within a year a progress which seemed to him almost supernatural, is at his side throughout, entrusted with verbal explanations, with Hebrew and Greek alphabets, with crystal spheres, and geometrical instruments to illustrate *perspectiva*, ready to inform the Pope on all matters on which he might want information.*

The work is finished, but not despatched. The boy is still with him. It occurs to him that the Pope will need yet further guidance in threading his way through the labyrinth of all knowledge. He must write another book to tell him what was best worth reading in the first, to epitomize and select, in case he should not have time to read the whole, to supply more fully the remedies which might yet be applied to the diseases by which all theology and philosophy were infected. So, going over much of the same ground as he had traversed before, dwelling with greater fulness on Biblical criticism and alchemy, discussing the connection between the Hebrew *arrhabon* and the Roman *arrha*, the right rendering of the names of clean and unclean beasts in Leviticus, and the properties of gold and silver, lead and tin, he writes the "Opus Minus." This might have served for any Pope's intellectual digestion. But the fevered mind of the writer was still restless, haunted with a sense of incompleteness. The boy Joannes had not yet started.† There was yet time to explain the causes of the incompleteness of which he was so painfully conscious, —of the delay of which the Pope might probably complain. Neither wearied nor satiated, he begins an "Opus Tertium," pours out his never-ceasing wail as to "expenses," shows in what relation the "Opus Minus" stands to the "Opus Majus," is sure the Pope will be glad of an "Introduction" and a "Compendium," once again goes over the whole ground, with the enthusiasm of a passionate love of knowledge, with something also of the absorbing egotism of a solitary thinker looking from his high pinnacle on the wanderers below. So the work grows more full and autobiographical in its character than either of the former treatises, diverging towards its close into new and elaborate discussions on Latin prosody and the reformation of the Calendar. It ends with complaints of the degeneracy of church music and church preaching, and with the striking mention of the Franciscan Bertholdt already noticed.

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* "Op. Maj.," *ad fin.*; "Op. Tert.," c. 19.

† This is, I think, clear beyond the shadow of a doubt. The same youth is spoken of in the "Opus Majus" and the "Opus Tertium," the same account given of him. In the former, however, *two* youths are mentioned as about to travel together (p. 447), and it is, I admit, a probable supposition that the other, whose name is not given, had been sent off with the "Opus Majus."

What effect the three books had on the mind of Clement, whether indeed he ever read or ever received them, we do not know. What became of the boy Joannes,* who gave such promise of being at once an à Kempis and an Aristotle, is equally buried in darkness. Even over Bacon's own life, in the twenty-eight years that followed, there hangs considerable obscurity. If the contents of the books got wind they were sure to raise a host of enemies among the bishops, friars, civilians, teachers, at Paris and elsewhere, of whom he had spoken with such boundless scorn. The fact that he had written them at the Pope's request, and was under his protection, may have given him some safety during the short remainder of Clement's pontificate, and he seems to have returned to Oxford, and resumed his residence there in the "house" of the Franciscans.† It is probably to this period of his life that we must refer the commencement of his English reputation, among his friends as the *Doctor Mirabilis*, and among the peasants of Oxfordshire as a sorcerer. A tower that used to stand on the bridge over the Thames on the Abingdon Road‡ was known for centuries as Friar Bacon's study, and may, possibly enough, though apparently constructed as part of the fortifications of the town, have been used by him as a more convenient observatory than the "house" in St. Ebbe's. It is also natural to infer from the popular legends, that he found in Thomas Bungey, another brother of the Order (possibly Peckham's predecessor in the office of Provincial Minister), one who shared and sympathized with his scientific and critical labours. Bungey's influence (if we accept the identification) may have sheltered him from annoyance till circ. 1275, when Peckham succeeded him. But the death of Clement, in 1268, deprived him of one protector, and in 1274, Bonaventura was succeeded in his generalship by Jerome of Ascoli; and with that change the troubles of Bacon's life seem to have been renewed, and to have fallen thick upon him.

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* Antony à Wood, strangely enough, identifies him with Joannes of London, whom Bacon names as a mathematician of mature age and established reputation. But the boy is always spoken of as having been trained at Paris, and John of London was a *magister* when Bacon wrote. Mr. Brewer seems half disposed to accept the conjecture that he was John Peckham, who became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1279. Here there are some points of agreement. Peckham was a Franciscan, had the repute of being a good mathematician, and wrote a treatise on perspective. But against this there is the fact that the boy Joannes would not have been more than thirty-one when Peckham became archbishop, and that Peckham, who was born in 1240, would have been twenty-seven at the time when Bacon speaks of the boy Joannes as scarcely twenty. I own that I should be sorry were the identification to be completed. It is pleasanter to think of the young disciple as passing out of sight, we know not how or where, than as rising to the highest post of honour in the English Church, and doing nothing for the master who had done so much for him. As Peckham filled for some years the office of treasurer to Pope Nicolas III., he must, on this conjecture, have taken an official part in the condemnation of his teacher.—(Collier, "Church Hist.," ii., p. 605.) Dean Hook, it may be mentioned, does not notice either this conjecture or that which identifies Peckham with Bacon's John of London, in his life of the Archbishop.

† Ant. à Wood.

‡ The tower referred to was destroyed in 1825, when the new Folly Bridge took the place of the old.

If any restraint had been placed on him at Oxford, it seems to have gone no further than a limitation of his work in teaching. Jerome seems to have determined on more vigorous measures. It may be that with the causes supplied directly by his own writings, there mingled suspicions, which much in Bacon's habits of study might give countenance to, that he was dabbling with occult science, learning Saracen sorcery as well as Arab philosophy.* He seems to have been recalled to Paris circ. 1278, and shortly afterwards a chapter of the Franciscan Order was summoned, his doctrine was condemned, apparently with the studied vagueness which has characterized so many ecclesiastical censures, as new and suspicious ("continentem aliquas novitates suspectas"†), and he was sentenced to imprisonment. The sentence was confirmed by Pope Nicolas III., and the condemnation must, therefore, have fallen within the limits of his pontificate, A.D. 1277—1280. An obscure and not very accurate notice indicates another condemnation under Raymund of Gandolfi,‡ who succeeded Jerome as General of the Franciscan Order in 1289; and as Jerome himself had passed to the throne of St. Peter, under the title of Nicolas IV., it is probable enough that there was a fresh rigour in Bacon's treatment. The story that he appealed to his former persecutor, and wrote his treatise "De Retardandâ Senectute" to conciliate his favour, has little to recommend it.

The confinement to which he was thus sentenced fell, let us remember, on one who had passed the bourne of threescore years and ten, whose whole life had been given to a passionate pursuit of knowledge, to almost as passionate a craving for sympathy. When it closed (the death of Nicolas IV., in A.D. 1291, may perhaps have had something to do with the mitigation of his treatment), they left him broken and worn, at the age of seventy-eight. To those who cannot shake off the feeling which leads them to delight in gathering round the University in which they have themselves studied, all memories of the great men of a remote past, there will be some interest in the thought that he returned to close his life in the city in which it had taken its great forward spring, which was filled with the recollections of his best friends and truest teachers. We can but make the effort to imagine that ending. The old man, after his long imprisonment, started on his weary journey. Once again the house of the Franciscans in St. Ebbe's parish, at Oxford, received him. There were yet some months of peace for him. True to the end to the spirit of unresting labour, his last strength was given to writing the "Compendium Studii," one of his most masterly and finished treatises. On the Eve of St. Barnabas, 1292 (Midsummer Eve, as the calendar then stood), he passed away, and was buried in the Grey Friars' churchyard. How far the old man's spirit influenced the teachers who were then rising into repute and activity we have but scanty materials for judging. On the one hand, his name was doubtless cast out as evil, and his teaching feared; and for a long time afterwards, it is said, his books were nailed to their shelves, that no friar might be endangered by his "suspected novelties." On the other, it is hard to believe that there were not some among the more intrepid spirits of his own Order, or of the wider circle of Oxford students, to look up to him with interest and reverence. There, in the last decade of the thirteenth century, was Duns Scotus, the "*subtilissimus*" of all the "doctors" of the schools. There, but a little later, also of the same Order, was William of Ockham, the boldest teacher of Nominalism, the one schoolman whom Luther admitted into his library, and Fox the martyrologist admired. There too, also at Merton, the college of Scotus and Ockham, was Bradwardine, Archbishop of Canterbury in 1349, the great reviver of Augustinian theology in the Church of England. When Wycliffe went to Oxford, circ. 1340, he must have found many who had known Bacon, and might have inherited from him the spirit of textual criticism and literal interpretation.

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* See the defence of astrology, if practised by persons of adequate knowledge, and of the use of charms and incantations in sickness as means for working on the patient's imagination.—("De Secret.," c. 2.)

† Chron. of Antoninus, archbishop of Florence, iii., p. 779, quoted by Mr. Brewer, p. xciii.

‡ Mr. Brewer's Preface, p. xcv.

My present limits forbid any full inquiry into his merits as a scientific writer. Whether he really anticipated the inductive method which takes its name from his great namesake, or only had a like love for physical experiments; whether he looked with like scorn upon the sovereignty of Aristotle, or threw his contempt only on the bad translations through which alone the "master of those who know" was then accessible to students of philosophy; whether his strangely prophetic words as to a time when ships should be propelled without sails, and carriages without horses, when men should fly in the air with artificial wings, and bridges be thrown across rivers without arches or piers, came only from the vision of a dreamer, or showed a real insight into the possibility of controlling and utilizing the expansive power of steam, and other appliances of mechanism; whether he was the first to familiarize his countrymen with the explosive force of gunpowder, and the construction of telescopic lenses,—these are questions which must for the present be left undiscussed.*

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* "De Secret.," c. 4 and 6; "Op. Maj.," p. 337.

I can pass them over with the less regret, because they have already been popularized for the general reader by Sir Francis Palgrave, in "The Merchant and the Friar," and brought before the student by Dr. Whewell, in his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences" (I., 160), and Mr. Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages" (c. ix.). Those who wish for a yet more complete survey of his labours will find it in M. Charles's volume, and in two able articles in the *Westminster Review*, vol. xxv., already referred to. Two isolated facts of some interest may be mentioned here as less generally known,—(1) that his researches with a view to the reformation of the disorders of the calendar were the starting-point, by a traceable though unacknowledged derivation, of the labours of Copernicus;* and (2) that one among his geographical guesses anticipates the recent hypothesis of an open sea near the North Pole, with a comparatively temperate climate.†

For a like reason I must abstain from any estimate of his teaching in its bearing upon the controversies which, to the minds of his contemporaries, though hardly, we must think, to his own, were of so infinite an importance. What gave to universals their universality, or determined the individuation of individual things? Was there one common material substance, differenced only into genera and species by the varying forms impressed upon it? What were these forms that constituted the essence of each single thing, making it what it was? Were they capable of being apprehended by themselves, apart from the individual objects in which they inhered? Was the "sensitive soul" of man essentially different from that of brutes, or was there present, with a soul like theirs, a divine light, a power supernatural? In such wandering mazes men might entangle themselves for ever, and the history of the Nominalist and Realist controversies shows how inexhaustible was the subtle tissue of speculations, how fierce and hot the passions that gathered round it. All that we can note is that here also Bacon's position was unique. His love of experimental science led him to feel that all true knowledge must begin from individual facts, and so he was guarded against living in a cloudland of universals, or thinking of the essential forms of species or genera, as themselves objects of contemplation, or fit to be the starting-point of *à priori* reasoning. So far he anticipates, often almost verbally, the Nominalism of Ockham. But, on the other hand, there was a mystical element in his character which brought him nearer to Augustine, and saved him from the scepticism into which Nominalism sometimes passed. He rejected the popular psychology of his time, and fell back on the higher teaching of William of Auvergne. "Man's mind by itself, the *intellectus passibilis*,[*] has but a potential receptivity of true knowledge. It gets that from the *intellectus agens*, and this is none other than the 'light that lighteth every man,' no *part* of man's soul, but indwelling and abiding with it." He quotes, with obvious delight, the answer once given by his old master, Adam de Marisco, when pressed hard on this point by the Friars who disputed round him, that "the *intellectus agens* was none other than the raven of Elijah," *sc.*, "*Deus vel angelus*," a supernatural and divine visitant.[†] Equally striking, as showing a capacity for profound thought in the mystical direction, is his acceptance of the doctrine that the distinction between Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven is not local, and that the change of the soul in passing from one to another is one of state rather than of place.[‡]

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* Copernicus was set to work by Leo X., in consequence of a treatise on the Calendar, submitted to him by the Bishop of Sempronia, and this was a direct plagiarism of what Bacon had said on the subject in his "Opus Tertium."—(Ant. à Wood., *Ant. Oxon.*, a. 1292.)

† "Op. Tert.," c. 37.

More striking and interesting for us are his views on ethical and political philosophy. Living when the three forces that governed all things were Despotism, Feudalism, and the Papacy, he, in his dreams of an ideal state, constructed an elective monarchy, with the right of deposition in the people.[§] Acknowledging the whole sum of the Church's doctrine, he yet recognised that the ethical teaching of heathen thinkers had often presented a higher standard than that of Christian divines. While he lifts up his voice against contaminating the minds of youth by the base and prurient literature of ancient Rome ("Op. Tert.," c. 15), and protests against the blind reverence paid by the thinkers of his time to the very name of Aristotle, and to the bad translations by which alone they for the most part knew him, he yet has a far higher estimate than they of his worth, and that of others like him. It seems to him infinitely probable that he and Pythagoras, and Socrates and Plato, received special illuminations, by which they knew much concerning God and the salvation of the soul. "We Christians are beyond all comparison below them." "Read the Ethics of Aristotle, and we shall find that we are in an abyss of vices." "With the philosophers there is the noblest zeal for purity, and meekness, and patience, and fortitude, and all virtues."[||] Nor is his admiration confined to the teachers of Greece and Rome. On the ground of ethics Moslems can meet as well as Greeks and Latins, and "their truths will be the strongest confirmation of ours." Averroes and Avicenna take their place side by side with Aristotle.* The pure contemplation of the Ethics (θεωρία) connects itself apparently with the ecstasies of St. Francis, and he finds, in a *suspensio mentis*, the true and only method by which the soul can attach itself to its one Supreme Object.

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[*] I venture to suggest, with all deference to Mr. Brewer and M. Charles, that this, and not "*possibilis*," is the real reading of the word which Bacon opposes to the *intellectus agens.* Over and above the fact that it gives a much clearer and stronger antithesis, we have his own explanation. The two terms rose out of the Latin translation of Aristotle,—"Quoniam autem in omni naturâ est aliquid quod agat, et aliquid quod patiatur, ita erit in animâ." The writer in the *Westminster Review* somewhat strangely misses the point of the story, and sees in it a proof of Adam's want of interest in such questions.

[†] "Op. Tert.," c. 23.

[‡] *Ibid.*, c. 50.

[§] MS. quoted by M. Charles, p. 255.

[||] *Ibid.*, c. 14.

In the space that yet remains I can only touch upon one other question, and note the relation in which Bacon stood to the religious life of Oxford and of England. May we think of him there also, as in physical or moral science, as in any measure a prophet of the future, the harbinger of a brighter day?

It would be idle to point to him as having done any work analogous to that of Wycliffe in the century that followed. There is no trace throughout his writings that he shrank from the Mariolatry which his Order, under Bonaventura, carried to its culminating point;† no protest against papal authority, or the worship of images, or purgatory, nothing even (unless we except his sympathy with Bertholdt) to indicate opposition to the abuses of indulgences. He defended the dogma of Transubstantiation on philosophical grounds (one of which, by the way, seems to limit the Sacred Presence to the elect), and sees in the Sacrament of the Altar the great stay and support of a devout life, by which men enjoy a foretaste of the beatific vision, and become partakers of the Divine nature.—("Op. Tert.," c. 50. "Compend. Stud.," c. 1.) No Protestant can claim him as being in this sense a Reformer before the Reformation. And yet in no small measure there was in him, and must have been in those who at Oxford and Paris came under his influence, the germs of all true reform, of all true freedom in theology.

Foremost among the evils which he notes as requiring correction in the Church is the ignorance of the clergy of his time. They knew nothing of any text of Scripture but the Vulgate, and the copies of the Vulgate in use were shamefully corrupt and inaccurate.‡

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* MS. quoted by M. Charles, p. 24.

† The total absence of Mariolatrous language is, however, sufficiently remarkable to be mentioned as indirect evidence that the current of his own religious life did not set in that direction. In this, too, we may perhaps trace Bertholdt's influence.

‡ The statements in Dr. Irons's remarkable book, "The Bible and its Interpreters," that the Latin version used by the Western Church "served Wiclif very well," and that "the Church of our fathers did not think it corrupt" (p. 56), are singularly at variance with Bacon's language as to the state of the text in his time. "Exemplaria vitiosissima," "multipliciter depravata," and phrases of like nature, are constantly occurring.—("Op. Min.," pp. 336, 349.) Even of Jerome's own work he says,—"Aliquando velocitate dictavit et minus bene scripsit." Wiclif himself (or his follower Purvey), too, complains bitterly in his preface of the difficulty of finding a Latin text of Scripture even moderately correct, and recognises the fact that "the texte of oure bokis discordeth much from the Ebreu." In the absence of any knowledge of Greek or Hebrew, such as Bacon and Grosseteste had possessed, he was, of course, obliged to confine himself to the Latin

They were unable to correct the Vulgate by the Septuagint, still less to test the agreement of either with the Hebrew. Through this want of knowledge they fell into "infinite falsities and intolerable perplexities" as to the literal sense of Scripture, and these were only multiplied tenfold when they passed from the literal to the spiritual interpretation. They knew nothing of the natural history of the Bible, and so lost sight of many important truths. They were ignorant of Biblical archæology, and so committed themselves to the most ridiculous interpretations. The one remedy for these evils was to be found in a critical correction of the text, and a careful study of the original languages. The literal sense of Scripture might well furnish occupation for a man's lifetime. He himself had known one (it is possible that he adopts in this instance St. Paul's formula for speaking of himself) who had devoted forty years to it. With a wonderful insight into the effect of the teaching which was then looked upon almost as a new revelation, while Bonaventura was lecturing on the "Sententiæ" of Peter Lombard, and Thomas Aquinas was enjoying the fame of his gigantic "Summa Theologiæ," Bacon had the courage to write that the way in which he had been trained under Grosseteste and Adam de Marisco was a far truer one; that the use of the "Sententiæ" was one of the sins that filled theology with error; that all useful questions "in omnibus Summis et Sententiis" might be discussed with far greater profit from the text of Scripture. Characteristically enough, with this he mingles a personal complaint that the lecturers on the "Sentences" had the choice of hours, and a special chamber, while one who lectured on Scripture had to beg a vacant hour and lecture where he could.—("Op. Min.," p. 328.) So, too, with a like protest against the substitution of authority for inquiry, while he maintains, on philosophical grounds, that the ideal of the Church required one perfect legislator, the *Vicarius Dei*, he yet refers to the fact that a Pope had once offered incense to idols ("Op. Tert.," c. 9), and protests against the blind prejudice that had led the University of Paris to condemn, forty years before, the very writings of Aristotle which afterwards became the text-book of all lecturers (*ibid.*).

The structure of the books which he was writing—the haste, we may add, with which they were necessarily written—hindered him from giving any full exegesis of any part of Scripture, such as would have enabled us to judge how far he himself approached the standard of theological knowledge which he sets before others. But the incidental

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text, and found the "Glossa Ordinaria" a useful help; but the sense of the imperfection of the work thus done seems almost to oppress him. (See Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible:" art. "Version, Authorized.")

notices dropped here and there are sufficient to show that he knew enough to put to shame many thousands of the clergy, even of the nineteenth century, who talk complacently of the dark ages, and boast of their superior knowledge of the Scriptures. He had made himself acquainted with the whole history of the Septuagint translation, of Origen's "Hexapla," of Jerome's great undertaking.[*] He dwells on the fact that while Jerome's version was in general use, the Psalter, which the Western Church continued to use even in the thirteenth century, was not his, but the older Latin version made from the Septuagint.[†] He knows the difference between the grammatical forms of Biblical Hebrew and Chaldee, rejects what he speaks of as the vulgar error of all theologians, that the Lamentations were written in the latter, and fixes on the one verse in Jeremiah (x. 11) which is so written.[‡] He explains that prophet's use of the mysterious Sheshak, in chap. xxv. 26, li. 41, as arising from his adoption of the cipher writing, which the later Jews knew as the Athbash—*sc.*, the use of an inverted alphabet,—and shows how in this manner, without incurring the wrath of the Chaldeans, he was able to prophesy the downfall of Babylon.[§] He gives the derivations, and gives them rightly, of Arrhabon, Gehenna, Israel[||] (in this case with a full discussion), Alleluia, Alma (with special reference to Isa. vii. 14), Jubilee, Mammon, Manna, Hosanna, Satan, and knows the name of Jehovah as the holy *tetragrammaton.*[¶] So in treating of the other sacred language, he gives a long list of all words of Greek origin in the Vulgate, with their derivations,[**] discusses four or five interpretations of the mystical number of the beast, based upon the numerical value of the letters of the Greek alphabet,[††] and rejects many false etymologies then current by applying the test of the quantity of Greek vowels. He had seen in the original text the fifty books of Aristotle's "Natural History."[‡‡] He seems, however, to have formed a somewhat strange estimate of the labour required for mastering the two languages, and boasts that, with his method of teaching, any one, however ignorant of them before, might learn to read either in three days.[§§] Possibly the boy Joannes had learned the alphabet with a quickness which led his enthusiastic teacher to generalize hastily.

Yet more striking is his complaint of the preaching of his time, for, if the thirteenth century had any characteristic it could claim as its own, it was that it was a century of preachers. The two Mendicant Orders had devoted themselves to that as their special work. The Dominicans had used it as their designation, and were the *Fratres Prædicatores.* Their success as such had given them great influence all over Europe, and made practical ecclesiasticals like Grosseteste eager to welcome them. And yet it is on their failure in this work that Bacon again and again dwells as utter and complete. The history of Wesleyanism in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries did but reproduce that of the thirteenth. Young men without adequate training were admitted into the two Orders between the ages of fifteen and twenty.* Unable to read their "Psaltery" or their "Donatus" when they came, they were at once set to the study of theology, as though that could be acquired by itself, when in truth it demanded, for its completeness, all human wisdom. The evil might be concealed by the personal excellence of individual preachers, or by the moral effects of their preaching. He is even obliged to admit that one simple friar who has never heard a hundred lectures in divinity may preach better than the most profound theologians. He feels that there is an earnestness and life in the Orders of which the secular, or parochial and cathedral, clergy of his time were for the most part destitute. Still less could he find what he yearned after in the bishops of his time, who were content to borrow the sermons of these very boy-friars, ignorant and ill-trained as they were, and so fell into a style of preaching in which there was neither loftiness of language nor depth of thought, but a folly infinitely puerile. Through this divorce of what God had joined together, the Church had suffered an immeasurable loss. In the preaching of a man like Bertholdt he saw an augury of better things; but he still yearned passionately, as many a noble and anxious heart has yearned since, for the reunion of the power to preach with the power to understand—of earnestness in maintaining truth with sympathy and insight,—the union, in one word, of theology and life.

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[*] "Op. Min," pp. 330-49.

[†] *Ibid.*, p. 334.

[‡] "Compend. Stud.," vi.

[§] "Op. Min.," p. 350; "De Secret.," c. 6.

[||] His Jewish teachers must sometimes have imposed on his credulity. "With mine own eyes," he says, "I have seen that in the priestly robe of Aaron the whole world was represented, together with the glory (*magnalia*) of the fathers, as is described in the Book of Wisdom."—("Op. Tert.," c. 58.) Had a Jew, converted or unconverted, shown him the Urim and Thummim "for a consideration?"

[¶] "Compend. Stud.," c. vii.

[**] *Ibid.*, c. vi.

[††] *Ibid.*

[‡‡] *Ibid.*, c. viii.

[§§] "Op. Tert.," c. xx.

More interesting and suggestive even than his complaints as to the teaching of the Church is the utterance of his mind as to its worship. A keen susceptibility to the power of music, a strong sense of its value in the true education and *hygiène* of man's life, had been one of the points of sympathy between him and Grosseteste, and in his three great works he returns to the subject with all the ardour of a passionate affection.† That which he recognised as the true music of the Church was such as stood aloof from all effeminate softness, from all barbarous wildness. What was required for the devotion of the faithful was not a soft and wanton warbling, nor the loud shouting of boors, but a sustained and grave melody, able at once to soothe the sense of hearing and gently raise the soul to the thoughts of a higher life. "Sounds have a wonderful power in their own nature to affect the mind; and therefore the Holy Spirit, who is the Master of the Church, inspiring all its members, has appointed the enharmonic form of music which has strength without harshness, and gives delight without voluptuousness." He complains bitterly that the taste of his time had given preference to a degenerate and effeminate *falsetto*,[*] so that well-nigh all cathedrals and colleges had fallen into a corrupted use.

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* "Compend. Stud.," v.; "Op. Tert.," lxxv.

† "Op. Tert.," c. v., lx., lxxii., lxxxiv.

The thought of these corruptions did but carry his mind forward to the ideal perfection of the future. His imagination could conceive a time when, through a knowledge of its inner and secret laws, Church music should be able to stir all Christendom to devotion, and convert the heathen. His mind recalled many examples of its power. Elisha had bidden his servants bring a minstrel to him that he might prophesy. St. Francis had been helped, by the soft playing of the *cithara*, to pass into the ecstatic state in which he heard the harmonies of heaven. He waxes yet bolder in his praise. Music, if it be but of the right stamp, has power to reform the depraved—lead the drunkard to temperance—turn away the footsteps of the impure from the harlot's house—calm the passion of the wrathful. So Asclepiades had restored a madman to his reason; so David had freed Saul from his demoniacal possession. Of all dietetic exercises, singing, *teste Avicennâ*, was the most healthful for body and for spirit. Yes; its power extended over brute creatures. Stags were drawn on by soft music, and horses roused to battle by the sound of the trumpet. And all these things were to him but presages and foreshadowings of a more perfect excellence. If all this was done by common instruments and hackneyed tunes, what might not be, if, in accordance with the secret principles of the science, instruments should be made of consummate skill and perfection, and all the forms and elements of music combine to produce a true and unmarred delight? "Then, certainly, brute creatures would be drawn to submit themselves to our will, and be taken by our hands, astonished and led captive by that exceeding sweetness. And, in like manner, the minds of men would be raised to the highest pitch of devotion, to the fullest love of every virtue, and to all healthy and true activity."* As if conscious that his enthusiasm carried him farther than most men could follow him, he is constrained to add that this power of music is not common; that the vulgar herd of philosophers do not aspire after it, neither meditating on the teaching of the ancients, nor applying themselves to the test of experiment; and therefore what he has written is not known to many. Not the less does he repeat his conviction that it is most true—worthy of all acceptance by every wise man. He submits it to the Pope that he, seeing this ineffable power of music, might apply it to the right government of the Church.

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[*] This is, so far as I know, the earliest passage in which the word occurs. Students of the history of music may be interested in knowing that the "Opus Tertium" (c. lxxiv.) contains (and is, I believe, the earliest extant book that does contain) the musical scale ascribed to Guido of Arezzo, in the eleventh century, with the verse of the old Latin hymn which determined its notation:—

" *Ut* queant laxis *Re*-sonare fibris
*Mi*-ra gestorum *Fa*-muli tuorum,
*Sol*-ve pollutos *La*-bii *Re*-atus,
Sancte Johannes.

Mr. Hullah, in his "Lectures on Modern Music" (p. 29), states that Guido himself "makes no mention, in any of his works, of the *sol-fa* syllables." In Bacon's time, if he wrote as Mr. Brewer prints, they would seem to have been distinctly recognised.

With this—the highest and noblest dream of the solitary thinker—I close the present sketch. Enough has been said, it is hoped, to give English readers, to whom his name was before associated only with a few scanty notices or grotesque legends, some notion of the life and character of one who may well claim a place among the highest group of English thinkers. It would not have been difficult to bring together amusing instances of credulity, vanity, irritability. Apocryphal books, wild legends, the boasts of astrologers and magicians, the strange stories of travellers, found a ready acceptance with him. He was not free from the egotism of most lonely and unappreciated students. I have thought it better to dwell chiefly on what was noble and heroic in him. If the writings have the interest of being prophetic of the future progress of science, the life has the yet higher attraction of having been a long and weary struggle—the protracted martyrdom of one who loved truth and knowledge with a passionate devotion. How far we may go beyond the facts that have been stated here, and the inferences drawn directly from his writings, and endeavour out of scattered hints and characteristic traits to represent to ourselves the inner life of one who opens his heart so freely to us, is a question which I have endeavoured to answer elsewhere, and in another form.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

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* "Op. Tert.," c. lxxiii.

# ANCILLA DOMINI: THOUGHTS ON CHRISTIAN ART.

## III.—DURER AND THE ENGRAVERS.

THE modern system of division of labour possesses great advantages for production, or for multiplying objects of trade, and perhaps for scientific research. It may hereafter tell not unfavourably upon popular art, when the element of beauty shall have been so far introduced into our manufactures, that our producers have good models to multiply. Faithful copies of gracefully-designed furniture or ornaments cannot be too common; and a time may come when the tastes of our lower middle classes may be refined by large supplies of copies, correctly though mechanically made. Cheapness is no small object; and we suppose it will be the result of division of labour in art-manufactures as in all others. But in science and mental labour it is quite clear that this principle may be carried too far: and it is of course out of the question in true art, where the inventive faculty is in action, and where all is original and individual. It is remarked by the author of "Essays by a Barrister," that in almost every department of thought the process of division of labour is being carried on so quickly, that it seems by no means unlikely that we may at last arrive at a state of things in which the claim to any other sort of knowledge than a microscopic acquaintance with some particular department of some one branch will be regarded as an absurd presumption. The mere accumulation of knowledge in this form would have as little tendency to elevate and enrich the minds of its possessors; or to produce any broad or permanent advantages to society at large, as the collection of a vast number of bricklayers would have to raise a palace. Books which have produced the greatest effect upon mankind have seldom been written by men of profound special learning, but rather by persons who, having filled their minds with knowledge taken up at second-hand, have known how to make one subject bear upon another, and have so been able to draw novel and important conclusions from premisses furnished by the investigations of others in their special departments.

This is perfectly true, although on the other hand there is no doubt that minds of ordinary power may be happily and well employed in minute analysis; and there is something very ennobling in the thought of those who contentedly bestow themselves on microscopic investigation, only in the hope of furnishing materials for synthesis in future ages, and who all contribute to a great induction, though in the end it may be labelled with the name of one man only, who was foremost to rush to its conclusion. But art is creative and not analytic, and artists are not so much engaged in search after principles as in applying them, or indeed in remodelling them. Division of labour in art can only mean varying the means of artistic expression, and confining one's self to particular means and instruments; and this at the present day is a practice strongly to be deprecated. The most perfect and powerful means of artistic expression are fully ascertained, and it is in fact waste of time to use the weaker, rougher, or slighter tools, when one can master the stronger and clearer. Sir Coutts Lindsay tells the Royal Academy Commission* how great a misfortune it is that art should be divided into different sub-professions. The old system, he says, was far preferable, in which every artist studied painting, sculpture, and architecture. Now the system is entirely opposite. Painters are divided into water-colour painters, oil painters, and crayon draughtsmen, and the consequence is, that they lose breadth of character, and never produce such works as they would otherwise achieve.† *Mutatis mutandis*, this agrees with Mr. Stephen's view on scientific investigation. But artists have not the excuse of being investigators, as has been said: the best vehicles and means for their work are ascertained, and the painter's business is to paint with the best tools he can get, not using inferior ones. No crayon draughtsman, for instance, is likely to make any discovery, in ever so zealous a pursuit of his employment, except that he had much better have given his time to water-colour; and John Lewis is an example how the most powerful and subtle water-colourist may come to the conclusion that he need not have denied himself the greater power gained in the use of oil. Finally, Michael Angelo said that fresco was work for men, and oil for women. Up to Dürer's time artists were not classed as painters, sculptors, and architects. Giotto could design the chapel of the Arena or the Campanile of Florence, and paint the frescoes on his own walls; and the mind of Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and Dürer himself could embrace nearly the whole circle of art, and have leisure for mechanics and engineering. Yet it may be interesting to consider how the painter of the "Adoration of the Magi," at Venice,—the northern favourite of Venetian colourists—could give so much time, and in fact his highest and deepest thoughts, to hard and sharp steel engravings. We have already hinted at one reason for this: that most true colourists feel that subjects which involve hard, melancholy, or dubious thought are too painful for the use of the tints in which they delight. This we think will be illustrated by the works of the other great masters of pure *chiaroscuro.* We have before suggested an analogy between the illuminators, who worked in colour, with little regard to form, and none to light and shade, and the engravers, who expressed themselves in light and shade without colour. We cannot help feeling that the engravers were the sadder men, though perhaps the stronger and deeper. The illuminators were little troubled with musing on many things, as he must have done who bent long over the "Melancholia," well knowing her awful countenance of old. Their convent walls kept out the sight of evil, in a great degree at least. In few words, they seem generally to have enjoyed their work thoroughly, and to have been inventive rather than thoughtful. They were cheered all along by the delicate luxury of pure colour, called "sensuous," we believe, by non-colourists. Engraving was certainly better suited to the melancholy of the northern grotesque. Another thing to be considered is, that in Dürer's day the power of the press in multiplying transcripts of men's thoughts, both by pictorial and letter-symbols, was new and undefined, and apparently unlimited. It must have given intense pleasure to such a man to feel that the steel plate, once finished, might send his voice over Europe in a few months, and that by its means he might appeal, as by a book, to thousands who might never see his pictures, any more than they could have access to an original manuscript. There is an association which gives fair ground for comparison between the lives of men so far apart in time and space as Dürer, Rembrandt, Blake, and Hogarth. They were essentially of the great middle class, burghers and citizens of credit and renown. Just now, when Mr. Arnold speaks so painfully of the English lower middle life, it may be as well to see what manner of men lived that same life, under perhaps even worse conditions for the production of great art or beauty, and what they made of it. It is sad enough to think not only of the monotony, but the confusion, temptation, distress, and ugliness of the life which, in our eyes, surrounded Hogarth and Turner like a prison. Yet for all that, Hogarth may be said to have had his share of the great successes of life. At least we have seldom heard any triumph set above those of Art and Love. Turner's life is like Swift's in its greatness, its gloom, its irony, and the deepening melancholy which heaved round it all its years, and closed over it at last. Totally unlike as the men were, except in size of mental calibre, both their lives are tragic in the strict sense of ancient tragedy; they both personify the ancient theme of "man overborne by circumstance;" and yet any one who considers their life's work will probably echo in his own mind the Douglas's reflection on his wounded companion, "Lord, what stout hearts men may bear,"—and feel that memorable victory was granted them to counterbalance memorable suffering. Blake's life is simply ideal, in its divine madness; in the soaring imagination which lived contentedly by engraving card-plates between its trances; in the poetic frenzy which never owed a shilling or forgot a duty, and in the religious content which made an artisan's wages suffice in this world because of the visions of the other. The little which is known of the life of Rembrandt is not tragic, but sordid.* "He has painted (it is perhaps his greatest picture) his wife and himself in a state of ideal happiness. He sits at supper with his wife on his knee, flourishing a glass of champagne, with a roast peacock on the table." Burgher life and country plenty were his with a vengeance. The flat fields round his father's mill; bursts of dim light from the high windows of church and council chamber; wayward flashes from steel or gold, mellow gleam and depth of gloom;—stiff ruffs and embroidery, hard faces of gross good nature, or daring, or statecraft, the champagne and the guilders,—that was enough for Rembrandt of the Rhine. It will not do to blame circumstance and society, and to expect either visible interposition of Providence, or special action of social authority, to prevent a man of genius from making a beast of himself. The temperament of genius may often be such an excuse for frailty as man dare not gainsay; but when we are forbidden to judge our neighbour, we are not allowed to acquit him. The fact is, God does not suffer man to be tempted above that he is able; and their rough animal nature need not have ruined these men's lives, and did not ruin their great works.

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* Evidence, p. 412. Ans. 3,854.

† Mr. Holman Hunt and Mr. Watts bear similar testimony. Ans. 3,057 and 2,015.

What more might have been obtained from Rembrandt seems doubtful. It can hardly be disputed that kindness and teaching, school and church, as he himself said, might have saved Turner in early life, or the love of a good and able woman might have done it at almost any time. It is doing him injustice to compare his difficulties or his genius with Rembrandt's: yet no teaching could have availed him anything, except that highest teaching, not of man, which teaches man to take his own part against the Tempter, and to fight on the side of his own higher nature against his lusts.

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* "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 257-8.

But Dürer's is something like an ideal artist life. He begins with his father's trade of a goldsmith, like Francia and Ghiberti on the other side of the Alps: like Verrochio, who taught Leonardo; like Ghirlandajo, from whom Michael Angelo learned to represent the collective and varied action of numbers. These are instances, by the way, of the fortunate union of art-crafts and mysteries, which has so entirely departed from us. No doubt dealing with a precious metal teaches caution as well as steadiness and precision of touch in small forms; and the continual effort to make one's work as precious as one's material is an invaluable training for a young artist. Dürer's first work is said to have been a relief, in silver, of the "Seven Falls of our Lord." Then he becomes pupil to Martin Schön, and at his death goes to Wohlgemuth, painter and engraver,* and probably has a hand in the *Nuremberg Chronicle* woodcuts. At nineteen (in 1490) he makes his first journey to Venice, and marries fair Agnes Frey four years after. She appears to have led him a terrible life, which may account for his taste for travelling, especially as he seems to have been welcome and well-beloved wherever he went. In Antwerp and elsewhere, he says, "he was served like a great lord;" but suspects that there and throughout the Netherlands he had the worse in his bargains for works of art. His visits to Quintin Matsys must have given both men pleasure enough; and he makes note of a meeting with Erasmus, and Erasmus's present of a Spanish mantle. Portraits in charcoal seem to have been in great request, and he seems to have had the rare satisfaction of being understood, one may say, from Antwerp to Venice. In the latter place he enjoyed the warm friendship of John Bellini, and seems to have been little disturbed by the attacks of some *renaissance* artists, who failed to check the popularity of his works by proving that they were not inspired by the study of classical models, and were also unsuccessful in their attempts to poison him. It is probably true that he had seen little or no Greek sculpture. Vasari says, that if he had, he would have excelled all the Italians, as he did all northern artists. His works, indeed, were studied as models in Italy, and his writings on "Perspective," and (towards the end of his life) on "The Proportions of the Human Figure," must at once have asserted the technical value which they retain to this day for any one who can wrestle with mathematics in black-letter German, which we regret our inability to do. But the quaint illustrations in the latter work anticipate all possible systems of drawing by "heads" and "faces," and would make any tolerably well-broken pupil independent of the accompanying text. The woodcuts to the Apocalypse, in 1498, are his first great work; but we prefer to glance at his portrait (dated 1527) by way of frontispiece. It is one of the most pleasing of all faces. As an engraving, one should compare a Rembrandt with it, and contrast the great etcher's work, without a telling line, except perhaps in a profile or a hand, with the keen drawing of the first engraver of the world. The works of the two men are, in a sense, like light and darkness compared. This is more nearly literal fact than at first appears. As a colourist, Dürer's system of light and shade will be found to be more like that of Veronese and the Venetians, who obtained space and form by gradations of light towards the top of their scale of tones, economizing and sparing their darks. On Rembrandt's system shade is laid on shade, and the tone gradually forced, as far as gloom can be made to tell on gloom.* The southern German, tender and high-minded, has been wandering across Europe, delighted with Alpine crests and clear southern seas, while the Dutchman has watched the sunlight through the high mill windows, studied furs and Jewish turbans, and abode steadily by his strong liquors. One dwells on form to extreme of detail, the other on light and shade, not missing a reflection.† But this portrait of Dürer seems preferable to others, from its strange correspondence with all we know of his character. The eye is unmistakeable—so large it is, so widely opened and deeply wrinkled, so nervous, full, and gentle, so observant, yet so firm in its quiet gaze. We have seen an old and favourite horse of high blood look tenderly and half comprehendingly on its master with the same wide-opened lids and dark broad pupils. There is an arched sensitive mouth, rather set off than disguised by the thick fine moustache, and corresponding in expression and wrinkles to the eye; and the long soft hair tells the same tale of one gentle from birth to death. The melancholy of both eye and mouth is such as a thoughtful man's face might well express in the earliest days of the Reformation, especially if he was a friend of Erasmus. The look is that of a man of few doubts but many thoughts; anchored himself, but looking out on infinite confusion, with little heart to say, "*Suave mari magno.*"‡ Such is the speaking likeness of the author of "Melancholia" and "The Knight and Death." The influence of these two works on modern art can hardly be overrated, as they are the noblest and fullest expression in existence of the high northern grotesque. Doubt, and faithful will overcoming it; labour in all its wholesome forms, progressive and victorious; gain of wealth and scorn of wealth; the wreath of mastery over science, and of rule over God's world in his name; all the toil of education; not only the subjection, but the sympathy of the nobler beasts of the field; the hard passage by sin and through the dark valley, and the crown of final victory over Death, won by grave endurance to the end, without sword drawn or lance laid in rest;—this is the testimony of Albert Dürer in his two greatest works. They have been described so often and so well that we can but refer to the last and best account of them in "Modern Painters," vol. v. The "Knight and Death" is said by the author of "Sintram" to have suggested to him the motive or theme of his romance, *i. e.*, the gradual and painful victory over temptation,—often interrupted by failure, but at last completed in the strength of God. We may mention one or two features in it which we do not remember to have seen noticed. Every one knows the treatment. The Knight has left his castle, and is riding into the Vale of Death. A skull lies at its entrance: Death rides at his side, and Sin follows at his horse's quarter, all but finally passed by, but still with hook and claw uplifted. The rider listens to Death, who holds up his dial and hourglass with the sand run out, "as to a messenger who brings pleasant tidings, thinking to bring evil ones." Such strength is given him, that his soul rises of itself to meet the last enemy, in might rather than weakness, as did the ancients of his race.* As he hears the news he gathers himself in the saddle, and bears strongly on his stirrup with lowered heel, as if at trumpet sound. His horse

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* Wohlgemuth's pictures at Nuremburg and Munich seem hardly inferior to his great pupil's.

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* See "Modern Painters," vol. iv.

† See the folio work by Weale (London, 1846),—"Divers Works of Early Masters in Christian Decoration, with an Introduction concerning the Biography of Albert Dürer." A splendid work, to which we owe nearly all our facts.

‡ We may talk of the difficulties of belief to Blake or Turner in the eighteenth century; but let us only consider what they were in the sixteenth. We cannot resist giving the following extract from Dürer's Antwerp diary in 1521: the year of Luther's captivity on the Wartburg. It shows how well the Reformer's friends kept the secret of his friendly

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detention; which, as D'Aubigné says, had been arranged at Worms, by Frederick of Thun and others. One can fancy the indignation of the burghers of Antwerp, who would have graver cause yet for anger.

"On Friday after Pentecost, in 1521, came a tale to Antwerp that they had captured Martin Luther traitorously: that the Emperor Charles's herald was given him with safe-conduct. On his march, in an unfriendly place, he said, 'he dared be no more with him,' and rode from him. Then were there ten horse [report had exactly doubled the number], who carried away traitorously the pious man, enlightened with the Holy Ghost, and who was a follower of the true Christian belief: and whether he still lives, or whether they have murdered him, I wot not. . . . Because that he punished the unchristian popedom, which strives so against Christ's Redemption with his great trouble of human law; and also because that we are robbed of our blood and sweat, and we the same are so scandalously treated by idling men. . . . And to me it seems especially hard that they will let their God remain (probably) under their false blind learning, which the men whom they call the Fathers, have written and composed."

* We cannot help thinking that the thought of Franz von Sickingen was in Dürer's mind: and we fancy that it has been suggested before.

feels the pressure of his knee and the slight check on the bit, and arches his neck in pride, not fear, looking conscious of the delicate oak wreath on its head. Neither it nor the "Dax-hund,"* which runs by its master's side, seems aware of the evil spirits.

This engraving dates from 1513, "Melancholy," 1514. The "St. Jerome" (1515), the "Arch of Maximilian," and the great Munich painting of the "Four Evangelists" (1526), are the most important works of his latter days. The same characteristic runs through them all, of patient science doing loyal service to inspired thought. There is in all, that sense of the workman's honour which Giotto showed when he drew a perfect circle as the best specimen of his powers. All the thoughts will stand realization even in steel, and there is no sign of flagging interest in any work, and little or more of change or experiment. The landscape is ideal for the most part: composed with a great affection for the home scenery of Nuremberg, with its peaked roofs, projecting dormer windows, with Adam Krafft's carving and Peter Vischer's metal-work. Also he delights in mountain outline, and takes rather unsatisfactory pleasure in the sea; perhaps in kind remembrance of Venice and Antwerp. In all the art to which he set his hand there is evidence of the best use made of the highest powers and fullest opportunities; and his later and more solemn works express besides, the experience of a life which was peaceful, stirring, and successful, almost beyond example. Mr. Ruskin's comparisons of Dürer's birthplace and position with Salvator's, and of Giorgione's with Turner's, bring before us all the sad and unanswerable questions which concern the struggle of man with circumstance; and we can say no more to them than has been said. Most men will feel the difference, to any person endowed with keen sense of beauty, between being born at Nuremberg, among picturesque architecture and fanciful dresses, and opening one's eyes in Carnaby Market or Maiden Lane, to fog, coal smoke, and hopeless dulness in every form of dress and building. And we fear that what has of late been variously brought before us is true; that is to say, that there never can be a national school of applied art and decoration in England, until we have either organized a great school of fresco to present daily images of beauty to the people, or until common life in England has been made less hideously monotonous than in our fathers' days and ours. Ordinary men cannot be expected to express thought, feeling, or fancy in a beautiful way without the sight of beauty. However, in passing from Dürer to Rembrandt, and again to Hogarth, Blake, Turner, Cruikshank, and our own school of original thinkers in black and white, we are scarcely dealing with ordinary men. Whatever might have been obtained from them more, under better circumstances, these men have, so to speak, prevailed. As men, some of them sinned and failed as mournfully as Salvator did, amidst the loveliness of Naples and Southern Italy: but as artists and thinkers, as Christian men bearing humorous or sad or ironical witness to what they saw and knew, to their own evil and others, they have said their say, and made all men hear them. Blake's life just overlaps Hogarth's; he was ten years old when the latter died in 1767: and strangely as the two men, their minds and inspirations, are contrasted, they have this in common, that they were Englishmen of Englishmen in some of the old mastiff qualities. Realist and idealist, they were honest, and they never gave ground or turned aside. They toiled, they fought, they worried their antagonists not without noise: but all was fair fight; their voice was still for war when they did raise it, and no man ever got a cry from either. Even Mr. Matthew Arnold's well-known meekness will hardly support him, under his sense of the horrors of middle-class life in our own days. People feel his upbraidings rather acutely; not only because there is so much truth in them (as there really is), but because their tone is unsympathizing, and because he personally dislikes the middle classes for living a monotonous life. It is so illiberal and dismal; and things are better at Berne and Geneva. What would he not say if he were a painter! If the Blumlis Alp and the Jungfrau were within sight of St. Paul's, or Mont Blanc were reflected in the Thames, life in London would probably be not much less enjoyable than life in Berne or Geneva. The citizens of those pleasant places have done what they could, of late, to destroy the picturesque beauty of their old buildings, and make their streets look like Regent Street; and the absence of glacier from Primrose Hill cannot be traced to British insensibility to ideas. At least English people are not the only race in the world who are blind to beauty. But let us only think, in a generation certainly more insensible to beauty than our own, what manner of men were bred up courts and alleys. How they did pursue their ideal: and how little they thought of themselves by comparison, in the long wolf's gallop of their lives, half-starved and untiring, "faint, yet pursuing"! How Hogarth would have laughed at any man who said there was anything ideal in "Marriage à-la-Mode;" and how he did abuse the public who did not care for his St. Paul and his "Sigismunda"! Yet, use the word ideal as you please,* what ideas and personifications he did stamp on the British imagination! Who ever before *idealized* or made mournful and terrible, such subjects (or objects) as apprentices and aldermen and barbers and beadles—all in wigs? Teniers had painted poor men in their degradation, Hogarth painted them in their humanity. Cruikshank and Leech and Tenniel have followed Hogarth, but without him they might not have arisen.

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* Badger-hound. We have seen small smooth dogs, evidently descended from some such breed as Dürer's ideal, who were said to be of great strength and courage, and able to *draw* a badger *in*, and *out of*, his own earth. *Credat Judæus.*

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* The word ideal seems to be used by most people in a confused and equivocal sense: as substantive or adjective indiscriminately. We suppose an ideal is the same thing as an idea. As to the adjective, if ideal mean imagina*tive*, it fully applies to Hogarth's works: if it mean imagin*ary*, we do not mean to use it at all.

Hogarth's life has not only been written, but read. He and his dog sit upright side by side as the frontispiece of many biographies, and his works need neither catalogue nor description here. Mr. Sala has read up him and his period, and reproduced them quite admirably: and Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humourists contain perhaps a better sketch than is to be found elsewhere in as few words. The quotations chosen from Hogarth's Anecdotes of Himself are exactly the right ones, and the painter is made draw his own portrait, nothing loth. Perhaps the only weak point in Thackeray's reflections is that he is apt to be annoyed at Hogarth's frank faith in himself, and to treat him as a conceited humourist, vain of imaginary ideal power, and thinking himself really destined for "the grand style," as Liston died in the persuasion that profound pathos was his forte. Yet poor Robson's acting showed that Liston may not have been far wrong; and Hogarth proved himself virtually right and more than right, if there be ideal grandeur in deep tragedy, or ideal terror in the sin and punishment of man. His works, as has been said, establish the connection between the older grotesque and our own English realism and caricature. And as his unprecedented power of character enabled him to dispense with exaggeration, and as besides he was a thorough and scientific painter and subdued colourist, he stands at the head of our schools of domestic painting. He was unable to assert in words what he proved by his works, that grandeur and idealism are matter of genius, in the artist and not the subject—or rather that they are latent in the roughest subject, like Ariel chained in the oak and waiting for the call of Prospero. Yet Hogarth claims the title of historical painter. "I thought," he says, "both writers and painters had, in the historical style, totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and the (lower or wild) grotesque."

Now any thinking person may see that these words anticipate Tennyson's "Dora" and "Enoch Arden," and Browning, and Kingsley, and George Elliot.

In painting, they express the minds of men like Madox Brown, Hunt, and Hook, and their influence may be seen in many of the works of Paton and Leighton, Marks and Stanhope, and the many others who are learning to know that the real in the right hands becomes ideal, for all poetic purposes. But it has always been hard to distinguish the tragedy of life from its *mise en scène.*

Men's clothes quite overpower their conceptions. It is difficult to conceive of Tragedy in a full-bottomed wig, or distressed Beauty in powder, or even a mob-cap. But Clairon wore powder, we rather think, to the end of her days; and Clairon was mistress of passion and queen of hearts; and when Garrick played Macbeth in a wig all down his back, and velvet continuations, men did not think of the continuations, but of Garrick interpreting Shakspere. The fact is that the audience of a theatre in those days were moved by the passion of the scene, and owned it; and in consequence, their souls were temporarily elevated above buttons, and they were not overcome by incongruities in the matter of attire. The sensitive public of our own days cannot feel that Rafael might have done better than dress the fisher-brethren of Galilee in senatorial robes. The question is still open to dispute; it is one of the branch issues between purism and realism: but the incongruity in the cartoons is as great as that of last century's theatre. Men get over it more easily, because they look at Rafael's work with respect and with aroused attention to its subject, and therefore sink the costume in the apostle; and our grandfathers, in an analogous way, sunk the *mise en scène* in the poet and the actor. And as Clairon or Garrick dared act tragedy bewigged and unashamed, so Hogarth dared tell men of the tragedy that is acted every day, in common ugly dresses and houses. Further, because that tragedy is mixed up with things common, ugly, and absurd, and as English people, when moved, are often keen-sighted and stout-hearted folk, inclined to take note of contrast, and relieve with dry mockery what they suffer at sight of evil, the English form of tragic grotesque in art has arisen and been understood. It is now being followed out with great energy in American literature.

It is, no doubt, a point of inferiority alike in Rembrandt, Hogarth, and Blake, that from their untameable originality each would obey his own dæmon only, and failed more or less in technical study of art. Dürer is the ideal of both science and genius. Turner trained himself by endless labour of accurate object-drawing: but Hogarth seems to have learned more as Gamble's apprentice than as Thornhill's pupil. He espoused the great portrait painter's daughter, but not his views of art. We do not know that his work is at all deficient as to anatomy; but if it be, his graphic power over gesture, action, and expression, makes up for all. The dress of the eighteenth century in itself puts man or woman pretty well "out of drawing"—like our own. Anyhow, Hogarth could paint living men in action, if he failed with casts or posed models, as in Paul before Felix.* Dr. Waagen remarks on the suppressed power of his colouring, rightly suggesting that the nature of his subjects would make him unwilling to use rich or delightful colour. Finally, Coleridge speaks of the beautiful female faces which he introduces—we remember, in particular, the betrayed girl in the "Rake's Progress," and the face of her who is looking into the harlot's coffin. The boundary between real character and caricature is approached but not transgressed. Hogarth never falls into the *bizarre* or outrageous style, or caricature of distortion and exaggeration, which is to pictorial humour what base gesture or foul words is to verbal wit. He takes good faces as he finds them, and hard features also. When he has to draw a villainous face, he does not leave much room for mistake about it.

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* It may just be remarked, in passing, how Goethe's repeated attempts at studio drawing all came to nothing [see "Lewes's Life"]. It illustrates the Aristotelian dictum, that

It is a strange transition from Hogarth the Realist to Blake the Seer of Visions. As ordinary life became memorable and terrible in Hogarth's hands, so Blake's subjects stretched away far beyond the life of this world. What is the inspiration of art or genius? what is the lower, the ordinary and modern sense of the word inspiration as distinguished from the higher or Scriptural sense? We can but ask the question now. Still, without asserting for a moment that the word expresses the same gift in different degrees, we must see that the artistic or poetic afflatus is God's gift as much as the gift of spiritual or supernatural powers, though not so great a gift; and that there is resemblance between the working of the greater and the smaller gift. Of course God's gift to a man of ability to raise the souls of other men by vivid images of human truth, is altogether different from the gift which enables a man to tell his fellows something concerning God himself. Yet all diversities of gifts are of God, and the expressions in Exod. xxxi. about Bezaleel and Aholiab, are very remarkable.*

In whatever form of words we admit our ignorance on this matter, it is certain that Blake declared and believed, for great part of his life, that actual sights from the spiritual world were seen by his bodily eye. His "Spiritual Portraits" of course put this claim in an extremely dubious light: and they seem to have been over-encouraged by the too determined faith of John Varley, and seen mostly at his house in the first instance. Yet Varley was an able and honest man, and he solemnly declared his conviction that Blake "had an image

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it will not do for any man, however great, "to make a parergon of that which rather requires our whole powers, without parerga added to it." Scenery or nature herself might have lured the great German farther, had the modern water-colour school existed in his day.

* "See, I have called by name Bezaleel, and I have filled him with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones, and in carving of timber."

before him." Most probably so he had; in the same sense in which Dante had before him the image of the Centaur "dividing his beard with his arrow" before he could speak. And one cannot ask without a certain awe, from what intense power of conception and realization could such images come, as the illustrations to the Book of Job? Mental disease cannot produce beauty with brush or graver. If Blake was mad when he drew "Death's Door," it must have been in that mysterious sense in which Plato calls all genius mania; and intense imaginative power must really have projected his visions on his consciousness. Madmen cannot assemble and marshal coherent and instructive images. The unity of the illustrations to Job is perfect: the whole work bears on the text like a commentary. . . . Not an image in the engravings, nor an ornament in the borders, but is germane to the matter. Sacrifice from the beginning, evil in its work on man, his helplessness, and God's great deliverance—all this is wrought into his work as if Blake had been Augustine or Aquinas.*

We prefer to speak of Blake as engraver and draughtsman rather than as painter. Such coloured works of his as we have seen, show not so much weakness in colour, as want of attention to it. His habit of communing with his own thoughts alone made him feel nature, as he said, abominably in his way; and severe sedentary labour over casts and plates must have lost him his eye for play of colour over humbler natural objects. Yet Mr. Rossetti speaks of many works of his as very fine in colour. Still the "fresco"† water-colour of the "Canterbury Pilgrimage," exhibited at South Kensington in 1862, seemed to have little more colour in it than a drawing of Rowlandson or Cruikshank. In fact, in Blake's public address, which accompanied the plate of the "Pilgrimage," there are some passages of direct and amusing protest against both nature and colour. His insistence on form, however, is justified by the weakness of English drawing from his time to our own.‡

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* Blake's expressions about his visions, as impressions on his consciousness, or indeed, his actual sight, ought to be compared with Mr. Ruskin's analysis of the operation of the imaginative gift. There is a singular correspondence between them. Tennyson's "I saw within my head," seems almost to define the operation of imaginative power. (See "Modern Painters," vol. iv., and Gilchrist's "Life of Blake," vol. i.)

† What Blake called "fresco" seems to have been a kind of tempera;—water-colour, mixed with common glue diluted. The early Italians had used it also. Van Eyck employed white of egg before he discovered the use of oil, or rather the best means of drying oil. (See "Les Peintres Brugeois. Par Alfred Michiels. Brussels: A. Vandale. 1846.")

‡ No doubt, as Blake held, the human figure is the great subject for all educational study of form. The inferiority of English painters for want of it is pointed out in Mr. Armitage's evidence before the Royal Academy Commission, where the severe training of the French *ateliers* is contrasted with our own more careless system. As two hours to six hours (of hard drawing), so, he says, is the English student's day's work to the Frenchman's.

We may take the "Canterbury Pilgrimage," and the "Book of Job," as fairly representing their author's powers. Blake's description of his own engraving ought to be read by every student of Chaucer, whether he has access to the plate or not. We think Chaucer's own figure, with that of the knight, the monk, and friar, the host, the lady abbess, and one of the priests, are the best of all. In the "Book of Job" it is hard to select; and still more so to describe to purpose. Something must be said, and we are glad to have Mr. Gilchrist's reproduction of the plates to appeal to. They are, of course, inferior to the original prints, but they suffice for their purpose. There is the first plate of Job's continual service of praise and sacrifice before his sore trial; in the upper part of the second, the form of Satan, noble, but distorted in attitude, and with a discordant gesture of contradiction, breaks in through singing seraphs before God, wrapped as it were in fire, as if saying, "He will curse thee to thy face." Job and his children are seen below, and the border is of sheepfolds and peaceful forms. Then come his plagues, bordered with twisting flames, and a scorpion or two, and the coils of a great serpent winding here and there. The messengers come streaming in wild-haired, escaped alone of many.

The "Fall of the Son's House" is beyond comment: the enemy and destroyer has lighted on its falling corner-stones with the poise of a swallow; half hovering on skeleton bats'-wings, from which he shakes black fire and lightning. He is a sooty athlete, all square and savage strength; his countenance is full of mocking enjoyment, as he strikes the house of the beloved ones, stone from stone. He is forcing down the last massive pillar on the heads of father and children with effortless ease, and an expression of sensual delight in man's pain, which we think unexampled in art. We have said something of Milton's Satan, and of Dante's demons; but Blake's far different ideal will stand against either, and indeed against Michael Angelo's, or any other conception in existence, from the intense power of its facial expression; not to mention that his drawing is of a character which makes cramped impressions, three inches by four, strike one's mind with the force of a fresco. In the next, Satan goes forth again from the presence of the Lord, agonized and rejected of angels, but bearing the scourge of sores and boils for the patriarch, who has yet consciousness of the presence, and the protection, of white cherubs whom he cannot see, and yet gives alms in his desolation. Then he is smitten, with the fiend's foot set on him, and the sneering "Curse God and die" dinned into his ears with a strident voice, which seems to sound in one's ears. The sun is setting as in eclipse, and the engraving is bordered with rapid and perfect outlines of toad and thistle, locust, potsherd, and evil angel. Then follows the visit of

Job's friends, and the visions, "A spirit passed before me," and "With dreams upon my bed hast Thou afflicted me,"—such dreams as no one could have had, save a mad Michael Angelo. But perhaps the greatest plate of all is the eighth, "Let the day perish wherein I was born."

All have kept silence for seven days and seven nights, waiting for him to speak whose grief is so great. It has lasted long: and the time is now come when the patriarch will speak, since God helps not, and curse his day.

Many of us, perhaps, read the history of Job as a printed narrative, which they assent to without realizing; and they are willing to deliver it over to the philologists to be tormented into nothing, simply because they themselves have never looked on the men as anything but names, or on the facts as things done rather than things told. So we, ourselves, think of Job as if he had read his own history, and the Old and New Testaments, all his life, and as if he ought to have been aware that all would be restored to him; and on the other side, men read the book of his trial as if it were a sacred novel of the prehistoric days, which has now in course of time come to be a novel not sacred. Blake did not see it so: he was not a critic; but his internal consciousness about the man Job, in whom he believed, was strong and strange. He saw that at the given time Job felt himself to be indeed forsaken: that in his case, as in all others, God does indeed for a time let men feel as if they were deserted, and lay on them all that they can bear, and more. Job's words seem to be a human type of the Lord's, "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" He is really alone in spirit, and though he has no thought of accusing Him whom he has for the time lost, yet being in utter extremity he will speak. And his massive image throws up its marred and nervous arms, and its cry seems to go up and "shiver to the tingling stars" in general star-wide aimless complaint, before whatever may hear or refuse to hear. Their is one instance in the lower inspiration of human poetry, and one only, which is truly analogous to the words of the Book of Job and Blake's personification. It is the sonorous **ὦ δῖος αἰθήρ καὶ ταχύπτεροι πνοαί,** when the tormentors have done their worst and are gone, and none is left to mock the Titan's appeal to deaf heaven and earth.

Blake's powers do not fail him (as so frequently happens) when he comes to the more pleasing and hopeful scenes of his subject. There comes a calm, after the terrible vision that afflicts him, of the evil spirit in God's likeness crushing him in his bed, with the long head of the serpent at his ear, and all the host of hell tearing at him, and deafening him with curses and shaken fetters.—(Plate xi.) He is sitting with his friends, who have ceased to wear him with platitude, being both right and wrong, and knowing it at last. Elihu comes forward, young and fair, and powerful and reverent: he will speak some words for God. The storm of evil has lulled, and great white stars have come forth. They are enlarged in size, and made bigger than suns of the first magnitude; but the exaggeration is so frank that it passes of course; and really it conveys to travelled eyes the impression of those broad white blots on purple blackness which men call desert stars. Then the Lord answers from the whirlwind: the plate is bordered with solid trunks uptorn, and forms with streaming hair; the friends are prostrate in terror: and Job yet kneels to hear. The next, the plate of Creation, contains the matchless figures of "the Sons of God shouting for joy," to which Mrs. Jameson and others have called attention. There are behemoth and leviathan, and the fall of Satan, driven from heaven like a plummet, with earth opening to receive him into the pit. The remaining plates are all of the latter end of the patriarch, which was blessed more than his beginning. It is not easy to avoid what sounds like exaggerated praise, in speaking of the power of pictorial expression which Blake has developed in these plates. Expression of face and gesture are wrought to the very zenith of intensity without extravagance; and the great chief-gift of power over Beauty is displayed, in angelic or maiden faces and forms up to its fullest measure.

If it is strange to think of Blake as Hogarth's successor, as chief of the English school in earnest and powerful subject, it is stranger still to think of the caricaturists who succeeded them. At this day, it is simply wonderful and horrible to consider that M. Gustave Doré's illustrations of Holy Scripture are sold by tens of thousands, while Blake's works are still rarities, as they have always been. But as the higher and deeper grotesque passed into domestic tragedy in Hogarth's hands, so the wild and odd play of the workman's fancy, the old "laughter of the Goth," took the form of caricature. Hogarth is always contrasting beauty with strongly marked (seldom exaggerated) expression, associating both with absurd or quaintly-contrasted details. Character drawing, without regard to beauty, has always had its temptations to the natural eccentricity of northern character. Rowlandson had a great gift for action and motion, and his drawings of a "French and English Review," will be remembered in the Exhibition of 1862. Gillray and Bunbury preceded him; and all of them pursued what they called Character, with a kind of drunken or insane enjoyment, which is exactly like that of many old stone carvers of the Middle Ages. Ideal monsters with tails are only distinguished from actual monsters with wigs by the vulgarity of the latter, after all. But it will be seen, of course, that power over beauty, and the careful use of contrast between it and ugliness, makes all the difference between the high grotesque, where profound moral or even religious teaching is relieved with ridicule,—and the lower grotesque, where the "fun" is everything. And Cruikshank's work marks a point of recovery in art, inasmuch as his effort is always towards beauty and serious humour, and he has always faith in his art and in himself as Teacher and Preacher. The "Life of Sir John Falstaff," lately republished, is a series of capital illustrations to Shakspere, working out its subject in a manner which we seriously prefer to any written comment we know of. Nothing can be more striking or honourable than the submission of the great draughtsman to the greater poet. But it is a most tender and pathetic addition to the written word of Shakspere, when Cruikshank's first print ("How Sir John Falstaff broke Skagan's head when he was page to John of Gaunt") is compared with "The last of Sir John Falstaff." There is the transition—from the boy, the delight of knights and squires, quick and dangerous as a man, and as beautiful as a woman,—to that which was Sir John Falstaff, dead in the worst inn's worst room. Few living men besides Cruikshank, perhaps, would dwell so coolly and steadily on mean furniture and vulgar faces by the old man's bed; and then draw his face so nobly, fair once more in death, freed—how, God knoweth—from meanness, and lies, and drunkenness, and courage turned to boastful cowardice, and mad wit running to destruction with the swine. The sack of many years is gone out of the eyes and cheeks, and the gallant boy's face is there again, in a strange tenderness and forgetfulness, even of his own evil.

In the tragic power which he displays over terror and beauty, Cruikshank will bear comparison with Hogarth as a designer. It is of course very difficult, and quite unnecessary, to compare a well-trained painter further than this with a draughtsman who has little gift of beauty, and has only used the conventional tints of coloured caricature. But the younger artist has had the advantage of alliance with Charles Dickens, and this we think confirms the excellent remark of Mr. Palgrave, that the progress of Pre-Raphaelite painting is parallel with that of the English school of domestic novel, which depends greatly (and with excellent results) on strict correctness of painting in every-day subject. When Cruikshank illustrated "Oliver Twist," it was as if Hogarth's style and power of character-drawing had been joined to Fielding's or Goldsmith's word-painting. We do not ask what "Oliver Twist" would have been without the pictures. It would have been as good as it is, and Mr. Dickens, with his reputation established, has been perfectly successful with his un-illustrated works; but his fame would not have spread so fast or so wide but for Seymour's and Brown's illustrations to "Pickwick," much less but for Cruikshank's to "Oliver Twist,"—his third work, as we believe. We have no notion what would have been the effect on literature if Hogarth had illustrated "Tom Jones," and Fielding had published in shilling numbers. But one result on art then would have been, as in our time, that a vast impulse would have been given to rapid wood-cutting, etchings, and lithography. Had it been so, art might have been by this time applied to its real and its loftiest purpose as a means of education, especially popular education. It is natural, of course, that fictions, which appeal to the imagination, should contain pictures to enforce their appeal to it; the strange thing is that no one has gone further, and that it is so ill understood, that what will make a young person read a novel eagerly will also make him read a history eagerly. Gradually, and rather unwillingly, our histories and dictionaries of biography, &c., are beginning to call art to their aid, and to give us illustrations of scenery and antiquities, which are often correct and valuable to the student, though exceedingly bad for the most part in the eye of the painter. These might be much improved, of course, but it is hard to over-estimate the amount of popular instruction which might be conveyed by illustrated walls, rather than illustrated books; in short, by historical frescoes in public places, rapidly drawn but ably designed. We cannot pursue this subject now; but we think it the most important one which any person can attend to who has real interest or hope in the progress of English art. But we have reached our limits, and all we can do at present is to refer our readers to one of the most valuable collections of "views" on British art, the Report of the Royal Academy Commission for 1863, specifying in particular the evidence of Mr. Watts, Mr. Armitage, and Sir Coutts Lindsay. Church decoration, by fresco and mosaic, is a subject which touches us more nearly; and it may be that the value of imaginative teaching, and the way in which facts impress themselves on the thoughts, through painted symbols, rather than letter symbols, will be best illustrated on sacred walls, as it has been of old. Nor can we, after all, expect much Religious Art among us, in the closer sense of the word, if we will shut it out of places dedicated to religion. Had such a line of labour been open to George Cruikshank, he might have given his art to the Christian faith instead of to water-drinking, and illustrated the history of England rather than that of a black bottle.

We are not going to lament over waste of power in England, mainly because it is the way of our own people, and not to be contended against. Yet we cannot help thinking of what might have been got from Blake, or Turner, or Cruikshank, had they had the French training of to-day, between the great private *ateliers* and the public teaching of the Académie, or even had they shared the advantages of our own art schools? Far more—what might not Christian education have saved Turner from? What is the difference to rising artists between a state of things where systematic study is enforced under the eyes of the great painters of the day, and a state of things where it is almost impossible? In Paris you first catch your young painter; you make him understand that his game is man, and that he is to be a student, and not painter, until he can draw man thoroughly. He has to work five hours a day at his master's *atelier*, from the cast or the life, having the great man's personal instruction three times a week: he also goes to the Académie for two hours in the evening; he works thus in chalk and charcoal for one, two, three, or more years, from the cast and from the life; the skeleton and the casts being always ready in the life school. And till he is fit for it, he is not allowed to use brush or oil-colours in the *atelier*. If he has any real power he will be able to obtain an art-scholarship, which will secure him from the necessity of painting little pictures for life. Consequently, when he has your leave to paint, he is a master of the technical part of his craft; and also he is inclined to attempt historical subject properly so called, and to paint something in the history of the ways of man; finally, whatever he draws will be in drawing. The English student of promise may at best take to exact Pre-Raphaelism, keeping carefully to domestic, or sensational, or sham religious subject; or, if he be one in a thousand, he may paint landscape as good as Brett's, and have his pictures rejected by your Royal Academy; or he may go to water-colour, and multiply Swiss views and Scotch views; or he may share the fate of Haydon. The public is the general patron, and commands art; and the public likes little studies of little girls, and ferns, and praying Puritans, and expiring prostitutes. Landscape art is made the refuge of bad draughtsmen, and because men cannot or will not wait to go through their necessary training in form, they sink the poet's ambition, which ought to nerve them to high attempt at least, in affected humility and priggish scorn of honourable quest. Because men talked and painted nonsense about the grand style in the last century, it is held that an educated man does rightly in ignoring the difference between great things and small.

We were bidden consider the ravens and the lilies, for lessons necessary to man: we were never told to stop there, or pass life in considering them. If art is a thing to give a man's life to, it must be a thing to which to give the best powers of his life, and they will not be developed by mere landscape or mere colour, though it be of natural glory brighter than Solomon's. Our painters must dwell on the whole of the text, until they know that men are much better than lilies or than ravens, and that Art is mainly and really concerned with man.

R. ST. JOHN TYRWHITT.

# THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

*Jesus Christ: His Times, Life, and Work.* By E. DE PRESSENSÉ. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1866.

*The Life of Our Lord upon the Earth, in its Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Relations.* By the Rev. SAMUEL J. ANDREWS London: Alexander Strahan.

*Synopsis Evangelica.* Denuo Recensuit CONSTANTINUS TISCHENDORF Editio Secunda. Lipsiæ: Mendelssohn.

WE have been little used to look to France for contributions to the theological treasure of the Church. The great Gallican divines of the seventeenth century had few successors in the early, and none in the latter part of the eighteenth; and even the first half of the nineteenth century was almost over before any work appeared in the French language which could take rank with the great masterpieces of former days. The great thinkers and writers of the France which made the Revolution were not Christians; and if the intelligence and creative genius of the France which the Revolution has made have laid aside the bitter hatred of Christianity which disgraced a former generation, they have sometimes exchanged the old hatred for a condescending patronage of Christianity almost more offensive than open enmity. At any rate they have poured their wealth into other channels than those of theological learning. Roman Catholic France has been literary, political, controversial, devotional. It has had little inclination to expend the strength wanted for more tangible objects upon patient investigation in a field where the reward of independent inquiry would be suspicion at least, if not condemnation. The Protestant Church in France has been still fighting almost for existence, or striving to make good the claim of Christianity to be the light and life of the world. Sometimes, too, its ablest men have had too little sympathy with the Church of the Middle Ages, or of the fourth century, to care to study Christian antiquity profoundly. The great work of the Abbé Migne has been invaluable as furnishing implements for their task to the theological students of all Europe; but we could imagine that it has been more valued in other countries than in his own. And it is, in fact, little more than a republication of the results of the labours of the great scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and is almost ludicrously behind the age in its few attempts to put the biblical learning of other churches within the reach of Roman Catholic students.

We welcome, therefore, with great pleasure any book which shows that the vigorous thinkers and writers of Christian France are entering into the field of theological learning and inquiry, and are finding readers who can value the result of their labours there. The last few years have seen many proofs that in France, as elsewhere, there is a growing wish for full and searching inquiry into all matters connected with the origin and history of the Church, and that those who cannot or will not follow up the inquiry for themselves are still capable of watching its course and appreciating its results. It is remarkable, but scarcely surprising, that the last great impulse has been given to the spirit of free yet believing inquiry by the very book of which the appearance was hailed by unbelievers as a triumph, and regarded by too many Christians with serious alarm.

Renan's "Vie de Jésus" was exactly the book, we may well believe, to dazzle superficial readers on the Continent. The fascinating style, the vivid picturesqueness of delineation, the profound Oriental learning, wielded with the poet's grace and the orator's practised skill, concealed for a little while from the view of many the revolting absurdity as well as irreverence of the theory which the book was written to maintain. The impression made for a season was great, but it can scarcely be lasting. Meantime it has drawn attention to the subject of our Lord's earthly life. It has disposed the literary public of France to receive, with an interest which could not have been excited a few years since, any really candid and intelligent discussion of the great questions on which the controversy of our day between faith and unbelief must turn.

It has shown, too, that there are certain points in the controversy which are no longer fairly open to debate—matters which may henceforth be assumed by Christian investigators, because they are conceded as indisputable by an acute and subtle adversary, who would gladly dispute them if he could, but who has too much of the true historic instinct not to feel the force of overwhelming evidence. M. Renan's admissions, for instance, on the subject of the early date and authorship of our Gospels are most important. They are remarkable proofs either of his ingenuousness or of his perfect confidence in the solvent power of his own theories as applied to any set of facts.

The work, of which the title is placed first at the head of this article, appears to have been produced in part by the excitement which the "Vie de Jésus" created on its first appearance. It is from the pen of a writer already very favourably known, at home and abroad, by his history of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Church. He is, we believe, the son of a father whose name was for years connected with the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society in France. The present work is published simultaneously in Paris and in London, translated from the proof-sheets of the French original, with the author's sanction.

We have not yet met with it in French, and cannot, therefore, speak with confidence of the way in which the translation is executed, though we have noticed a few instances in which we can scarcely think that the author meant to say what the translator gives us as his meaning; and we could wish that a more careful or more learned correction of the press had saved the book from being disfigured by such mistakes as "Plutarch, Serum. vind." (p. 517), for "De serâ numinum vindictâ;" "Tertullian, the translator of Irenæus and Cyprian, always *quotes*" (p. 136), for "Tertullian, the translator of Irenæus, and Cyprian, always *quote*;" "Denys of Alexandria" (p. 180, note), for "Dionysius;" the "Tubingue school" (Preface, p. x), for "Tübingen school;" and "All work was forbidden except the preparation of the *elements*," which, from the reference to Exod. xii. 16, must apparently be an erratum for *aliment*, *i. e.*, in the simpler phrase of the Authorized Version, "that which every man must eat." Of less consequence are inaccuracies like "Gfrærer" (p. 99, n. and *passim*), for "Gfrörer;" "Lyde" (p. 147, n.), for "Leiden," or "Leyden" (?). A large number of errata too, especially in references, are uncorrected in the short list given. There is a strange mistake apparently, in p. 255, as to the meaning of the French word "*courtisan.*" But the English version reads very pleasantly, is unaffected, unconstrained, generally perspicuous in style, often really eloquent, and does not often seem to fail, except where it would have been very difficult to succeed, namely, in giving the exact force of passages dealing with metaphysical speculation. Such passages abound in the early chapters of the book, and all who care to understand them must, we think, have recourse to the original. The translator has, in fact, been compelled (as the translation was intended to appear simultaneously with the original) to do the more difficult part of her task without having the advantage of preparing for it by previously accomplishing the easier. It is evident that her mastery of both languages has advanced with her progress in the book. To most readers the translation will answer every purpose equally with the original.

The deeply interesting, but rather unwieldy volume before us is made up of two unequal portions, adapted it might seem, if not almost intended, for different sets of readers. The first two hundred pages contain a mass of learned and able disquisition upon various philosophical, critical, and historical subjects, preliminary to the story of our Lord's life. The last three hundred contain a masterly survey, taken in a thoroughly believing and therefore fearless spirit, of the gospel history. Multitudes of those who could understand and value the latter part of the book, are happily quite unconscious of the difficulties which its former part is intended to solve. They have not felt them for themselves; they are not likely to encounter them in others. Such readers may naturally enough be repelled by the quantity of polemical matter across which they have to pass to the true subject of the book. Even those who can understand and profit by the critical and philosophical inquiries of which the results are given in the first part, might be glad to have them kept separate from the exposition of the sacred theme itself of our Saviour's life and ministry. It is the hard lot of many men in our day that they must rise through a lower region, agitated by contending storms, into the serener atmosphere in which spiritual things are spiritually contemplated. But the labour and conflict of the ascent are not in themselves the best preparation for the work which must begin when the summit is reached. Few men can gaze steadily upon the great realities of the unseen world while they are employed in analysing their own conceptions of them, or in vindicating them against those who deny the importance, nay, even the existence, of the objective counterpart of the conceptions.

We could have wished, then, that M. de Pressensé had kept separate the controversial and the narrative or expository portion of the valuable volume before us. The former part is meant for the few, who must or ought to know the reason of their faith; the latter may be read with great advantage by every Christian. No writer who is generally known in England seems to us to have conceived the subject so worthily, or to have approached it with the same spirit, at once of religious reverence and of fearless inquiry. Of older books in our own language we scarcely need speak. Some of them —far at the head of all, of course, Jeremy Taylor's exquisitely beautiful "Life of Christ"—must always remain a part of our classical literature, and will, for many minds, have their devotional and practical use. But they do not attempt to conceive the subject as it must be conceived by those who wish really to study it in our own day. They lack much which we want, and are full of matter which we do not want, and which we feel to lead us away from the true points of inquiry or of contemplation. And when we come nearer to the present day, we meet usually either mere collections of dissertations, or else "harmonies," at least equally dry, constructed too often on most arbitrary and untenable hypotheses, too often elaborate blunders from first to last, of which the great aim is to settle precisely what cannot be settled on the only available evidence, and would be quite unimportant if it could.

Neander's profound and beautiful treatise has the great defect of all his works on Christian history, it does everything but tell the story which it should undertake to tell. That is rather presupposed than related. It is the work, too, of a mind to which a fact is scarcely real until it has been subjected to a process of distillation in which it becomes almost too ethereal to be any longer a fact to the grosser apprehension of ordinary mortals. Bishop Ellicott's Hulsean Lectures, learned, thoughtful, devout as they must needs be, being his, have a certain artificiality of style, and retain, necessarily, too much of the form of "Hulsean Lectures" to be generally attractive. The excellent writer is too much in bondage also to his anxiety to harmonize, without sacrificing the literal exactness of every syllable in every Evangelist. Lange's gigantic work seems to exhaust every department of the subject without giving a definite impression of the subject as a whole. Moreover, very few readers will ever attempt to make their way through his six large volumes of multifarious disquisition. A republication, in separate form, of the article "Jesus Christ," by the present Archbishop of York, in Vol. I. of the "Dictionary of the Bible," might in some respects be superior, for general use by English readers, to any of those we have yet mentioned; but it can scarcely be regarded as either complete in itself or perfectly satisfactory in its treatment of the points which it touches.

For many readers the unpretending little volume which is mentioned second at the head of the present article will be far more interesting and useful than any other accessible work on our Lord's earthly life. It is the work of an American clergyman, reprinted in London. It makes no parade of learning, but it gives a thoroughly candid and careful summary of the argument on both sides of all disputed questions connected with the chronology, geography, and history of our Lord's earthly life and ministry, and a sensible judgment on the present state of the evidence, with an intelligent exposition of each important action and discourse. It is written with great simplicity, and in a deeply religious spirit. It may safely and with much advantage be placed in the hands, not of theological students only, but of any intelligent reader of the Bible. We do not think that any other book upon our list gives so clear a view of the probable order of events, or of the main divisions of our Lord's public ministry. It is a book of a different order from that of M. de Pressensé, but in its own humbler place may be scarcely less valuable, and may meet the wants of a class of readers to whom the profounder treatise is unsuitable.

We would gladly have had M. de Pressensé's preliminary investigation separated from the remainder of the volume. But it seems to us to be in itself full of ability, and deeply interesting to those whom it concerns. It covers, indeed, the whole field of modern speculation in connection with religion and its history; for the hindrances to intelligent belief of our Lord's Person and his work lie scattered over the whole of that field. A summary of the argument may save some students the labour of reading discussions which they are unable to follow out in detail, and of which they are not as yet compelled to feel the value. It may possibly help others to connect the several members of the inquiry with each other, and with the general purpose of the whole. We shall make it as concise as possible.

In the first chapter the philosophical difficulties of conceiving and admitting the supernatural are met. These lie at the root of much of modern unbelief. They come from two opposite sides,—that of Pantheism and that of Theism. The avowed or unconscious Pantheist or "Naturalist" rejects the supernatural because to him *Nature alone exists;* God is to him but another name for the aggregate of the physical universe. The various forms of this theory are traced, and are shown to labour under a fatal inability to explain undeniable facts, whether of the natural world or of human consciousness (pp. 5—20). The Theist, on the other hand, admits a Creator and a divinely constituted order of the universe, but holds that this order is absolutely unchangeable, and that the supernatural is either impossible, or at least is wholly outside of and incapable of acting within or upon the province of nature. This theory is traced through its various modifications, and it is argued, that in maintaining the impossibility of the Creator's interference to restore his own appointed order, and to remedy man's abuse of his moral freedom, Theism is equally inconsistent with itself, with the facts of man's moral being, and with the deepest longings of his heart (pp. 21—31). "What more untenable," the author asks (p. 28), "in good logic than the inconsistent Theism which admits a free Deity, but forbids Him to use his freedom, and compels his wisdom to restrain his love? Such a system must either ascend or descend; its only refuge is above itself in Christianity, which alone realizes fully its high conception of God, or below itself in Pantheism, which, suppressing all transcendent and Divine order, admits nothing but natural law."

Having first established the *possibility* of the supernatural, such as the evangelic history assumes it to be, the author, in Chapter II., reviews the history of religion in its past developments, which he regards for the present simply as facts of human history, interpreting and confirming the testimony of individual consciousness to the existence of a world which is above nature, and is in immediate relation with the soul of man. Christianity claims to be the divinely given response to an unutterable longing in man for a reunion with God, who made him for Himself, to whom he is conscious that he owes moral obedience, but from whom he has become separate through sin. Is this longing a fact? History answers that it is. Whether we look to ancient Egypt, to Babylon, to India, or to ancient Greece and Rome, we have an infinitely varied proof that it is (pp. 38—49). But there is one ancient people the whole history of which has no other meaning but as the story of the awakening and education of man's religious consciousness, and of his hope that God will, in due time, grant the desired reunion. In the latter part of this chapter a masterly outline is given of the special religious training of Israel, and the results of that training, in the gradual growth of religious knowledge, which can be traced in the Scriptures of the Old Testament (pp. 49—65).

A very interesting chapter follows on "The Judaism of the Decline," —that is, upon the change wrought in Jewish modes of thought and feeling, as to religion, during the Captivity and after the return from Babylon. It is almost impossible to give an analysis of a chapter which is itself an admirably condensed summary, couched in the fewest possible words, of the religious history of Israel during six eventful centuries. It must be enough to say that it should be carefully read by all who have not time to investigate the original sources, but who wish to appreciate duly those theories which represent Christ and Christianity as the merely natural and spontaneous product of Judaism under the varied influences of foreign dominion, of resistance to foreign oppression, and of contact with Eastern and with Greek philosophy. We have never met with any account of the various Jewish schools and parties at once so learned, so thoughtful, and so vivid, as that which is given in pp. 66—123 of the present volume. We take from it one passage, almost without selection, as a specimen:—

> "The age which saw the birth of Messiah was quivering with mysterious expectation. The often quoted words of Suetonius about the universal ruler who was to come from the east are only an echo of the feverish hopes of the Jews. But, closely regarded, these hopes were then more imbued than ever with a political and theocratic character. The materialistic tendency which we have pointed out in the apocryphal books reached its culminating point precisely on the eve of the great event which was to give them the most signal contradiction. We find it faithfully expressed in the various passages of the Gospels, which bring before us the contemporaries of Christ; it is fully displayed in the Targums, in the oldest

portions of the Talmud, and above all, in the great Apocalypses, like the book of Enoch and the fourth book of Esdras. The expected Messiah is to be a mighty King, the descendant of David (Mark xii. 35). The town of Bethlehem is at once pointed out as his birthplace by the doctors whom Herod consults (Matt. ii. 5), and who are the faithful echo of the Targums of the period. Great sorrows are to precede the advent of the deliverer; he will have Elias or one of the prophets as his immediate forerunner (Mark ix. 11; vi. 15; John i. 21). He is often represented under the image of a new Moses; he is to be the prophet, like the prophet of Sinai, whose appearance is predicted in Deuteronomy; and miracles are looked for from him, similar to those in the desert (John vi. 31). His first work will be to restore the national glory of the Jews, to reconquer the sacred soil of Palestine, and to restore the kingdom to Israel, after having purified the people of God by repentance (Acts i. 6). Such are the essential features of the picture. They are reproduced in the Targums of the time. These also ascribe to Messiah descent from David, birth at Bethlehem, a renovating influence upon the people, and the deliverance of the ten tribes. They add that Messiah will engage in a supreme conflict with the power of evil, symbolized by the mysterious names of Gog and Magog.

"The rabbis place in the second line, and as it were in the perspective of the picture, all their apocalyptic imaginations. They make the great crisis which is to precede the end of the world, coincide with the era of Messiah; sometimes they attribute to Him the resurrection of the dead, and the last judgment; sometimes they make his reign the precursor of the final scenes in which God will enact the principal part. They hesitate between a general resurrection, and a resurrection of the just alone. But they are unanimous in seeing in the future only a brilliant triumph of Judaism, in which the nations may no doubt participate, but subordinately, and as it were in the train of the sons of Abraham. 'How beautiful is Messiah the king!' we read in a Targum of later date, which is, however, a faithful echo of Pharisaic tradition; 'He has girded his loins; He has set the battle in array against his enemies; He has reddened the mountains with the blood of his adversaries.' The Pharisees take literally the image of a new temple and a new Jerusalem. They extol the glory of Messiah, but wherever there is an apparent ascription to Him of pre-existence and of Deity, we may be convinced there has been some Christian interpolation, or, as in the fourth book of Esdras, the trace of the indirect influence of primitive Christianity. The idea of a suffering Messiah is in flagrant contradiction with their system. The possibility of suffering is only admitted with reference to a second Messiah, who appears in some of their wildest traditions, and who is to devote himself to the deliverance of the ten tribes."—(Pp. 109-11.)

Having thus traced the history of the Divine preparation for the birth of Christianity, and shown how remarkable its results were, and yet how imperfect in themselves, and how inadequate to originate the wonderful movement which followed them, the author proceeds, in the fourth chapter of his First Book, to review the sources from which a life of Jesus Christ must be drawn, and to examine the question whether they are trustworthy materials for history. After noticing the obvious but most important passages of Pliny, Suetonius, and Tacitus, which show that early in the second century,—nay, even soon after the middle of the first,—the Christian Church had spread far and wide, and that One who had been put to death by Pontius Pilate was honoured by it with worship "as a God;"—of Josephus, which, even after all doubtful elements have been removed, remains evidence to the historic reality of the Founder, and the devotion of Christians to Him;—of the Talmuds of Babylon and of Jerusalem, which bear traces of a fanatical hatred to the name of Jesus, only to be accounted for by the reality of something like the Gospel history;—the author proceeds to show how much farther the testimony of Christian writers will carry us on ground of which no reasonable opponent can dispute the validity. No one now denies the authenticity of St. Paul's epistles to the Thessalonians, Corinthians, and Romans, or assigns to them a later date than A.D. 60. Now these epistles, even alone, "confirm at a glance all the principal facts of the life of Jesus, as these are recorded in our Gospels." St. Paul "makes perpetual allusions to the history, as if nothing was more familiar to his readers. . . . Thus we touch the rock below the shifting sands of legend. . . . Those thirty years which are demanded," and it may be added, which would be even ludicrously insufficient, were they given, "for the elaboration of the Christian mythology, are absolutely wanting. . . . The more complete narratives, the credibility of which we are about to examine, are not isolated; they are so linked with all the tradition of the first century, that even if we were compelled to surrender them, Christian truth would stand, in its entirety, on the sole basis of documents which have obtained universal assent" (pp. 132-4).

Coming, then, to examine the Gospels themselves, and assuming at present only the general truth of the history which they contain, M. de Pressensé arrives, by a very interesting, and *in the main* conclusive, process of reasoning, at the following results with regard to their origin and mutual relation. The first three Gospels, in their present form, belong to a period not later than, and yet not much before, the destruction of Jerusalem. They embody the substance of the story of our Lord's wonderful words and works, to which the Church in its earliest days listened at Jerusalem. Many portions of that oral Gospel had been written down, in more or less fragmentary form, previously to the composition of our present Gospels.* Some of those earlier written records are incorporated in the latter. In particular, our present Gospel of St. Matthew, though a Greek original, is founded upon and contains within itself the substance of the earlier Hebrew narrative of our Lord's public discourses and actions in

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* This, it will be remembered, is as nearly as possible the theory of the origin and mutual relation of the first three Gospels which was sketched by Dean Alford in the Prolegomena to Vol. I. of his Greek Testament. Gieseler had previously elaborated a theory substantially the same.

Galilee, which was drawn up by the Apostle Matthew, or Levi. It is "only the definitive edition of the Hebrew Gospel of Matthew, and preserves to us, in a methodical narrative, the history of Jesus, presented from the point of view of the first apostolic preaching at Jerusalem" (p. 164).

The Gospel of St. Mark was written probably at Rome, and for Romans (p. 169), and must be regarded, on both external and internal evidence, as founded on the testimony of St. Peter:—

> "The general tone of the narrative is opposed absolutely to the view of Mark's being only an abbreviator of Matthew and Luke. Such scribal processes were quite foreign to the apostolic age. Mark, in his long sojourn in Jerusalem, doubtless heard the preaching of Matthew, which became subsequently the foundation of the First Gospel; there is nothing to prevent our admitting that he may have preserved numerous passages of it in writing. This was a custom already in vogue in the primitive Church, as we have seen in the prologue to Luke's Gospel. In conforming to it, Mark would have acted perfectly naturally. The analogies and discrepancies of the two Gospels would be thus explained. The omission of the portions especially designed for an audience of Jewish Christians, in the preaching of Matthew, and yet more the peculiar turn of the preaching of Peter at Rome, give a unique character to Mark's narrative. That which it presents to us is, in truth, not Messiah fulfilling the ancient covenant, but the Son of God displaying supernatural power for the salvation of the world. If the Gospel of Matthew is the Gospel of fulfilment, Mark's is the Gospel of Divine power manifested in Jesus Christ."—(P. 170.)

In M. de Pressensé's account of St. Luke's Gospel there are points which appear at least not to be fully established, and others on which we think him mistaken. We refer particularly to the questions whether St. Luke was acquainted with St. Mark's Gospel, or St. Mark with St. Matthew's, and the probable date to be assigned to St. Luke's Gospel. Nor do we see any such distinction between the language of St. Luke xxi. 31, 32, and St. Matthew xxiv. 33, as will sustain the author's inference. Nor is the meaning of Acts xxviii. 30 quite correctly given. It would suggest A.D. 64 as the earliest probable date of that book:—

> "As Matthew's Gospel retains the type of the preaching of the twelve, the Gospel of Luke is the monument of that broader preaching of the thirteenth apostle, who had been preceded on this track by the devout Stephen. It is grossly unjust to speak of Luke as a simple compiler; he is no more so than Mark is an abbreviator. . . . There seems no doubt that Luke was acquainted with Mark, whose scripture, especially in its first form, would answer to those narratives without definite order, by which the first Evangelist [*i.e.*, St. Luke] had, as he tells us, profited. The points of contact and resemblance between Luke and Mark are many. By means of the second Gospel, Luke comes in contact with Matthew, whose Gospel in its Greek form he probably did not know: thus are explained the analogies and differences of our synoptics. As the book of Acts, which belongs to the same hand, closes abruptly at the time when St.

Paul entered on his imprisonment in Rome, it has been supposed that the third Gospel was concluded at the same period, that is, about the year 62. But this seems to us incompatible with the antecedents of the Gospel of Mark. We think it better to keep to the date inscribed in Luke's first work. In fact, we find in his prophetic portion, the same expectation of the near return of Christ after the destruction of Jerusalem, which we have noted in Matthew, with this difference, that the expressions are less definite, and admit the possibility of some delay (Luke xxi. 31, 32). We are thus brought back to the period verging on the destruction of Jerusalem: the majority of the second Christian generation, to which, by his own avowal, the friend of St. Paul belonged, were living at the time of the great catastrophe. If we take into account the high antiquity of the Gospel, and the habitual accuracy of the author, carried even into minutiæ, in some portions of the Acts of the Apostles; if we remember all the opportunities he had, as the beloved companion of the great apostle, to receive information at first hand in Jerusalem itself, we must admit that in following him we breathe the clear, pure atmosphere of historical truth."—(Pp. 173-4.)

The great questions connected with the fourth Gospel are discussed concisely, but with great judgment and ability, in the remaining portion of this very important chapter. It is really impossible to give a summary of an investigation already compressed into the narrowest possible space. We give one or two concluding paragraphs in the author's words:—

"The ideal character of the Gospel of John is in no way incompatible with its claims as a history; the psychological insight which makes him discern and depict, in the contest between Jesus and the Jews, the opposition between light and darkness; the sublime conception of love, which sees its elevation and triumph in its very humiliation;—all these lofty ideas correspond to great realities. We should not be ready to grant that historians, who, by a powerful generalization, evolve from events their inner meaning, are thereby taxable with inexactness. Fidelity is not the monopoly of chroniclers. Has not the title of historian been always reserved for those who have been able to show the concatenation of events, and to discern their secret springs?

"If we are taxed with the analogy which exists between the style of the first Epistle of John and that of the fourth Gospel, we ask first, if it seems more probable that Jesus should have moulded the mind of his disciple, or that the disciple should have fashioned the Master in his own image, after having proclaimed him God? That some part is to be assigned to John's individuality in the reproduction of the discourses of his Master, we are quite ready to concede; he translated and compiled them; he could not give them in their entirety, nor reproduce, with perfect exactness, their original form; but in substance, and in all important features, these are the original discourses, and it is Jesus, and not John, to whom we listen.

"It is a derogation from our Gospel to regard it as simply the supplement of the synoptics, or a refutation of the errors of the times; it supplements and it refutes by the simple fact that it recounts the evangelical history subsequently to the first canonical narratives, and in the midst of heresies, of which it necessarily takes note, while it yet claims to give us, in a positive and individual form, all the history of Christ. We possess in it the epitome of the teaching of the last of the apostles—of him who was nearest to the heart of Jesus. It was written at the solicitation of the Christians of

Ephesus, after they had fasted and prayed to know the will of God; and thus they received from the hands of St. John the living portrait of Jesus, so much the more faithful because of its lofty idealization."—(Pp. 202-4.)

We add the retrospect taken at the close of the discussion:—

"We have vindicated the trustworthiness of our four canonical Gospels. They are to us more than mere documents; they are the voice of the Apostolic Church speaking at four different periods of her development. Every narrative adds some trait to the image of the Redeemer; and yet, all together, they are still only the mirror 'in which we see but imperfectly,' until the day of direct vision. They transmit to us, with an extraordinary vitality, the breath of inspiration which animated the Church of the Apostles. This Divine seal reveals itself to the heart, and if there is mysticism in discerning it in our four Gospels, we readily plead guilty to the charge.

"Apart from this, however, we have reasons enough, based on positive information, for concluding that our four canonical narratives are historical documents, dating from the first century. We are not, therefore, at liberty to alter them at our pleasure—to treat them as a kind of mosaic, fragments of which may be capriciously detached and re-arranged in artificial combinations. Such a method might be reasonable if our synoptics were only a mass of doubtful traditions, with no other uniting bond than an accidental juxtaposition. But it is not so; they give us a consecutive narrative, arranged on a definite plan; we are, therefore, bound to take account of this plan, to explain the particular by the general, and constantly to compare our four Gospels one with another. This is our only way of escape from that senseless use of the arbitrary, so common in reference to the Gospels, blending, dividing, and mutilating texts the most distinct and complete; treating the Gospel history, in a word, like a metal in fusion, that may be poured at will into any mould. Truth loses much by such methods of dealing with her; they are deprived of all excuse, so soon as our canonical narratives are admitted to bear the double impress of the time of their origin, and the writers to whom we owe them. There must be an end of that divination which detaches texts, gently or otherwise, from the context, in order to educe from them a preconceived idea—a sure method of discovering everywhere one's own thought. A comparative study of the Gospels, which respects the order of time, and seeks to determine it with the most scrupulous care, costs more labour, but it brings more gain to the searcher after truth."—(Pp. 204-5.)

The first book is closed by a short but deeply important chapter on "The Doctrinal Bases of the Life of Jesus." It is just alike to M. de Pressensé and to his readers to give in his own words the substance of his confession of the faith in which his work has been composed:—

"The doctrinal and strictly theological does not come within the scope of this book. It is not my province, then, to establish here the great doctrine which is to me the central point of Christianity—the Divinity of Christ and his incarnation. . . . Let it suffice for me to say here, that I accept unreservedly the prologue of John's Gospel; it is to me the necessary introduction to the life of Jesus. Taken in itself, apart from the subtle commentaries of the metaphysics of the fourth century, it gives us a grand and simple idea of the Redeemer of the world. By its first words it raises us to the highest conception of God, showing Him to us before the world and before time, in the very mystery of the Divine life, the eternal realization of love, the union of the Father and the Son. 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' Over this relation of Father and Son hangs a sacred veil, which no human theory can pierce, for analogies are wanting, and language is unequal to the weight of such thoughts. The lightning gleam which illuminates these depths reveals to us a living, loving God, who does not need to seek in the created world the object of his love, but finds it in the Being like Himself, who is his perfect image. . . . According to the prologue of John, the uncreated light of the Word shed some rays into the night of a world separated from God. 'The light shineth in darkness.' But when the world is to be redeemed and saved, and man lifted up to God, then 'the Word is made flesh;' which signifies, not simply that He put on a human body, but became truly man, and subject to all the conditions of our existence. Jesus Christ is not the Son of God hidden in the Son of Man, retaining all the attributes of Divinity in a latent state. This would be to admit an irreducible duality, which would do away with the unity of his person, and would withdraw Him from the normal conditions of human life. His obedience would become illusory, and his example would be without application to our race. . . . He is the Son of God, who has voluntarily abased Himself, and this humiliation is the beginning, as it is the condition of his sacrifice. . . . Unless we would fall into a doctrine which would make a phantom of Christ, and an illusion of the Gospel, we must needs admit, in all its import, and with all its mystery, this humiliation of the Word,—a truth far too much lost sight of by the theological school of the fourth century. . . . Thus, then, the Christ whose life we are about to trace is not that strange Messiah who possesses, as God, omniscience and omnipotence, while, as man, his knowledge and power are limited. We believe in a Christ who has become truly like unto us; who was subject to the conditions of progress and gradual development of human life; and who was 'obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.'"—(Pp. 206-8).

In this statement, *understood as we fully believe that its author intended it,* he seems to us simply to express the faith of the Catholic Church, and of those great theologians of the "fourth century" of whom we regret that he has even seemed to speak disparagingly. Doubtless it was the controversies of that age which first made the Church distinctly conscious of the truth which she had always held implicitly as to the Person of her Divine Founder. The special function of the Church in the day of its accomplished triumph over paganism, was to declare and to define the truth revealed in substance from the beginning with regard to the Godhead and the Incarnation of the Son of God. Those who believe in any providential guidance of the course of history, can scarcely help believing that the work then done was a work which needed to be done once for all. The declaration of that name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, into which Christians are baptized; the acknowledgment that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, was essentially one with the Father and the Holy Spirit in the same Eternal Godhead; and did "for us men, and for our salvation, come down from heaven; and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary; and was made man," even "perfect man, of a reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting," and so subsisting that neither is the Godhead absorbed in the humanity, nor the manhood in the Divinity;—this was the result wrought out through the many conflicts of a very imperfect age, and cherished with thankful acquiescence by the wisest and best Christians of later days.

That the truth so declared is a truth which, transcending all human thought, can but be most imperfectly expressed in human language; that any part of it taken alone may easily be distorted into something at variance with other truth; and that by apparently correct processes of deductive reasoning, conclusions may be drawn from one part which shall contradict conclusions similarly drawn from other parts,—this all orthodox believers who think justly on the subject will confess. To say further that very often language has been uttered in simplicity and with right intention, by those who were anxious to maintain Catholic truth, which showed at least a disposition to forget one side of the truth in fighting for the other, is only to say that orthodox Christians have not always been wise, and have sometimes understood their own formulæ very imperfectly. It is probably quite true that in the Middle Ages, after the victory over the Arian tribes, the truth of the Divinity of our Lord so overshadowed that of his humanity, that the light and comfort of the Incarnation was to a great degree lost in practice, and our Lord came to be regarded, in the popular system of religion, rather as the Judge than as the Saviour of mankind. And it can scarcely be doubted that the fatal Mariolatry of modern Romanism has been encouraged and developed by this yearning of the human heart, of which the truth of our Lord's humanity, which had so become obscured, is the divinely given satisfaction. Nor will those who have watched the current of orthodox religious literature in England be inclined to deny, that until recent years there was danger lest those who wished to maintain the Saviour's Divinity, or to repudiate any language which could seem to impute sin or infirmity to Him as man, should be led, not indeed to deny, but almost to explain away, the reality of his human nature, and lest so the very basis of confidence in his sympathy and of the study of his example should be unintentionally destroyed.

The current now appears to be setting another way. If there be any truth which is increasingly dear to believing minds in our own day it is that of our Saviour's true humanity and consequent sympathy. But on the other hand our age feels a continually increasing repugnance to distinct dogmatic statements on religious subjects, and seldom takes the trouble to understand thoroughly the meaning, and is consequently incapable of estimating duly the value, of those old ground-plans of the foundations of our faith, which were drawn out with pain, amid the labours and conflicts of the fourth and fifth centuries, and from which no man departs without risk of building wrongly.

It is to be regretted, then, that a man who writes so thoughtfully and learnedly as M. de Pressensé should have hastily used language disparaging the formulæ which, if only they are rightly understood, and life is given to them by reference to the historical evolution in Scripture of the truth which they enunciate absolutely and in a negative form, are really safeguards against those partial and distorted views of truth which he so justly regards with apprehension. He must be aware, and cannot mean to deny, that the truth of our Lord's humanity, in soul as well as in body, is as carefully fenced round as that of his Divinity, by the Athanasian and Augustinian formulæ which embody the verdict of the fourth and fifth centuries on the Apollinarian, Eutychian, and Nestorian controversies. The language to which he objects is indeed, as he has shown, entirely at variance with the facts of the Gospel history; but we believe that it will be found to be not less distinctly at variance with the language, taken as a whole, of the greatest divines of the fourth and fifth centuries, and of the creeds which, under God, we owe to them.

We have spoken of the latter half of the volume as likely to be more widely read and valued than the former. But from its nature it scarcely admits of any analysis. It deals necessarily with the details of narrative and exposition, and must be estimated first by its success in treating them, and then by the vividness and justness of the general impression which the portraiture of our Lord's earthly life creates. On the whole this seems to us wonderfully lifelike and truthful. There are, of course, innumerable matters on which other minds will hesitate to accept the author's conclusions. In one or two instances of acknowledged difficulty and comparatively small importance it would seem as if he were scarcely acquainted with the latest results of English and German exegetical investigations. One such instance will be found in the note (p. 221) on the census referred to in St. Luke ii. 1, 2, which appears to have been written in ignorance of the singularly ingenious and apparently almost conclusive attempt of A. W. Zumpt to establish, by a combination of passages in Josephus, Tacitus, Dion, &c., that Quirinus was *twice* Governor of Syria; once from B.C. 4 to B.C. 1; the second time (as universally admitted) from A.D. 6. A summary of Zumpt's argument will be found in Dean Alford's note on St. Luke ii. 1, 2. Whether accepted or not, the solution deserves certainly to be noticed. We do not think M. de Pressensé's translation of πρώτη ἡγεμονεύοντος τ. Σ. Κ. by "*before* Quirinus was Governor of Syria" can be defended by πρῶτός μου in St. John i. 15, or is at all tenable. The same note treats with far too much tenderness, though rejecting it, a strange misinterpretation of the same passage proposed by M. Henri Lutteroth. Another instance of the same thing occurs in the note on p. 229, which appears to be written in ignorance of any later investigation than Kepler's of the remarkable conjunction of planets which it has been sought to connect with the appearance of the star to the Magi. Mr. Pritchard (see Alford, *in loco*, ed. 5th) has repeated the calculation with improved dates, and shown that the true date of the conjunction was A.U.C. 747 (not 748, as M. de P.), and that the planets were at no time within a degree of apparent distance from each other. This correction, if not fatal to the supposition which M. de P. (with Dean Alford) adopts, certainly diminishes its probability very much. It is difficult to suppose our Lord's birth to have taken place at any time during A.U.C. 747. The most likely date (see Andrews, pp. 1—22) is the latter part of the year A.U.C. 749, and this date is accepted by M. de Pressensé himself. We may notice here, that by an unfortunate misprint in a note on a similar question at p. 248, A.U.C. 717, instead of 767, is made the year of the death of Augustus. There are other mistakes in the same note; and Wieseler's most unnatural explanation of St. Luke iii. 1, as giving the date "not of the commencement of John's preaching, but of his last appearance on the eve of his imprisonment," is adopted for Wieseler's very insufficient reasons.

On these minor matters we think that the author's scholarship and judgment are sometimes at fault. But such blemishes might easily be removed, and only very slightly affect the real value of the book. Those who must enter into such questions will be unlikely to depend on any one guide exclusively. They will find every such question intelligently and most candidly discussed in Mr. Andrews's unpretending but most valuable little volume; which we must once again recommend as full of information, very clearly and simply given, and as presenting, with sound judgment and with truly Christian seriousness, the principal points in the story of our Lord's life and ministry.

The real value of M. de Pressensé's treatise lies in the profound spiritual insight, and the loving and reverential seriousness which it combines with a truly scientific breadth of view. No reader of both can fail to be struck at once with its points of coincidence with "Ecce Homo," and its general unlikeness to that very remarkable book. M. de Pressensé aims to do that which the English writer has not attempted, though his title seemed to promise it. He tells the story of our Lord's life, and presents his character and teaching, both in the mass and in detail, to our contemplation. There are matters on which the soundness of the French writer's conclusions may be questioned. But it cannot be denied that he has worthily conceived both the plan of his subject in Christian theology and its connection with the Christian's inward life. It cannot be said of him, as it may of the brilliant and impetuous English writer, that he has left out of view large portions of his subject. Whatever defects of execution there may be in parts, there can be no doubt that the author's grasp of the whole subject is a master's grasp.

We have placed third at the head of this article the second edition, dated 1864, of Tischendorf's "Synopsis Evangelica," of which we have not seen any notice taken as yet in England. It is not a mere reprint of the former edition (1851). The text has been revised, and very far more in conformity with the views of what has been called the school of ancient evidence in Greek Testament criticism. The readings of the Codex Sinaiticus are quoted throughout the Gospels, and appear to have greatly influenced the editor in his text, which differs materially, and we think for the better, from that of his "Editio Critica" of 1859. It will probably agree in general with that of his forthcoming revision of the whole New Testament. In constructing his Harmony, Tischendorf differs from Wieseler oftener than in his first edition, and has sometimes entered a sensible and decided protest against his view. He still, however, maintains the theory that our Lord's ministry lasted only a few months more than *two* years. On this point no elaborate argument, we think, can outweigh the difficulty of finding sufficient time for the three great portions of our Lord's ministry, each evidently of considerable length, namely, that in Judæa,* that in Galilee† (interrupted by frequent visits to Jerusalem‡), and that in Peræa,§ to which must be added the visit to Bethany‖ and the time spent at Ephraim.¶ Whatever judgment may be formed on questions of detail, there can be no doubt that Tischendorf's Synopsis furnishes a very convenient arrangement of the Gospels for mutual comparison, and gives a sensible and candid summary of the grounds on which a decision of many questions connected with their harmony must depend. The indefatigable editor has shown in this and in another recent work, for a knowledge of which we are indebted to M. de Pressensé, that his incessant labours on the critical revision of the text have not disqualified him from taking an intelligent part in the exposition and vindication of the Gospel history.

We give one or two passages which may at least show the spirit in which M. de Pressensé has contemplated our Lord's life. The first shall be one on the relation between our Lord and his Forerunner:—

> "The baptism of Jesus marks a great epoch in his life. It cannot be justly brought forward as arguing anything against his perfect holiness. It is evident from the Gospel narrative, that this ceremony assumed in his case an exceptional character. John shows clearly by his hesitation that he knows he is baptizing a perfectly holy being. Why, then, did Jesus submit to be baptized? The Baptist himself answers the question by this significant saying,—'That He should be made manifest to Israel, therefore am I

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* See St. John ii., iii.

† See St. Matt. iv. 12; xix. 1; with parallels.

‡ See St. John v. 1—x. 21.

§ St. Matt. xix., xx., with much of St. Luke x.—xix.

‖ St. John xi.

¶ St. John xi. 54.

come baptizing with water.' Thus the baptism of Christ was first of all designed solemnly to inaugurate his ministry. It was on this account it was attended with the remarkable circumstances which mark its importance To see in it only that in which it resembles an ordinary baptism, and to pass by those points in which it differs, is to ignore its distinctive features, and to be untrue to historical facts. John, the representative of the old covenant, is commissioned to proclaim, in the name of the prophets and holy men whose legitimate successor he is, that the new covenant has begun, and the promised Messiah is come. But this kingdom of heaven, which is about to be set up on the earth, will have for its subjects humble and sorrowful souls and contrite hearts. The baptism of repentance is the affecting symbol of this whole dispensation. Is it not fit that the King of a repentant people should Himself prepare their way? Is He not identified with the race that He comes to represent? He who is to die for it, may He not for it repent, and bear on his heart the burden of its moral miseries? In the Mosaic institutions, defilement was not confined to the defiled person; contact with such an one rendered purification necessary. Here we have not simple contact with a fallen race; there is the most absolute union with it. This mystery is the very basis of redemption, and it is not more difficult to admit it on the banks of Jordan, than in the garden of Gethsemane and on the Cross.

"It would be erroneous to suppose that Jesus received no grace at his baptism. He had submitted Himself wholly to the conditions of humanity. He drew from the springs of the Divine life, as we ourselves need to draw from them, by faith and prayer. The Holy Spirit was actually bestowed upon Him with a new richness in this solemn moment; it was his royal anointing for his work of sorrow and love.

"The next day after, John met Jesus, and pointed Him out to the two disciples who were with him by these significant words,—'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world' (John i. 29). He would be readily understood by the pious Israelites who had been present at the morning and evening sacrifice in the Temple at Jerusalem, and had partaken of the Paschal Lamb, all the more if they had read the prophetic oracles in which the promised Deliverer was represented under the image of a victim."—(Pp. 251-2.)

The following passage touches on a subject of well-known difficulty:

"To the period of John's imprisonment at Machærus belongs a remarkable episode, to which we shall refer again in the history of Christ's public career, and from which very exaggerated conclusions have been drawn. It has been asserted that his previous testimony is branded with suspicion, by the simple fact that, in an hour of doubt, he sent two of his disciples to ask Jesus of his mission (Luke vii. 19, 20). But where do we find the life of the soul unfolding without struggle or retrogression? It has its alternations, which will not bend to the laws of an inflexible logic. John, as we have said, belonged to the old covenant; he looked for a speedy and glorious manifestation of Messiah. This manifestation tarried; nay more, it seemed to recede day by day, for the more Jesus was known, the less He was acknowledged. Here was an insoluble contradiction for the Forerunner; it pressed heavily on him in the long inaction of the prison life, in which his heroic heart was wearing itself away. Is it strange to see in such circumstances a cloud passing over his faith? he must know little of human nature who can so deem it.

"It is not wonderful that John the Baptist left behind him a school distinct from the little group of the Apostles, traces of which are to be found even into the middle of the first century. His religious point of view was incomplete. The truthfulness of the evangelical story comes out the more saliently from these contrasts, which are inevitable in a transition period like that of the Forerunner. Jesus himself described the work of John the Baptist in a manner which explains all contradictions. 'What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they which are gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately, are in kings' courts. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and much more than a prophet. This is he, of whom it is written, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. For I say unto you, Among those that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist: but he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than he' (Luke vii. 24—30). In other words, if none among the servants of God surpasses the Baptist in moral greatness, he, nevertheless, does not pass the boundary line which separates the two testaments. Had he possessed greater light, he would have been less heroic, for there is no work so noble as his who prepares the triumph in which he does not share. The very dimness and incompleteness of his view only the more justifies that judgment of Christ's, which is a sufficient recompence for all his labours and sufferings. 'Verily, I say unto you, Among those that are born of woman there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist.'"—(Pp. 256-7.)

We take another from his account of the commencement of our Lord's ministry in Galilee:—

"Of all the provinces of Palestine, the most beautiful is that in which Jesus now lived for several months, scattering everywhere, as He passed through it, the seed of Divine truth. Galilee is distinguished from Judæa by its fertility and the softness of its landscapes. It has not the wild grandeur of the environs of Jerusalem; plentifully irrigated by numerous watercourses, it spreads before the eye a brilliant carpet of enamelled verdure, encompassed by mountains. Tabor is a grassy dome, the outlines of which seem chiselled against the sky. It is especially in contrast with the stern aspects of Judæa that the soft, smiling scenes of Galilee impress the traveller. If Christianity was to be the offspring of mere beauty of nature, it might assuredly have found a more enchanting birthplace—such as the golden shores of Ionia, or those magic isles which rise out of a sea of azure on the shores of Asia Minor. The most striking feature of that part of Galilee which was the principal scene of the ministrations of Jesus, is an air of quietness and serenity not to be met with elsewhere. The Lake of Tiberias, even after so many wars and ravages, still bears the impress of calm and peaceful purity. Its western shore is reached by the last slopes of a chain of green hills, which sink undulating to the water's-edge. Oleanders fringe the blue waters; opposite, on the eastern shore, the flood beats against rugged rocks, the last ramparts of the wild country of the Gadarenes. At the northern extremity, the Jordan loses itself in the lake, to reappear in a foaming sheet at the southern end. In the distance, towards the north-west, Hermon lifts its snowy peaks, which stand out against the intense blue of the Syrian sky; while a little farther, to the south-west, the mountain of Safed closes in the horizon. In the radiant hours of early morning, or those of an empurpled twilight, the lake reproduces with exquisite charms in its still mirror all the accidents of light. A golden haze sometimes hangs over it like a heavenly veil. One would fain wake from the surrounding hills the echo of the holy words of the Master. If there was ever under

> heaven a temple not made with hands, it is surely this country, the true land of the Gospel, on which we as plainly read the history of the Redeemer as in the pages of our sacred books. The thoughts of Christ were cast in the mould of this tender scene of nature; from it He drew his chosen emblems.
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> "No doubt, in order to form a just idea of the country, it should be seen animated and peopled as it was eighteen centuries ago, instead of as it now is—branded with the curse of Islamism. Formerly, on the shores of the lake rose numerous towns, inhabited by an active population; the inhabitants of the little plain of Gennesaret gave themselves up to agriculture, while the dwellers on the shore lived by fishing and trading. . . . These little cities enjoyed much prosperity, owing to their excellent situation; they were, however, regarded rather as villages than towns; they had few men of mark among their inhabitants, on account of their distance from the capital. Each of them had its synagogue, and representatives of the various Jewish schools. The Pharisees and Sadducees strove for influence here as at Jerusalem, but their credit was far less than in the immediate neighbourhood of the Temple. The population would be tolerably dense in so rich a district. The lake was perpetually furrowed by the boats of the fishermen; nothing was more easy than to gather a multitude in the open air in this fine climate."—(Pp. 345-8.)

Two other extracts must be given as specimens of the more argumentative portion of the book; for the controversial element necessarily in our day enters rather largely into every survey of the facts of our Lord's earthly life intended for educated readers, still more of theological students. The first passage is, in form, a note, appended to the history of the resurrection of Lazarus:—

> "The resurrection of Lazarus is one of the Gospel facts most called in question. The silence of the synoptics is first urged against it. Strauss, in his sarcastic pamphlet, 'Die Halben und die Ganzen,' lays especial stress on this objection. This silence is unquestionably a difficulty, but it can be understood if our three first Gospels are regarded as not the writings of eye-witnesses, and as mainly intended to record the events in Galilee. Lange's explanation ('Leben Jesu,' iii., pp. 1, 132), which considers the silence of the synoptics as dictated by policy, for the safety of Lazarus, appears to us too ingenious. It would have been necessary to carry such precautions much further, and to have withheld all proper names. If in the synoptics we have no account of the resurrection of Lazarus, we have allusions to the facts immediately connected with it. Thus Mark (xiv. 3—9) records the act by which Mary of Bethany expresses her hearty gratitude for the resurrection of her brother. Still further, all the Gospels agree in relating the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, and the implacable determination of the Sanhedrim to strike a decisive blow. Apart from the resurrection of Lazarus, neither the enthusiasm nor the outburst of hate are accounted for. There was nothing to suggest either in the sojourn in Peræa. Some great event must have transpired between the previous visit of Jesus to the holy city and his triumphal entry. John alone bridges over the gap. The very tone of the narrative has a ring of genuineness which at once strikes the unbiassed reader. The explanations given by those who dispute its veracity are, to us, so many confirmations of the truth. I shall not refer again to that of M. Renan, alluded to above; it has been doomed to ridicule. Baur, and after him, M. Réville, regard the account of

> the miracle as a symbolical illustration of the words, '*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*' But this is a gratuitous supposition, which does not explain the crisis which follows, and which is opposed to the character of the narrative. Strauss, faithful to his system, regards it not as a philosophical myth, but as the reflection of the legendary miracles of Elijah and Elisha. He makes the narrative of the fourth Gospel the result of the most artificial combination that can be conceived. This Gospel, according to him, has taken from St. Luke the Lazarus of the parable, and has fulfilled the desire of the rich man by raising him from the dead (see 'Vie de Jésus,' p. 470). A marvellous theory! We find in this hypothesis the same confusion as in the popular legend. At Bethany the traveller is shown, opposite the house of Lazarus, that of the rich man. Thus overstrained criticism blends with vulgar fable. We will not discuss the theory of apparent death maintained by Schenkel. Martha's observation with reference to the state of the corpse conclusively sets this aside. Schleiermacher, in his remarks on the 'Vie de Jésus,' seems to shrink from his own theory of the mere semblance of death. He distinguishes this resurrection from the others, ascribing it directly to the Divine power invoked by Jesus ('Leben Jesu,' p. 233). Ewald admits the authenticity of the narrative, but reproduces it without comment (vol. v. 405-7)."—(Pp. 444-5.)

The other passage relates to difficulties felt in the different narratives of our Lord's own Resurrection, and the unbelieving attempts to explain the testimony borne to the fact, without admitting the reality of the fact itself:—

> "The resurrection of Jesus Christ is a truth of such central importance to Christianity, that we cannot content ourselves with a simple statement of the facts, but feel bound to answer the principal objections brought against it. In the first place, there has been a very exaggerated statement of the discrepancies among the Gospel narratives of the event. We do not dispute these discrepancies, and we make no claim to do away with them on any preconceived system; but, estimated at their proper value, they never assume the importance of irreconcilable contradictions. They are perfectly naturally explained when it is remembered that only one of the accounts which we possess is entirely by the hand of an eye-witness. These very differences serve to establish the genuineness of the fourth Gospel, by discovering to us the evident traces it bears of a truly primitive account. If it is indeed John (as everything tends to show) who relates that which he saw, we possess an irrefragable testimony, so much the more conclusive, that in all essential facts it is confirmed by the synoptics. From all our four Gospels it appears that Jesus rose from the tomb on the morning of the third day; all agree in speaking of a vision of angels, of the doubts of the pious women on the morning of this great day, and of the obstinate unbelief of the disciples. The fourth Gospel, like the two first, mentions a meeting in Galilee only; while those who have preceded him confound distinct events, John distinguishes them, and reconciles Matthew's story, which speaks only of Galilee, with Luke's, which speaks only of Jerusalem. The incontestable discrepancies of our canonical narratives are proofs of their perfect honesty, and are readily accounted for by the strange agitation into which the disciples were thrown in consequence of so unexpected an event.
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> "Beside the objections of criticism we must notice the principal explanations of the resurrection, all tending to repudiate the miracle. . . . The third theory, which has recently found many advocates, is that of visions. . . . Paul, it is said, puts in the same category the appearance

of the risen Redeemer to the disciples present at Jerusalem, and that to himself on the road to Damascus, which was the beginning of his new life. . . . It is concluded that the various appearances of Jesus after his resurrection belong to the realm of imagination, and not of fact. The apostles believed indeed that Jesus was risen; they were no rogues, but visionaries. Such is the argument recently put forth* in a very ingenious form.

"We may give it a peremptory reply. It is certain that Paul, in his letter to the Corinthians, intends to speak of an actual appearance. 'He was seen,' he says, 'of James, then of the Apostles, then of me.' . . . Let us not forget, that in the chapter of the Epistle to the Corinthians in which Paul declares that he has seen the risen Christ, that which is spoken of is the bodily resurrection of believers. His argument would fall to the ground if what was intended was only a simple vision, not an actual manifestation of Jesus. . . . Thus is the resurrection of Christ on the third day certified by a tradition older than that of our three first Gospels. This tradition is not only contained in texts, but is incorporated into the very worship of the Church, by the setting apart of the first day of the week as the Lord's day.

"The hypothesis of visions clashes with the most elementary principles of psychology. How can we suppose the repetition of the same delusion in many different minds? Such a coincidence would be conceivable only in an atmosphere of heated and fanatical expectation of a particular event. Now it is indisputable, from all evidence, that despondency was deep and general in the young Church. It was from that upper chamber, the doors of which were closed for fear of the Jews, in which was heard only the voice of sighs and lamentation, that the assurance of this greatest of miracles burst forth spontaneously. How could those who were so slow to believe in the event have been its inventors?

"And yet they *did* believe, and this faith in the resurrection became their lever to move the world. What will account for such a change? 'Christ is risen,' replies the Church; and unless we are prepared to abandon the principle of causality, we feel driven to the same conclusion; for in attestation of the fact, she shows us not only the disciples at Jerusalem elevated, confirmed, transformed, and sealing their faith in this event with their blood, but Judaism and Paganism vanquished, one world crumbling away, another rising; she shows us all generations of Christians coming in succession to derive strength and consolation from this eternal fact. The Christian Church, as young, as living to-day, as eighteen centuries ago, does not rest upon a vision or a lie! Whether we contemplate the circumstances which preceded this day, or the great events which have followed it, it is not possible to place anything but the great fact of the resurrection between the blank despair of the evening and the exultant joy of the morning, with all its mighty results for mankind."—(Pp. 546-52.)

We would fain have extracted the beautiful passage (pp. 559-60) which concludes the whole work, but that its theme is almost too sacred for criticism. We say with all sincerity that we have found nothing in the volume unworthy of the reverential humility of the solemn act of adoration at its close.

There are passages, no doubt, which the timidity of some good but not wise believers will regard as dealing too freely with the mere outward letter of the Gospel narratives. The author honestly and fearlessly avows that he has no *à priori* theory of the inspiration of the Gospels, and finds the actual facts of their mutual relation, their inter-dependence, their variations, in minor matters even their discrepancies, entirely incompatible with some of the theories which have been most confidently propounded as essential parts or conditions precedent of Christian belief. But no man can hold more firmly the perfect truthfulness of each Evangelist; no one is more entirely persuaded of the deep harmony between them, the substantial unity of representation which lies beneath the diversity of outward form and colouring. No man more firmly believes than M. de Pressensé that the four Gospels, separately and together, are the casket divinely given to the Church, in which its one inestimable treasure, the life-giving knowledge of the Saviour, is enshrined.

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* By Strauss in his "New Life of Jesus."

Those who seek that treasure there, under the teaching of the same Spirit who prompted the Evangelists to write, and who so controlled and directed their labour that its results should be adequate to all the demands of the Divine purpose in their ministry, will never fail to find all which their real need requires. In the words with which, as M. de Pressensé believes, St. John's Gospel in its earliest form concluded, "These things are written that we may believe that Jesus is the Christ the Son of God, and that believing we might have life through his name." He who believes that the Gospels were so given for such an end, has good reason also to be assured that the Giver did not suffer any error to find place in them which could interfere with the attainment of the end for which He gave them.

We want no other doctrine of inspiration than this: it is for honest examination of the Gospels themselves to show what were the objects and the nature, and what were the divinely appointed limits, of that special work of the Spirit in the Apostles and their companions, of which our Gospels are the result. He who believes, indeed, will not be in haste to admit contradictions even in unimportant points; but he will be still more afraid to accept evasive interpretations, or complicated and artificial hypotheses, for the sake of avoiding an honest recognition of the existence here and there of a real difficulty, insoluble in our present state of knowledge.

Without accepting his conclusions always in detail, we cordially and thankfully acknowledge that M. de Pressensé has shown English theologians in what spirit every question connected with the criticism and harmony of the Gospels should be treated. He has written on the greatest of all subjects, and has written with a simplicity of intention to instruct, with a ripeness of ability and learning and Christian wisdom, and a largeness of apprehension, well worthy to be devoted to the illustration of so great and sacred a theme.

EDWARD T. VAUGHAN.

# UNIVERSITY EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

*University Education in Ireland.* By WILLIAM K. SULLIVAN, Professor of Chemistry to the Catholic University of Ireland. Dublin: Kelly. 1866.

*University Education in Ireland.* By J. E. CAIRNES, Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy, Queen's College, Galway. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

*Freedom of Education, what it means.* By JAMES LOWRY WHITTLE, A.B., Trinity College, Dublin. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, & Co. 1866.

IT is of no slight importance that members of the Church of England should form a just estimate of the merits of the Irish University question, which has now entered upon a critical phase; and with the aid of the very able pamphlet, the title of which stands at the head of this article, we propose to examine briefly what the issues raised really are, so that our readers may better comprehend in what way it is desirable that they should be settled.

The position of affairs is this: the institution known as the Catholic University of Ireland is seeking from Government, not as formerly, a charter conferring on it a corporate character, and recognising its right to confer degrees upon its students, but simply facilities enabling those whom it has trained to obtain, upon examination before a properly constituted public examining body, public degrees and certificates in arts, science, medicine, and law, which shall place them on an equal footing, in starting for the race of life, with the graduates of other universities. The authorities of the Catholic University consider that they have a strong case. Since the design of the institution was first taken up, in 1850, the Irish Roman Catholics, one of the poorest populations in Europe, have raised and applied the sum of £130,000 to found and support the university.* Four Faculties have been organized,—those of Theology, Medicine, Philosophy and

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* Professor Sullivan, p. 23.

Letters (corresponding to the "Arts" of an English university), and Science. Evening classes have been opened, colleges and grammar schools in different parts of Ireland have been affiliated, and the professorial lectures have been quite as well attended as there was any reason to expect, considering that, except in the medical school, the course of instruction did not terminate in the well-understood distinction of a degree. Considerable progress has been made in the formation of a library, and of scientific collections. Nor has any one ever pretended that the Irish Roman Catholics have not been, as a people, as nearly unanimous as the nature of the human mind admits on this question, or that they have not worked earnestly for the realization of the design. The "dissentient element," such as it is, shall be duly taken into account presently.

Such being the case, it is not easy to see on what ground—so much having been already effected by private enterprise—the very moderate claim above described, as made on behalf of their students, should be denied to the authorities of the university by the English Government. But there are other parties in the educational field, whose position and interests must be understood before we can gain an adequate conception of the difficulties which beset the question. These are—1, The University of Dublin, commonly known as Trinity College; 2, the Presbyterians in Ulster; 3, the teaching body of the Queen's Colleges of Cork and Galway, together with their friends and sympathizers.

As to the University of Dublin, which represents the Irish Established Church, it is much to its credit that it has preserved an absolute silence in this controversy. The Presbyterians, burning with traditionary hatred towards the Celtic Irish, and satisfied themselves with the operation of the Queen's College and University, since they have ingeniously contrived to adapt the Belfast Queen's College to the purposes of a training college for young men preparing for the Presbyterian ministry, and to procure the appointment on its staff of men in whom they have full confidence, are endeavouring to deter the Government from the desired concession, upon the ostensible plea that general liberty of conscience is better promoted by conducting the higher education on the principle embodied in the Queen's Colleges than any other. An Irish Presbyterian arguing for general liberty of conscience! The cheat is too apparent, and Mr. Sullivan tears off the mask at once, by proving (p. 14) that when the scheme of the Queen's Colleges was first started, the Presbyterians were vehemently opposed to it, and have only changed their views and their tactics since they have "modified that system to suit themselves."

The learned professors at Cork and Galway, or some of them, are staunch opponents of the concession. And this too is surely natural enough. Are they not put where they are to "lift up their voice in the wilderness;" to eradicate that pestilent notion of nationality which still haunts the Irish brain; to fight against "Ultramontanism," and *pro virili parte* to extinguish it; to win the Irish people, by the persuasive eloquence of their lectures and by their general enlightenment, from the ways of an excessive religious faith? And now, when a *very* gradual increase in the number of their students from year to year entices them to acquiesce in the flattering delusion that all these great enterprises will be one day crowned with success, must it not be truly disappointing to those missionaries of enlightenment to see a backsliding Government coquetting with "Ultramontanism," and actually proposing to satisfy the wishes of the great discontented majority, rather than waste any more time in carrying out the views of a small, fervently loyal, but most insignificant minority of the Irish people? Accordingly, Professor Cairnes of Galway has written a pamphlet, the object of which is to show that the Government are taking a retrograde step; that there is no real demand for any extended facilities of university education; and that that dreadful "Ultramontanism," and Dr. Cullen, will be the sole gainers.

The friends of, and sympathizers with, the Queen's Colleges come last, of whom the number in Ireland is so small, and so much confined to the official class, that, did they stand alone, their sentiments would hardly be worth examining. Of this Irish "dissentient element,"—dissentient from the habitual feelings and hopes of ninety-nine hundredths of their countrymen and co-religionists, and therefore politically valueless and powerless,—is Mr. Whittle, a Roman Catholic barrister, educated at Trinity. Professor Sullivan has described with such admirable moderation and clearness the position held in Ireland by the small class to which Mr. Whittle belongs, that we cannot do better than quote the passage:—

> "Catholic judges and barristers form a large and influential element of our legal society; and if lawyers as a whole occupy the first intellectual position in society, how much greater influence, comparatively, must Catholic lawyers exert on the formation of opinion in Catholic society. We have seen that the majority of Catholic barristers have been educated in Trinity College. The education which a Catholic could receive there, is not likely to develop those higher qualities in which our new society is so deficient. I have already stated that Trinity College could not perform the functions of an educational brain for our intermediate education. It is, if possible, still less adapted to perform the function of intellectual centre for Catholic society. Is the intellectual life which it transmits to Catholic society through its Catholic students, in harmony with the moral and religious constitution of that society? It could not be. The Catholic student of Trinity College is an intellectual pauper, admitted by sufferance to its halls. He is offered the mental food prepared for its true students, whose constitution it suits, whose minds thrive upon it, and who become self-reliant men—whose

> opinions, even when prejudiced, are their own. But how can he assimilate what must be unsuited for his constitution? The tone of the place is not only Protestant, but its moral and intellectual atmosphere is pervaded by a spirit of ascendency, which must be eminently disagreeable to high-minded Catholic gentlemen. Catholics may, and as a matter of fact do, pass through it without loss of faith; but with this I do not concern myself. I only refer to the moral and intellectual action of the place, which I believe to be good upon Protestants, but which fundamentally changes the mode of thought of the Catholic student. An Irish conservative paper, in discussing the question of University Education, once put forward as one of the great claims of Trinity College to the gratitude of true Protestants, the subtle modification of Catholic mind subjected to its influence. I do not object to intellectual influence upon men's minds; it is one of the most important agents of education, and universities are among its best instruments. But, in order that its action may be healthy and invigorating, should it not be untrammelled? Are the positions of the Protestant and Catholic students of Trinity College, in respect to the intellectual influence of their teachers, alike? The one can accept all their teaching unreservedly; the other can only accept one part timidly, while he must forego another part. His early ideas must be in perpetual conflict with his later teaching, and instead of developing his mind according to its natural law of evolution, and boldly discussing the problems of philosophy, he becomes suspicious of their tendency and weakly sceptical, without having passed through the mental process which makes philosophical scepticism at least honest; he loses enthusiasm for intellectual truth, for his mind has never enjoyed the liberty through which alone it can be recognised. This is the typical *pseudomorphic* Englishman: his mind has the outward form of the mould of the natural man, but the internal structure is wanting." *

The object of Mr. Whittle's pamphlet is to dress up a terrific scarecrow, to which he attaches the name of "Ultramontanism," and then to ask the Government, "Is this the monster to which you intend to sacrifice us respectable Catholics and our free thought?" No one who knows anything of Ireland would think the views of this small class deserving of any serious consideration, partly from their utter political insignificance, partly from the essentially derivative, dependent, auxiliary character of their ideas. But unfortunately, many of us do not know Ireland. And that section of the English Liberals which is represented by the *Daily News*, adopts Mr. Whittle's views as the genuine expression of lay Catholic thought struggling to free itself from episcopal dictation, and under this delusion are doing what they can to prevent the recognition of the Catholic University. This singular coalition between bigoted Irish Presbyterians, free-thinking Irish Catholic barristers, and misinformed English Liberals, threatens, in the general apathy felt by Englishmen respecting Irish questions, to throw serious impediments in the way of the declared desire of the Government to consult for once the feelings of the great mass of the Irish people.

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* "University Education in Ireland," p. 28.

But the object of the present paper is to ascertain on which side those principles are found, or are not found, which naturally command the adhesion of English Churchmen; and this it will not be difficult to discover. Two systems of education stand face to face in Ireland,—that in which religion forms at once the base, the cement, and the apex of the edifice of instruction; and that in which religion, on account of certain difficulties in the way of bringing together students of different denominations, is left out of the course altogether. The first system is represented, as by Oxford and Cambridge in this country, so by Trinity College and the Catholic University in Ireland; the other system, as by the London University here, so by the Queen's Colleges and University there. Now the only ground upon which it can be reasonably maintained that religion, as in the Queen's Colleges, should be omitted from among the subjects of instruction, is this: that its doctrines are so uncertain, so much involved in a maze of changeful and mutually destructive opinions, as to make it unsuitable for communication in a place where real knowledge, and not uncertain theories, has to be imparted. There is no sincerity or reasonableness in the pretence that religion must be excluded in order to bring together the disciples of different creeds in the same lecture-room,—as if there were no other alternative between doing this and depriving great numbers of them of university instruction altogether. If religion be true, and not problematical merely, then it must be the *highest* truth, and the truth of greatest importance to know and to teach; and if it be objected that Protestants will not receive Roman Catholic versions of it, and *vice versâ*, it is easy to answer, at any rate in the case of Ireland, that each of the opposing religious bodies is of that force and weight, one by its numbers, another by its wealth and intelligence, as to be well able to support one or more universities for its own members.

If religion be granted to be true, then theology, which is the science of religion, must be a real science, and as such suitable for comprehension in an academical course; and just as it has no right to absorb the ground of other sciences within its own borders, so no other sciences can pretend to occupy the ground of it. All this was very beautifully set forth years ago, in Dr. Newman's "Discourses on University Education." Even if men could be generally persuaded that religion were indeed nothing but a maze of subjective views, the offspring of idealism and fear, yet the meaning of a world emptied of God and Christ has become so clear, the worthlessness of all substitutes so notorious, that the nobler souls would even then be more inclined to bow towards the vacant throne where once sat the God of our fathers, and to supply the place of extinct theology by a perpetual threnody of despair, than to acquiesce in a lifeless system,—the suggestion of the mere intellect,—which banished the idea of God out of the university and out of the world. This was remarkably shown in the case of the late Arthur Hugh Clough. Compelled, as he thought, by the advances of modern criticism, to renounce every form of religion, considered as a positive system of facts and doctrines, his mind, which had nothing in common with the self-satisfied temper of the ordinary missionary of unbelief, became a prey to pain and despair unutterable. Who that knew him and loved him did not mark the cloud of settled sadness which, through all his later years, hung upon that massive glorious forehead, and dimmed the light of those sweet penetrating eyes? The cause was manifest. He thought that the world and he had lost their Father; and no mystic charm of poetry, though he was a true poet—no research in art or literature, though he was a born critic, could make him feel otherwise than as an orphan, sorrowing over a lost inheritance of love and light. Truly this kind of denial savoured much more of faith than the indolent acquiescence of many; this despair showed what it would really be—glibly as free-thinkers discuss and anticipate the prospect—to lose Christianity out of the world.

"Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains, cover!"

Clough was one of the best of men; the purity and sincerity of his character, the sensitiveness of his conscience, inspired all who came near with unspeakable respect and affection. He is gone where all grief and doubt are healed: and those who loved him feel as certain as they can of anything in morals, that he has found there the Father and the Saviour whom in this world he believed himself to have lost.

But this assumption of the ultra-Liberal school, which is the sole reasonable plea for the exclusion of theology from the educational course,—namely, that religion is a mass of crude, uncertain opinions, —is utterly untrue. The immense majority of Christians, in all countries, do at bottom hold a greater number of first principles and articles of belief in common than the followers of science, in many of its departments, have attained to. That there is one God—infinite, all-good, eternal; that Christ, true God and true man, was sent by his Father into the world to leave for the imitation of mankind an example of perfect holiness and obedience; that He died on the cross for all men, rose again the third day, ascended into heaven, and sent the Holy Spirit in power, to establish his Church; that there is for each man—his work in this life being over—a final judgment and a just retribution,—these primary truths, and many others bearing upon them, are taught with like emphasis in the schools of Rome, Canterbury, and Geneva. It is true that Rome goes on to maintain that the Church founded on the day of Pentecost was provided with a machinery enabling it from age to age to teach with certainty and authority, not only these primary truths, but many others deduced therefrom; while Canterbury, without utterly rejecting the tradition of the Church, deems that the surest test and touchstone of the truth of her teaching is the written record of Christ's words and works, which has descended to us from the apostolic age; and Geneva (including in the term all forms of dissent) breaks with the Christian past altogether, and trusts solely to the guidance of the record. Nevertheless, —putting prejudice and the *odium theologicum* aside,—is it not clear that the points of agreement here are really more fundamental than the points of difference? Can the students of geology pretend that the first principles of that science, if science it may be called, are settled with a corresponding definiteness and certainty? Yet geology can be taught without difficulty in university lecture-rooms to students attached to various systems; and so can chemistry, and physiology, and other sciences, in which many of the deepest problems are still surrounded with uncertainty, and variously solved. Why then cannot theology be so taught? It is not, as has been shown, on account of its greater uncertainty; it is simply because of its transcendent influence over the heart and life of man.

# NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*Cathedralia: a Constitutional History of Cathedrals of the Western Church, being an Account of the various Dignities, Offices, and Ministries of their Members, &c.* By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D., of Exeter College, Oxford, Præcentor and Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Chichester, &c., &c. London: Masters.

MR. WALCOTT'S reputation for diligence and for antiquarian attainments led us to open his "Constitutional History of Cathedrals" with the expectation of finding in it a collection of interesting facts skilfully brought to bear upon the illustration of the past and present condition of those great ecclesiastical institutions. The facts, indeed, are there in abundance; many of them curious, some of them interesting and important. But the facts themselves are not so numerous as at first sight might be supposed. If we simply turn over the leaves, they seem to bristle with facts and figures, and the one thing wanting would appear to be an index, which might enable the reader to rearrange for his own convenience the matter presented to him. It is a pity that Mr. Walcott has not provided such an index. He might have detected, while yet there was time to remedy the evil, the multitude of repetitions which his book contains. As it is, the student has to gather the information which he seeks out of a mass of names and dates strung together with little more of arrangement than this, that the chief officers in the several cathedrals are described in the order of dignity or precedence, the inferior members according to the alphabetical position of their names. There is not so much as a running title to afford him a guide to the whereabouts of a statement of which he may be in search. Even the arrangement which is adopted is not steadily adhered to. But it is unfair to make statements such as these without bringing forward some evidence to support them. A very flagrant case of repetition is to be found on page 65, where, speaking of the sub-dean, Mr. Walcott says, that the (Ecclesiastical) "Commissioners . . . sequestered the estates of the office at Exeter." He then devotes eight lines to a statement of the duties of this officer at Salisbury, and proceeds,—"At Exeter the functions have wholly ceased, and the estates have been sequestered by the Commissioners." But this fades into comparative insignificance when compared with the occurrence of a statement respecting the capitular arrangements at Llandaff, at pp. 36, 62, 66, and with a slight variation at pp. 43, 180; with that of a somewhat similar arrangement at St. Davids at pp. 36, 43, and 50; or with the threefold mention, at pp. 31, 32, 86, of the Bishop of Salisbury as holding the Prebend of Potterne. The statements given are not always in perfect accordance. At p. 36 there is mention made of an arch priest (*grand prêtre*) at Lyons, but no such personage is found in the list of the dignitaries of that cathedral (p. 21, note). One officer of this name at Saragossa is mentioned, p. 36, three having been enumerated at p. 20. Three different derivations are given for the title "cursal canons" at pp. 9, 87, 125; though it is but fair to say that the least probable of these (from *cura salutis*) is given by Mr. Walcott, not on his own authority but on that of Edwards. At p. 151 the lay clerks at Exeter are mentioned as deriving part of their income from the tithes at Woodhay. The facts are repeated, p. 162, but the name of the place is given correctly as Woodbury. It is somewhat provoking, again, to find nothing said under the head "Treasurer," respecting the foundation of that dignity in Exeter Cathedral, and then to find it brought in by the way at p. 185, under the article "Sacrist."

It is a pity that Mr. Walcott has not taken more pains in verifying his statements respecting the present condition of the cathedral bodies. Much of his information is taken from the Appendix to the Cathedral Commissioners' Report. Statements given to the world in 1854 cannot safely be quoted in the present tense in 1865; and a careful reading of some of the returns will lead to a suspicion that they represent a transition state of things in which changes had been begun but not fully accomplished. In one point especially, the salaries of lay clerks, changes have been made in various cathedrals since those returns were drawn up. In some cases fuller information would have added to the interest of that which is stated. At p. 30 it is said that "at recent enthronizations the Archbishop of Canterbury sat in the Dean's stall;" and at p. 84, that "the Primate was enthroned in the chapter-house of Canterbury." Both statements are true, but it should have been added, that the real enthronization anciently took place by the Prior seating the newly appointed Archbishop in the patriarchal chair, a marble seat which was formerly placed to the eastward of the high altar, but was removed several years ago to the south transept.* And certainly, at the enthronization of the present Archbishop, he was placed in the throne in the choir, to indicate his authority over the diocese; in the marble chair just mentioned, as Metropolitan of the province; and in the Dean's stall, as head of the cathedral body; while at the end of the service he was conducted to the chapter-house, and there, having been placed in the seat of honour, received from all the members of the cathedral their profession of canonical obedience.

Many of Mr. Walcott's extracts from the ancient cathedral statutes are instructive, as illustrating the manners and customs of the times when they were drawn up. It reminds one of Falstaff's proportion of bread and sack, to find that each of the thirty canons of St. Paul's had three loaves and thirty gallons of ale daily, while the minor canons were allowed the more moderate (!) quantity of six gallons to two loaves. A sad picture of the state of morals in the fourteenth century is suggested by the particulars recorded on pp. 159, 160. There are several interesting forms of installation, and others might have been added; as, for instance, those at Exeter, where every member of the cathedral body is installed, from the dean to the choristers. Further information might have been given on the subject of choir feast-money, mentioned, pp. 162, 164, as given at Exeter and Chichester.

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* See the account of Winchelsey's enthronization in Hook's "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," vol. iii., pp. 391 *et seq.*

On the whole, our impression is, that the book is well designed, and contains a great quantity of valuable information; but that it requires strict revision, both as to composition[*] and in verification of statement, to make it of much use in forwarding the growth of a healthy public opinion on the matter of which it treats.

*The Agamemnon of Æschylus, and the Bacchanals of Euripides.* Translated by HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray.

*The Agamemnon, Chöephori, and Eumenides of Æschylus.* Translated into English Verse by A. SWANWICK. London: Bell & Daldy.

*The Prometheus Bound of Æschylus.* Translated by AUGUSTA WEBSTER. London: Macmillan & Co.

AMONG many tokens of the glory that surrounds the great names of Homer, Æschylus, Dante, perhaps the most significant is the spell with which they draw men and women of very varying degrees of power and culture to the work of translating. Students in the first dawn of ambitious or simply loving enthusiasm, statesmen resting from party contests or exhausting budgets, grave divines whose histories or commentaries seem enough to be a long life's task, poets whom the world reveres for their own words of power, all are drawn on as by an irresistible fascination. Each feels as if something had been left unaccomplished by his predecessors which he sees his way to attain. Each is probably conscious that he has failed to satisfy his own ideal, and notes a thousand defects beyond all that critics have pointed out, and leaves the field still open for the enterprise of others. For all, probably, it has been good that they have made the effort. The work has been its own reward in the elevation and tranquillity, the closer fellowship with noble minds, and clearer insight into their thoughts, which it brought with it. Few have failed so utterly as not to widen the circle of those to whom the great poems of the world are thus made familiar. We welcome these translations of Æschylus, accordingly, as proofs that the minds of students are turning to the dramatists as well as to the great epic poet of Greece, as helps to making English readers acquainted with their mighty and half-prophetic words. Wonderful as are the freshness and vividness of Homeric pictures—the touches of deep pathos, the life and stir of battles, in which we see the dark blood pouring from the wounds, and hear the din of arms,—we must turn to the dramatic poets in order to take a true measure of the height to which the Greek mind could rise, the musings and questionings which, spoken by the loftiest poets, woke echoes in the hearts of thousands. Homer may give us the mythology of Greece; we must look to the tragedians for its theology and Theodicæa.

We are tempted sometimes to wish that, side by side with that Royal

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[*] Mr. Walcott's use of pronouns is sometimes very puzzling, *e. g.*, at p. 65 there is a statement respecting Glasgow, in which it is hard to discover who it was that "acted in the absence of the deanery." This last word is apparently a misprint for "dean."

Commission for a revision of the Authorized Version of the Bible which many ask for, another could be issued for the translation of the great masterpieces of classical antiquity. If we had Mr. Matthew Arnold's faith in the authority of Academies, we might hope for some final decision on the many questions which still remain *sub judice.* Are English hexameters to be cultivated or anathematized? If the latter, what is the next best equivalent—blank verse, ballad metre, long or short, Spenserian stanzas, hendecasyllabics? Are Greek choruses best rendered with or without rhyme? Are Jove and Minerva and Diana and Mercury, or Zeus and Athene and Artemis and Hermes, to be the dwellers upon the Greek Olympus? And when these points were settled, or left as open questions, it would be pleasant to proceed to assign to each translator his portion of the work. With so many competitors for Homer, it would be invidious to allow any one to monopolize the great work; and perhaps the best thing the Commission could do would be to sanction the union of three or four representing the highest excellence attainable in the various forms which translators have adopted. If we can no longer count on the help of perhaps the truest poet of all who have entered on the task, Mr. Philip Worsley, there still remain others who have as yet only given us fragments. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Charles Merivale, Mr. Charles Kingsley, might be ordered to finish the ballad versions which we know them to have begun, Sir John Herschel to produce the bolder rendering in hexameters which common fame reports him to have been long elaborating, and which his work in the volume published some years ago, by him, Archdeacon Hare, Dr. Whewell, and others, shows him to be capable of doing so well. Mr. Conington's success with Horace entitles him to ask, as he practically does, for Virgil. Mr. Matthew Arnold, with his appreciation of the "grand style," his refined taste, and power over the rhythm of his verse, would, we believe, be the "right man in the right place" as a translator of Pindar. To Mr. Swinburne we would assign Euripides. Mr. Plumptre will, we hope, pardon us if we suggest that Mr. Tennyson, with his supreme union of high thought and consummate art, his living freshness and elaborate polish, his rich and varied music, might work out, in the leisure and calm of Faringford, a version of Sophocles which would reproduce, more fully than has yet been done, the characteristic perfection of the original, and show the world how a Greek chorus should be rendered into English. The writers whose works we are now reviewing must grant us a like indulgence when we say that we should like to see the pen of Mr. Browning employed on the tragedies of Æschylus. The robust strength, the sudden and startling transitions, the fascinating obscurity, the juxtaposition of the grotesque and the noble, the mastery over rhymes and rhythms which characterize his poems, give him a higher degree of fitness for this task than any English poet has had since the death of Shelley; and he possesses what Shelley's half-hysterical temperament did not allow him to gain, the self-restraint of a masculine judgment, knowing when to stop.

Of the three writers now before us, the Dean of St. Paul's starts with the highest repute, both as a scholar and a poet, and the work is probably all the better done because it has been but the *πάρεργον* of years occupied by such labours as those of the "History of the Jews," and that of "Latin Christianity." We trace in his renderings of the choruses of the Agamemnon something of the rich music and high-wrought polish which in "Belshazzar's Feast" and the "Fall of Jerusalem" gave promise of yet higher excellence. Sometimes, we are free to confess, the excellence to which they point seems to us of another kind than that which ought to characterize a translation of

Æschylus. We wish for greater boldness, and a little less sweetness—an abruptness almost startling, rather than a uniform, harmonious flow. Miss Swanwick brings with her a fresher and more glowing enthusiasm for her work. The able and elaborate introduction which she has prepared to the Oresteian Trilogy, shows that she has entered with all her heart into the task before her, and has gathered round it the results of wide and diversified studies. If we were to note any general defect in hers, as we have done with the Dean's version, it would be the tendency to represent the archaic character of Æschylus by an occasional sprinkling of obsolete or obsolescent English words. Thus, as we turn over the pages, our eye falls on "*wight* incautious," "*busking* war's array," "*birdè* at the brake," "a colt *i-yoked*," "*y-clept*." For the most part, however, the English is pure and vigorous, as well as faithful to the original.

We take one of the most difficult passages of the Agamemnon as a specimen of the style and power of each translator. Dean Milman's rendering of lines 412-26 (πάρεστι σιγᾶσ' ἄτιμος, κ.τ.λ.) runs thus:—

"Silent there she stood,
Too false to honour, too fair to revile:
For her, far off over the ocean flood,
Yet still most lovely in her parting smile,
A spectre queens it in that haunted spot.
Odious, in living beauty's place,
Is the cold statue's fine-wrought grace:
Where speaking eyes are wanting, love is not.

"And phantasms, from his deep distress unfolding,
Are ever present with their idle charms,
And when that beauteous form he sees, beholding,
It slides away from out his clasping arms.
The vision! in an instant it is gone
On light wing down the silent paths of sleep."

Miss Swanwick takes, it will be seen, a different construction.

"Dishonoured, yet without rebuke, the spouse
Stands speechless, yearning still her form to view,
Lost o'er the salt sea wave; his dreamy pain
Conjures her phantom in his home to reign.
He loathes the sculptor's plastic skill,
Which living grace belies.
Not Aphrodite's self can still
The hunger of his eyes.

"And dreamy fancies, coinage of the brain,
Come o'er the troubled heart with vain delight;
For rapture deem I vain,
When forms beloved, in visions of the night,
With changeful aspect mock our grasp, and sweep
On noiseless wing adown the paths of sleep."

We have no space to discuss which reading of the corrupt text is preferable, but it will be admitted, we think, that Miss Swanwick has been the more faithful of the two to that which she has followed, and that the Dean's version, rich and graceful as it is, gilds the gold of Æschylus. If he is right in referring ἄτιμος, ἀλοίδορος to Helen, there is a rhetorical addition in his rendering,—

"*Too false* to honour, *too fair* to revile,"

which is out of place, and which reminds those who have not forgotten the best of all possible Newdegates, of the line,—

"Too fair to worship, too divine to love."

Miss Swanwick's "dishonoured, yet without rebuke," if we allow her to refer the words to Menelaus, is simpler and more truthful. So in like manner she gives, what the Dean does not attempt, the effect of the repetition of the same thought and sound in—

. . . *φέρουσαι χάριν ματαίαν,*
*μάταν γὰρ* . . .

It may be worth while to mark the way in which they severally deal with the single phrases which all translators of Æschylus have found among their chief difficulties. (1.) Thus, *e. g.*, *Ζεὺς ξένιος* is with the Dean "hospitable Jove" (61, 723), which fails to convey the meaning of the Greek to an English reader, while in 353 we have "God of hospitality;" and the same adjective does duty for *ξυνέστιος* in 682. Miss Swanwick's renderings, "protector of the guest," "guardian of the guest" (in one instance she agrees with the Dean in adopting "hospitable"), give but one half the meaning, and that the half least prominent in the thought of the poet. The absence of any one English word to express the reciprocity involved in *ξένος*, justifies, we think, the use of a phrase like "God of the host and guest" as an equivalent, but it is clear that the effect of the epithet, as a kind of key-note in the drama, is lost, if we vary the English form instead of adhering to the same rendering. (2.) Neither translator has succeeded in giving the condensed proverbial character of the—

*τῷ πάθει μάθος*
*θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.* (170)

The Dean's—

"By whose eternal rule,
"Adversity is grave instruction's school,"

gives a kind of copy-book grandiloquence in its place; and Miss Swanwick's—

"To sober thought Zeus leads the way,
And wisdom links with pain,"—

though simpler, misses the ring which fixed the old Greek proverb in the memory.

"Zeus, who leads men in calmest wisdom's way,
And fixeth firm the law,
That pain is gain,"—

may be suggested as giving an equivalent in both sense and sound.

(3.) The play upon the name of Helen, in—

*ἑλένας, ἕλανδρος, ἑλέπτολις,*——(619)

has also baffled both. Shrinking, and we think wisely, from Mr. Conington's—

"Hell of vessels, hell of heroes, hell of states,"—

the Dean gives,—

"Helen called, the fated to destroy
Ships and men and mighty Troy."

Miss Swanwick,—

"Helen, the captor who, elate,
Should ships, and men, and cities captivate."

Of these the first misses at once the omen and the *paronomasia*: the second succeeds in part, by interpreting the name, and but for the unlucky insertion of the word "elate," for the sake of a rhyme, would have been preferable to any yet offered. Would the imperative necessities of translation justify a yet bolder experiment for the sake of giving sound as well as meaning?—

> "Who named her Helen, name of clearest ill
> For Hellas' ships, and Hellas' men,
> And Ilion's wallèd town?"

Of the third book named above, Mrs. Webster's translation of the Prometheus, our limits do not allow us to say much. It, too, has clearly been a labour of love, and it has been done faithfully and conscientiously. We welcome her as a worthy addition to the goodly company of lady-translators. Here and there single phrases have been happily rendered. The "*myriad laughter* of sea-waves," "*twinkling-vestured* night," "*cavernous boom* of thunders," could not easily be improved on. But we own that we miss, in the choruses especially, the loftiness and the music of Æschylus. In—

> "The whole land echoes now with sighs,
> Sighing and making moan for the old majesties
> Of thee and of thy race.
> Yea, where the Asian colonies lie fair,
> In loud lamentings for thine ills do mortal dwellers share,"——(428-32)

there is, especially in the last line, a heaviness which does not satisfy the ear that has been trained to a perception of the more subtle laws of melody. And this is, we believe, a fair specimen of the versification generally.

*The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons.* An Oxford Prize Poem, 1854. By GEORGE FREDERIC LEE. Third Edition. London: Thomas Bosworth.
*The World's Epitaph.* A Poem. London: Woodfall & Kinder. 1866.
*A Century of Sonnets.* By JACOB JONES. London: Alfred W. Bennett.

MR. LEE'S poems have reached a *second edition:* his prize poem is in its *third.* These are instructive facts, and Mr. Lee is entitled to the full benefit of them. They prove that there is a market for a cultivated but rather commonplace imitation of the popular models. Mr. Lee has borrowed his method of treatment from Mr. Tennyson's remarkable prize poem "Timbuctoo." In a kind of trance he is conducted by an angel to the scene of the Christian martyrdoms at Vienne and Lyons, just as the laureate's seer is borne by an angel to the mystic city. The lines sometimes have a ring of the great master's early blank verse about them, just as a phrase in Gounod's music sometimes suggests Schumann, without for a moment challenging comparison. Mr. Lee has evidently studied his art, and avoids bad mistakes, but his verse is laboured and non-natural in its flow; each line seems to have been made by itself, and the whole put together like a mosaic, with all the joins visible. Some of the lines are very good, *e. g.,*—

> "Anthemnal strains swell like a wave,
> Circling and circling to an emerald shore."

But the whole poem hobbles along in a disjointed fashion, without any fine connection of parts or unity of thought. The greatest vice of Mr. Lee's style is an inordinate use of adjectives. In p. 1 there is not a line, on p. 2 only four, on p. 3 only three lines without an adjective; many have two or three wedged into them. Most of these are extremely feeble, and add but little real interest to the noun. "*Tortuous silver* veins" winding through "*rich green* valleys," "*calm, solemn,* and *silent* nights," and the "*dark blue* vault of heaven." Why, Mr. Lee must have been reading the *Daily Telegraph* advertisements :—

> ANERLEY GARDENS.—Beneath the *deep blue vault of heaven,* amid *green* fields, *sweet* flowers, *singing* birds, *humming* bees, *silver* brooks, &c. Fireworks by Jones!

Does our poet need to be reminded that the *Daily Telegraph* enjoys the largest circulation in the world, and that all attempts to compete with it must fail? Let him abandon the Anerley style, and cease to trust in fireworks. The struggle for momentary effect is always made at the cost of future extinction, and if Mr. Lee hopes to achieve lasting success, he must first discover something a little more important to say, and then learn to say it much more simply.

The bad taste and ignorant folly of "The World's Epitaph" can only be matched by its remarkable dulness. Has not the writer a single friend upon whose judgment he can rely, and who would save him the expense and humiliation of printing and publishing? He must be fit for something. His hero is a tinker—might we suggest ——? But *verbum sapienti,* or otherwise,—when a book of this kind comes across us, we feel it our duty to warn the public, but we shall not pass the bounds of Christian charity by quoting the author.

Mr. Jones has invented a new kind of sonnet, the peculiarity of which appears to consist in employing the wrong metre, and using other people's words and ideas :—

> "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—

is certainly most original when viewed as the first line of a sonnet. Mr. Jones is as learned as he is original, and though his acquaintance with the English language is more than doubtful, it is certain that he knows Greek, Latin, Italian, and French,—

> "Sweet Bulbul—once Aëdon—Philomel—
> Luscinia—Rossignol—our nightingale!"

"The elephants of Carthage baited to death in the circus at Rome" is the best thing in a book where all might be called bad, if it were correct to apply such a term to mediocrity. The conceit of the preface and notes is amusing enough. Why should Mr. Jones write poetry when he can be so funny in prose?

### *The First Lines of Science Simplified, and the Structure of Molecules Attempted.* By J. G. MACVICAR, D.D. Edinburgh.

THE object of Dr. Macvicar is to set forth the molecular archetype of organic forms. The student of nature who attempts to grapple with the theory of the learned writer, will find that much more is required of him than a knowledge of internal structure and a familiarity with the outward forms which matter assumes. Before proceeding to consider the science of phenomena analytically and synthetically on Dr. Macvicar's principles, the laws of being are first reviewed; since of all science, of all philosophy which aims at the discovery of realities, and the right ordering and interpretation of phenomena, *Being* must form the ground and the theme. After several chapters devoted to the laws of being and the laws of matter, the author deduces the structure of the ultimate atom or monad, followed by an interesting disquisition on the molecules of bodies; and then devotes the bulk of his work, in seventeen chapters, to the chemical analysis of the elements of the economy of nature, deducing thence the molecular archetype of organic forms, and the principle that all bodies, whether fluids or solids, are governed by the same laws of form and structure, being all developments of the hollow sphere.

While admitting, or rather not calling in question, the view that the forms and structures of natural bodies have been moulded by the physical forces, our author inquires whether these structures are to be viewed as the necessary and inevitable products of those forces, or whether they are not rather the realization of a grand ideal system or design antecedent to their actual creation or elaboration in matter? In other words, are we to exclude the teleological argument, which views nature as the realization of a design? The powers of the physical forces are not called in question, but it is maintained that a merely physical theory is inadequate to satisfy reason, while to him who holds the doctrine of an antecedent design, and of a Creator distinct from nature, the physical theory is accepted as the apparatus by which the design is worked out. Reason needs no elaborate demonstration to know that everything which has a beginning must have an adequate cause, and that the same causes will produce the same phenomena when the conditions of existence are the same.

But the laws of nature, inertia, gravitation, elasticity, symmetry, which are facts deduced from observation, though higher than postulates of the sciences, give no account of themselves. They do not tell their ancestry, or how they come to be where they are. Can we find some postulate or postulates so all-embracing that in conception we should require no others? Such are possible in conception,—one relating to substance or being, and the other to form, attribute, or law. Although each limited science has sure footing in its own department so long as it does not venture beyond phenomena and their laws, we must remember that one school of philosophy, that of Kant, maintains that these laws of nature are in reality nothing more than laws of our own thoughts imposed upon nature as hers. If then we wish to enter a region beyond that of phenomena, which no man ever questioned, we cannot expect to find a basis broad enough to secure the consent of all.

The law of being, as laid down in the work before us, is that "every being tends in every successive moment of its existence, first, to assimilate itself to itself; and secondly, to assimilate to itself all others within the sphere of its agency: whilst it is of course undergoing in its turn, through their action upon it, a process of assimilation to them." Hence are deduced (1st) the perpetuity of all true species, whether molecular, crystalline, vegetable, or animal; and (2ndly) the construction and grouping of species into genera, or assemblages of species in which a common type prevails. Here we are reminded of the poetical conception of Leibnitz, that every monad is a mirror of the universe from its own point of view.

In affirming that the laws of being are the product of design, nothing is affirmed respecting the instrumentality by which they are worked out, only the inadequacy of any *merely* physical theory to satisfy reason, for limits cannot possibly be assigned, *à priori*, to what the physical powers may accomplish. But this is altogether different from asserting that the wonderful products of nature, vegetable and animal, and man himself, were never thought of till they made their actual apparition in material nature. What reason refuses is to deny the possibility of antecedent design. Even though all physical life had sprung from one primordial atom, it might well be in accordance with the idea of a Divine designer that He in his omnipotence should concentrate in a single atom—in a single monad—those marvellous powers, all in obedience to those laws under which He knew how to lay that atom as the corner-stone of material nature.

But to deny types, to ignore design in nature, to reject final causes, is to make a most retrograde movement. As mechanics are divided into *dynamics*, or motions realized by the action of forces, and *cinematics*, or pure motions, so natural history should be treated. As viewed in existent nature it corresponds with dynamics, but there is beyond this a wholly intellectual doctrine of ideal form, a pure morphology, a system of types in relation to which natural objects are to be viewed as being the construction of these forms, more or less successfully accomplished in matter by the institution and operation of a physical apparatus more or less adequate to realize them. If it be found, that notwithstanding the seemingly all but infinite variety of forms which diversify the material universe, there is not in any region of nature an individualized object but it manifests the same form or series of forms of which the lineaments become more and more distinct as the object becomes more and more perfect of its kind, then surely there is a ground in nature for a science of pure form, a true morphology; and an adequate discussion of a natural object, whether star or crystal, plant or animal, must surely imply in that case a reference of it to its typical form, and a consideration of its course in development, as to whether it is culminating towards its type or tending towards an apogee. In a word, if certain forms be constantly recurring, a formal, an ideal world must be kept in mind as co-ordinate with the merely material world, and regulative of its forms and phenomena.

We have thus endeavoured to summarize Dr. Macvicar's views of the philosophy of science. It is impossible in this short notice to follow him in the details by which he applies his theory, and deduces his conclusion, that the sphere is the archetype of all forms, physically as well as mathematically, and that molecular activity, whether it be known as attraction, heat, polarity, affinity, or life, is a provision for developing and carrying onwards natural bodies for the attainment of their ideal perfectness of form.

The laws of being imply *inertia, i. e.*, the law of being so far as we can conceive it; for since, in its principle, inertia is merely a tendency in the being to remain as it is, so in beings full of life—in spirits—it may operate merely in maintaining an essential unity, and may manifest itself in some mental phenomenon, bearing the same relation to thought that inertia does to motion. Universal attraction or *gravitation* is also implied in the laws of being, and of this, which is determined by the law of assimilation, our conception is a *spherical* form, investing to unknown distances the substance or particle which forms the nucleus or centre of that agency. *Elasticity* is the next law implied in the law of being, and as elastic action is the expression of inertia in reference to form, by very ingenious illustrations it is argued that the operation of elasticity is to restore the spherical shape whenever it has been disarranged by the operation of unequal forces. The next law laid down is that of *symmetry*, which culminates in the spherical shell or cell, symmetry being a similarity of parts in position, when referred to one another, and to some common plane or line; whence it is inferred that the spherical shell or cell is the form to which all individualized objects must tend if they possess volume, and that to which stability and repose must attach more than to any other extended form, composed of the same materials.

In exemplifying this in the case of the heavenly bodies, Dr. Macvicar remarks, that the law of gravitation, to which they are referred, is itself but one of the manifestations of the cosmo-techtonic law, a subordinate agency, insisting upon spherical forms because these forms have their reason in a higher principle. Again, in chemistry, crystals are characterized by the truncatures of their angles, and the bevelment of their edges, the abstraction of their salient parts being so many endeavours at the development of the spherical, under circumstances in which it cannot be reached more nearly, in consequence of the angularity of the forms of the molecules which aggregate into crystals, or of the forces under which crystals are developed.

The same line of argument is applied by our author to vegetable and animal life; the cosmical law of attraction forming the sphere, the law of *heat* expanding into hollow spheres the masses which attraction aggregates. But the perfect sphere can exist only in repose; therefore it is only in the embryo or germ that we can expect to find it. Impregnation disturbs the spherical germ by the accession of another element having a specific affinity for it, and afterwards nutrition, which can only take place at one point, causes most natural bodies to pass beyond the spherical in the line of nutrition, and to become prolate, spindle-shaped, or axial. Polarity, again, continually traversing the earth's surface in linear currents, tends, after developing the axis to certain lengths, to unite its poles in a spherical form, when all active polarity vanishes. The arguments on this subject are most ingenious, and have been also set forth by the author, in greater length than in the work before us, in three essays on Vegetable Morphology in the *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.* We give the conclusions arrived at in his own words :—

> "1. The sphere or spherical superfices is, of all forms which enclose space, the most perfect, whether viewed in reference to geometrical properties or symmetry of parts, stability under violence or economy of material. It is, therefore, that which we are called upon to infer that Intelligence would choose as the first and most general of morphological types when designing a formal universe.
>
> "2. The physical forces by which we see the economy of nature to be worked, and stars, crystals, plants, and animals maintained in existence, are appliances whose agency, when free and simple, tends to shape all individualized portions of matter, all groups of molecules, into cells, vesicles, or hollow spheres of some kind.
>
> "3. The physical forces, therefore, have all the characters of being institutions appointed by Intelligence, their mission being to realize in creation, where nothing but formal considerations, such as symmetry, stability, economy of material, and the like, are taken into account, that form which is the most perfect in these respects of all possible forms that enclose space.
>
> "Those naturalists, therefore, who content themselves with explaining the forms and phases of natural bodies, merely by an appeal to the physical forces, and either intentionally or incidentally represent these forces as the true originators or authors of these forms, fall short of the mark. They stop where reason finds no landing-place. In order to satisfy reason about these forces, and the forms they produce, it is necessary to regard the physical forces as institutions designed by Intelligence to accomplish certain ends which that Intelligence proposed to itself in creation."—(*Structure of Molecules*, Pp. 114-15.)

Beautiful and ingenious as is the theory, we might well take objection to it, if it were meant to show that the sphere is the only type of form in the design of creation. But Dr. Macvicar guards himself against this inference. If symmetry, stability, and economy of materials were the only considerations, it might be enough. But beyond mechanical considerations he lays down, as above any merely morphological consideration, and as an idea which explains creation, the grand law of *sensibility*, that when the creature possessing it is in a state of *physical* well-being it shall also be in a state of enjoyment. This is directly opposed to the idea of *mechanical* well-being, which is *repose*, for it is in itself activity and change. Enjoyment consists in the unobstructed exercise of spontaneous activity, and this must be supported by nutrition. Here we come to the difficulties caused by the existence of carnivora, poison serpents, and the like. We are reasonably cautioned against viewing merely a fraction of creation here and there—a fraction almost infinitesimally small, of a unity almost infinitely large. All considerations of advantage to the individual must be subordinated to the homology of organic structure. Is such a law, such a structure, such an organ, good for the universe, good for the whole? It may be so, and yet be of no advantage, or even be an impediment to an individual or a species. Taking this view, the spirit of piety does not require us to use reserve or to fall back upon faith, in order to find that there is nothing in nature out of harmony with what might be expected in the creation of a God supremely powerful, wise, and good.

Applying this principle to the *nutrition* of the carnivora, for example, they are illustrations of the *law of least action*, and are therefore at the top of the zoological scale. But yet in reference to the *whole* of the animal economy the vegetable eaters are the most typical. They are more massive and more numerous. They form the base of the pyramid in large flocks, while the carnivora roam about the top in single individuals.

On the whole we have never met with a work more suggestive to the student of natural science. It recalls him for a moment from the observation of phenomena to the synthesis and analysis of nature in the abstract, and reminds him how the study of phenomena may be made the handmaid of the highest and noblest philosophy. Such thinkers as Dr. Macvicar raise what is too often a mere τέχνη into the loftiest ἐπιστήμη. His language is often too condensed and cramped to be attractive, and he has not in many cases elaborated his proofs so fully as we could have desired; but he has broken new ground in a reverential yet thoroughly inquiring spirit, and he has forged a link in the chain which binds every science in one harmonious whole.

*The Bible Word-Book: a Glossary of Old English Bible Words.* By J. EASTWOOD, M.A., St. John's College, and W. ALDIS WRIGHT, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1866.

THOUGH two names appear on the title-page of this book, the work in its present form is in far the greater part due to Mr. Wright. Mr. Eastwood's original design seems to have been no more than to offer, in a manner suitable to Sunday school children, explanations of the principal obsolete words of the Bible and Prayer-book, a task already performed sufficiently well for the purpose in Mr. Booker's "Scripture and Prayer-book Glossary." Mr. Wright, to whom, on the death of Mr. Eastwood, the care of the whole was entrusted, has gone much further, and has succeeded in making "The Bible Word-book" a substantial contribution to English lexicography. His object, he tells us, is "to explain and illustrate all such words, phrases, and constructions, in the Authorized Version of the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, and in the Book of Common Prayer, as are either obsolete or archaic." After the statement of this large design, the reader will not be surprised to find a copious glossary; yet he may scarcely be prepared to learn that the number of obsolete or archaic words and phrases noticed in this book amounts to something over 1,700. Professor Max Müller ("Lectures on the Science of Language"—First Series) illustrated the great changes that are ever taking place in a living language by stating that nearly 400 words of the Bible and Prayer-book have already become archaic. He relied on the list given in Mr. Booker's "Scripture and Prayer-book Glossary." We now learn, by examination of the work before us, that that number may be nearly quadrupled. This fact is rendered the more striking when we remember that the Bible and Prayer-book have suffered in this respect little as compared with less-read writings, and have themselves helped to place a check on movements in the vocabulary of our language. Very many words, no doubt, are merely archaic for one that has shifted meaning, or become wholly insignificant. But to the philologist—"stripling," and "handmaid," and "shipmen," and "traffickers" mark the change as certainly as "onches," "taches," "shawms," "carriages," "to allow," "to pipe," "to ear," and suchlike.

Mr. Wright's illustrative examples are nearly all gathered from his own reading, and are almost exclusively drawn from writings of the period between the publication of Tyndale's New Testament in 1525, and that of the Authorized Version in 1611. For—

> "It must be remembered that our translators founded their work upon the previous versions, retaining whatever in them could be retained, and amending what was faulty. The result was therefore of necessity a kind of mosaic, and the English of the Authorized Version represents, not the language of 1611 in its integrity, but the language which prevailed from time to time during the previous century. It is in the writings of this period, therefore, that illustrations are to be sought."

The "Bible Word-book" is the result of much labour and painstaking; nor is it to be wondered at that in so large an undertaking errors should occasionally appear. But it is unsatisfactory to find such a slip as we meet under the word *Grecians*, which is briefly explained as *Greeks*, with no indication of the compiler's acquaintance with the distinction observed between these two words in the New Testament. And again, what can be meant by saying, under the word *His*, "In Matthew vi. 33, 'his righteousness'—The antiquated usage causes ambiguity, there being nothing in the English to prevent our taking *his* to refer to God, whereas it refers to 'kingdom of God'"? Nothing in the English!—nor in the Greek we may add (*τὴν βασιλείαν τοῦ Θεοῦ καὶ τὴν δικαιοσύνην αὐτοῦ*).

Again, in the same page, we have the following extraordinary blunder: illustrating the use of *his* as the sign of the genitive case (as in the prayer for all conditions of men, "for Jesus Christ his sake"), Mr. Wright cites Deut. x. 6: "There Aaron died, and there he was buried; and Eleazar his son ministered in the priest's office in his stead"!

Again, it is surely foreign to the design of the book to notice the use of the word to "answer" (as in Matt. xi. 25; xii. 39, &c.), not implying that a question had previously been asked, since, however it is to be explained, the difficulty attaches to the original. It also seems questionable whether the word *way*—*ἡ ὁδός*,—as a designation of the Christian religion (Acts ix. 2; xix. 9, 23), should have been admitted.

The "Bible Word-book" brings to light here and there a curious usage or strange word that may have escaped the notice of even the careful student of the English of the Bible. For instance, few we are sure have noticed the peculiar use of the word "monarchy" (as pointed out by Mr. Booker), in the marginal note at 2 Kings xv. 1,—

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"Where it is applied to the time that Jeroboam II. reigned alone, he having reigned several years in partnership with his father. The marginal note appears to have been added about the end of the seventeenth century, and it is not impossible that the meaning here given to 'monarchy' may have been derived from the employment of the word in the controversies of the period on the subject of the Trinity, in which it was applied to the sole rule or supremacy of God. Dionysius, Bishop of Rome, says Bishop Bull, 'after he had refuted the doctrine of Sabellius, then proceeds to discourse against the contrary heresy of those who divide and cut asunder, and overthrow the most sacred doctrine of the Church of God, parting the *monarchy* into three certain powers and hypostases, separated from each other, and consequently into three Deities."—*Bull's Works*, ii. 2. Ed. Burton.

Again, how many have been perplexed by the alternative of the margin of Job xli. 1, *leviathan;* "that is, a whale or a *whirlpool*"*!* We now learn that whirlpool means a certain large fish—"perhaps the cacholot or sperm whale." The student will be repaid for his trouble in examining the illustrative examples under "all to" (Judg. ix. 53), "its," "by" (as in 1 Cor. iv. 4, "I know nothing by myself"); though in this last instance why did not the editor of the Cambridge Shakspere give us "Love's Labour's Lost," iv. 3, 149?—

"For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him *know* so much *by* me."

"Deputy," as a rendering of ἀνθύπατος (Acts xiii. 7; xviii. 12; xix. 38), is less vague than we might think, did we not know that in the sixteenth century the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was the *Deputy*:—

"Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland."
SHAKSPERE, "Hen. VIII.," iii. 2.

The illustrations of the word "reprove," as meaning "to prove the contrary of a statement, refute, disprove," may, we think, show us that this word—as a rendering of ἐλέγχειν at John xvi. 8, "And when He is come He will *reprove* the world of sin," &c.,—however inadequate, comes much nearer the force of the original than some commentators appear to see. Thus Archbishop Trench ("On the Authorized Version of the New Testament," p. 127), without noticing the peculiar use of this word, says on this passage,—"It is not to 'reprove' alone, but to bring home to the conscience of the reproved man, however unwilling he may be to admit it, a sense of the truth of the charge." *Convince* is, we believe, the better word of the two; but *reprove* may certainly have expressed more than "merely the idea of an objective rebuke."—(Alford.) We may add the following illustration to those in the "Bible Word-book:"—

"As it [the Apology] hath been well allowed of and liked of the learned and godly, as it is plain by their open testimonies touching the same; so hath it not hitherto, for ought that may appear, been anywhere openly *reproved* either in Latin or otherwise, either by any one man's private writing, or by the public authority of any nation."—*Jewel, Defence of the Apology*, Works, iv., p. 100. Ed. Jelf.

We shall conclude our notice of this excellent book by offering from our own note-book two or three contributions towards making it more nearly complete:—

Galatians iv. 2—"But is under *tutors* and governors." Tutors, ἐπιτρόπους. Ellicott and Alford rightly render *guardians*. We have *tutors* from the Vulgate. But we must remember that the tutor of our forefathers was a *caretaker and guardian*, rather than an *instructor; e.g.*, "This is part of the honour that the children owe to their parents and *tutors*, by the commandment of God, even to be bestowed in marriage as it pleaseth the godly, prudent, and honest parents or *tutors* to appoint."—("Becon's Catechism," p. 371. Ed. Parker Society.) With this sense of *tutor* compare a parallel use of *tuition*, noticed in Trench's "Select Glossary."

Proverbs xxv. 20—"As vinegar upon nitre, so he is that singeth songs to an heavy heart." The incongruity, forcibly put in this comparison, is lost by the change of the meaning of the word nitre. The nitre of our translators was not *saltpetre*—the nitrate of potassa—but the carbonate of soda, which effervesces with an acid. Its detergent properties are noticed in Jer. ii. 22. It is the "washing soda" of our laundresses. See a reference in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" ("Nitre") to Holland's "Pliny." The author of the article cannot fix the date of the earliest use of the word as meaning saltpetre. It is certainly used in this sense by Milton, "Paradise Lost," ii. 937. See also vi. 512.

Ecclus. xliv. 6—"Such as found out musical tunes and recited verses [margin, "or *ditties;*" Greek, ἔπη] in writing." The *ditty* was the words of a song as distinguished from the music. As in the eloquent passage on music in Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" (v., § 38), "So that although we lay altogether aside the consideration of *ditty* or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort," &c.

The following words should have a place in the "Bible Word-book"—illustrations are plentiful in contemporary literature:—"chide" (Exod. xvii. 2, &c.); "bottom" (Zech. i. 8); "study" (2 Tim. ii. 15; 1 Thess. iv. 11); "dispute" (Acts xix. 9); "discern" (Gen. xxxi. 32; 1 Cor. xi. 29); "consist" (Col. i. 17); "conclude" (Rom. xi. 32).

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## NOTE.

The writer of the article on the *Conscience Clause* in Vol. I. wishes to correct a statement relative to Archdeacon Allen in p. 585. The Archdeacon is there said to have written to the *Times* "to announce his conversion." The facts of the case are strictly these: (1) That the *Times* had previously, in its report of the Norwich Church Congress, announced Archdeacon Allen's change of feeling, but had represented him as ascribing it to the arguments of Archdeacon Denison, and (2) that his letter to the *Times* was written in order to make it clear that it was in consequence, not of those arguments, but of Mr. Lingen's letter to Mr. Caparn, that he found himself unable any longer to defend the Conscience Clause. A true notice of what the Archdeacon said, as printed without correction from the shorthand writer's notes, appears in the authorized report of the Norwich Congress. The writer regrets that he should have so written as to give the impression that the Archdeacon's letter to the *Times* was a simply spontaneous act, instead of being the correction of an error.

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*To the Editor of the* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

SIR,

In your current number you have had occasion to refer to the *Literary Churchman* as commending the Lithographed Sermons of S. P. O.; and you quote a "critique from the *Literary Churchman*" which appears among the advertisements of "the current number of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette.*"

From the tone of your remarks, I think you will not be sorry to learn that they can in no way apply to the *Literary Churchman* of the present time; that since the date (August, 1863) of that critique the editorship and management of the *Literary Churchman* have been changed; that the writer of that critique is no longer upon its staff; and that under its present *régime* it would be utterly impossible for such a notice to find its way into our pages. I may also add, that since the change in Editorship, none of S. P. O.'s advertisements have appeared in the *Literary Churchman.*

I am, SIR,
Your obedient Servant,
THE EDITOR OF THE "LITERARY CHURCHMAN."

"LIT. CHURCHMAN" OFFICE,
163, PICCADILLY, W.,
*June* 9, 1866.

# NAPOLEON'S HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

## VOLUME II.—THE WARS IN GAUL.

AN absurd story, but one which seems not unlikely to be true, is told of keen, outspoken old Dr. Parr, that one day after attending at a parliamentary debate, in which the giants of his generation had put forth their powers, being asked what made him look so grave and thoughtful; "Ah!" he replied, "I wish I had been a public man! I too should have been an orator! I should have had all the understanding of Pitt, and all the enthusiasm of Fox, and all the learning and imagination of Burke!" He wished, and therefore he believed. Nothing was more natural, to a man of his fervid temperament, than to throw himself into the position of the objects of his admiration, and fancy himself performing in his own person the feats of eloquence and persuasion which he witnessed in others. Though few men would be thus carried away by their imagination, and still fewer lose so entirely their control over the expression of their feelings, it is undoubtedly true that the literary man has generally an overweening admiration for the practical man, the man of the closet for the man of the forum or the field, the man of the pen more especially perhaps for the man of the sword: an admiration which is not indeed so commonly reciprocated. Walter Scott has revealed to us how, at the meeting of sovereigns and commanders at Paris, he felt abashed by the sense of his own insignificance; nor do we hear that any of them were in the least degree troubled with the conviction of the superior genius in whose presence they actually stood themselves. He was a man of imagination; they probably were not. He knew that his genius, vast as it was, had been cultivated in one direction only; and in the face of the results of an opposite cultivation, it seemed to the literary temper to be lost altogether.

But granting, with a soberer judgment, that both the speculative and the practical life and character have their respective merits as well as charms, there is nothing more interesting to most of us than to meet with an instance of the effective combination of the two. We admire the practical genius, persuasive or formative, which can rule or conquer men, and mould outward circumstances to a plan and a purpose. We admire perhaps not less, the genius which discovers, through its powerful imagination, the springs and workings of human thought and action, which traces them from their source to their result, and lays them bare before us in the record of a life or of an epoch. It is very rare indeed to find these two gifts conspicuously combined in one and the same person; and in the few instances in which the great warrior or statesman of his age has been the narrator also of his own career, the revealer of the views and tempers of his rivals and contemporaries, the product has been perhaps uniformly more or less disappointing.

Of all the autobiographies of public men none has attained such distinction and eminence as that of Julius Cæsar. The commentaries on the Gaulish war and the civil war do not indeed appear before us as detailed and comprehensive accounts of the political history of their times. Neither do they strictly relate the life of their writer, even during the portion of his career to which only they are confined. Of the inner life of thought and feeling which constitutes the essence of biography, they give us no glimpses whatever. They are meant to be military narratives only, and they are strictly confined to the relation of military events, of marches and retreats, of battles and sieges, and every other strategical combination. It is not reasonable, it may be said, to require of them more than they implicitly profess to give us. As military narratives, they are confessedly inimitable in their simplicity and clearness, their compactness and precision; they enable us to follow the details of warfare, and study the resources of military science at their day, as no other historical documents of ancient or perhaps of modern times either. True: but so it is, that for this very reason they are all the more disappointing. Had they been less simple and straightforward,—had the writer been possessed of more imagination; had he betrayed more various and comprehensive interests; had he suffered himself to glance on either hand, or even to look into his own heart and bring forth for our entertainment and instruction the thoughts, the hopes and anticipations which were doubtless all the while fermenting within it, we should not have been left, in the very crisis or turning-point of ancient history, to busy ourselves with the Gauls while we are thinking of the Romans, to follow marches and countermarches in Spain or Thessaly, while our eyes are intently fixed on Rome and Italy. We want to know about the wars of Gaul not so much for their own sake, though they have no doubt their own special interest, as for the sake of their bearing on the politics of Rome. We cannot read the narrative of Cæsar's exploits among the barbarians, without asking ourselves again and again how his intrigues and enterprises, his campaigns and battles, affected the grand crisis of Roman civilization.

We are disappointed, no doubt, and vexed, to discover in the commentaries on the Gaulish war no trace of the sentiments with which Cæsar regarded this crisis, so manifestly impending—this crisis in which he was destined, in which he must have expected and intended, to take so prominent a position. The writer keeps his eye fixed steadily throughout on the subject immediately before him. He depicts himself as devoted entirely to the prosecution of a complete conquest of a great family of peoples, lying within certain well-defined limits, and partaking of a well-defined national character. So absorbing is his interest in this undertaking, that even his leisure hours, the evenings of the march or the encampment, the winter months between each campaign, he gives to the composition of a narrative of his achievements from day to day and from season to season. He regards his Gallic warfare evidently not as a mode of filling up the interval he requires for the ripening of his political intrigues, not as the direct and necessary means for attaining his ulterior projects, but as a great and all-sufficient object in itself, an object of national policy, of personal gratification,—not a means but an end, which he desires not only to accomplish, but to perpetuate in the memory of his countrymen. Such for the time being is the one great object of his existence, and he puts everything else aside for the prosecution of it, every occupation, every interest, every anticipation which can interfere with its complete and satisfactory fulfilment.

Now this concentration of interest on the matter directly before him is a marked characteristic of the great Julius. It is the characteristic, no doubt, of great practical genius generally; but in no case does it seem to be brought more prominently before us than in the record of this epoch in the life of the conqueror of the Senate and the founder of the Empire. This is what we may learn from the commentaries of the Gaulish war, and very valuable it is as a contribution to our knowledge of human character in its highest developments, though it is not what we may have expected and wished for. The poet Lucan, who shows generally but little discrimination of individual character, seems to hit, perhaps accidentally, upon this trait in that of the hero of the "Pharsalia,"—unless indeed he is actually repeating a genuine anecdote,—where he makes him declare, after hearing, in the crisis of the revolution he was conducting, of the marvels of Egypt and the Nile-floods,—

> "Spes sit mihi certa videndi
> Niliacos fontes, bellum civile relinquam."

Entranced and captivated by the splendid mystery of the greatest of geographical problems, his imagination kindled by the attempt and failure of kings and conquerors to solve it before him, by the glorious hope of achieving the adventure which had baffled Sesostris, Cambyses, and Alexander, he believes himself in good sooth prepared at the moment to sacrifice the end of his political existence, to relinquish the civil war, if he may expect to reach the undiscovered sources of the Nile, in the centre of an untrodden continent. That he would really have carried any such enthusiastic sentiment into execution, we need not for a moment suppose; but that he may have actually said so and thought so, we may well imagine, from its agreement with the true character of the hero, and his wonderful power of throwing himself, heart and soul, into the object immediately presented to him.

It was said just now that this power is characteristic very generally of great practical ability; and the same abstraction and concentration of interest which marked the first conqueror of the Gauls is revealed to us by the book before us in their latest ruler and emperor. We are assured indeed that Napoleon III.'s "Life of Julius Cæsar," of which the second elaborate and bulky volume has been lately published, was commenced by him in the solitude of his captivity at Ham, and had formed a main object of his thoughts before any direct anticipation, certainly before the cares and absorbing interests, of empire had dawned upon him. But the work itself contains ample evidence that, whenever commenced and with whatever views and objects, it has been the constant companion of his leisure hours up to the present time, and that amidst the most pressing duties of government he has made himself opportunities of literary retirement, and devoted many and many an hour to that comparison and adjustment of historical materials, which demand far more continuous and undivided attention than mere reading or mere speculation in history. The work has undoubtedly struck its roots, so to say, in the mind of the writer, and dominated from time to time over interests of far higher and wider character. We can quite believe that, like Cæsar before him, there have been moments when Napoleon might conceive it possible to abandon politics and empire, could he hope to impose upon the world the yoke of an historical theory.

Of the fanatical impulse under which the Emperor Napoleon labours to prove the divine character of his own political mission, enough has been said in the innumerable criticisms to which the former and the present volume of this work have already given rise. The reader is already aware of what he has to expect in this particular from the pages now before him. They constitute an essay on Cæsarism by Cæsar himself. They continue to reveal to us, like their predecessors, the descent of a divine virtue from Avatar to Avatar, from manifestation to manifestation of a commanding intelligence, illustrated by unfailing success. Cæsar can do no wrong: he can think no wrong. Cæsar cannot be wrong: the divinity of his mission is stamped upon his mind as well as his deeds. From age to age in the course of history, manifest destiny declares itself at a crisis of momentous significance, and repeats itself to the letter when the wheel of human affairs brings round corresponding circumstances. Julius Cæsar bore this patent mark of destiny in the throes of the great world-revolution, of which Rome of old was the centre; and his mission, if not the actual essence of his life and being, was perpetuated, not reproduced, in the successor to his position, to his name, to his genius, and his fortune. The first Napoleon was the *deus ex machinâ* who solved the problem of human politics in his own day; and his fate again reveals itself in the nephew, who is himself the same Napoleon over again, with a difference. If we presume to ask, how shall we know whether the third of the Frenchmen's emperors is the genuine manifestation of the first, we are referred implicitly to "the works which he doeth"—to his understanding of his uncle's character, his appreciation of his uncle's policy: he is himself Napoleon restored and revivified; Napoleon *alter et idem.* And such is Cæsarism. Cæsar never dies; the successôr to Cæsar is himself Cæsar; the being is identical as the name; the divine virtue is transmitted, not renewed; empire in him is inherent not inherited.

The reader, then, will find the first Napoleon represented throughout as the counterpart of Julius Cæsar. The old monarchy of France and the Revolution, the aristocrats and the democrats, receive many an illustration from the civil factions of the effete republic of Rome; while his foreign foes, the English and the Russians, seem to loom upon us in the rear of the Gauls and the Germans. But the figure of the third Napoleon also sometimes, and more and more frequently as we proceed, is disclosed to us in the dissolving view before us: we find it more and more impossible to disentangle the third Napoleon from the first, and both from their prototype. Julius Cæsar in these pages casts before us two vivid and faithful shadows, and from moment to moment, the one or the other becomes the more strongly marked, as the skilful manipulator withdraws or advances his lenses.

The analogy has indeed in both cases many striking points, and a bold and skilful allusion to them would be really instructive and interesting; but it is the impulse of the fanatic to follow out such sports of history, and expand them into theories, and deduce from them, if he has the power, motives of policy and action. That the present Napoleon is such a fanatic may well be believed. He showed it long before he was in a position to turn it to account as he may now do. He now shows it in many particulars of life and habit which seem to stand apart from his political interests, as far as we can understand them. And no sober thinking man, it might well be argued, would dream of persuading mankind in general, and subtile and satirical Frenchmen in particular, of a theory which is so calculated to rebound in ridicule upon its author—ridicule, which if it may at this moment be suppressed in France by force, and disguised in other countries from courtesy, will always be aroused in the mind at every reference to the work before us, and must eventually consign it to the common limbo of fantastic eccentricities. Posterity, it may be said, will have no motive for reticence, and the verdict of posterity will be, it may be feared, either angry or contemptuous.

And yet the writer may be no fanatic at all. It may be, that in this as in so many other things, he has truly gauged the understanding of the people for whom he principally writes. It may be that he writes for the masses of the French population, not for the sense and honesty of the nation; that he counts on the vanity and ignorance and indifference to truth of the public which accepts as history the tirades of Louis Blanc and Thiers and Lamartine!

We cannot understand, perhaps, in this country the gulf which separates the genuine historians in France, of whom there are as many at this day as at all other periods, who devote themselves to the single pursuit of truth among the records of antiquity in which they can have no personal interest, from the popular writers who cater, under that prostituted name, for the political or social passions of this generation. Truly, when he reads the lucubrations of such writers as have been mentioned, and observes the *culte* which is paid to the ideas of which they have made themselves the hierophants, the Emperor, if he is conscious that he has written with a shrewd political purpose, may rejoice, like the Cæsar Claudius in the shades, "Gaudet ibi esse philologos homines: sperat futurum illic aliquem historiis suis locum."

The book will indeed live in some, at least, of its results. It will well deserve to be remembered for the light it has thrown, in the volume now before us, on many topographical questions of interest to genuine inquirers into the truth and character of ancient history. If not remembered himself as an historian, Napoleon will hold a distinguished place among the pioneers of history. In this second volume he has brought new light to the discussion of several points long controverted among the geographers and antiquarians, and some of them he has, perhaps, settled finally. If the work is continued, it may be hoped that certain other questions of no less special interest will find their solution from the inquiries which its enlightened author has been able to set afoot, and bring to an issue.

The plan on which this volume is executed is a singular one. It is divided into two portions, forming the third and fourth books of the entire work. Of these portions the first is devoted mainly to a close analysis of Cæsar's commentaries on the Gallic war; the latter gives us the author's own history of Cæsar and of his times, connecting the narratives of the campaigns in Gaul, rewritten for the purpose, with the course of events, and the progress of impending revolution at Rome. With this second portion it is intended here to deal. English readers have already been made familiar with its manner and its matter from the innumerable critiques to which it has given rise in our newspapers and journals. Nor does it differ in its character as an historical composition from the earlier volume, with which we are all acquainted. Whatever merits it may have of clearness and distinctness, whatever praise it may deserve for the tact with which the main features of the story are seized, and the strength with which they are drawn, the perverseness of the theory on which it is constructed, as the glorification of Cæsar, the substance, and Napoleon, the shadow, must deprive it of any substantial value as a contribution to our knowledge of history, and forbid us to give it any countenance or recommendation to the student. Further criticism upon this portion of it may well be spared, and it will be a pleasure to turn to that which is really valuable, and will be permanently interesting.

The third book, entitled, "The Wars of Gaul after the Commentaries," commences with the chapters on two "Political Causes of the Gallic War," and the "State of Gaul in the Time of Cæsar." It may be said that no one who is acquainted with the admirable "History of the Gauls" by Amédée Thierry could enter on this part of the subject without devoting a section to the previous relations of Rome with Gaul; the dangers and disasters to which Rome had been subjected, in her early career, from Gaulish aggression; and the gradual progress of her arms in hurling back her assailants behind the Po, the Alps, and the Rhone. This part of the work, then, had been done to the Emperor's hand as well as it could be done. He could only reproduce it in words of his own; and this he has done, and no more. Again, the state of Gaul in the time of Cæsar, its political and ethnical divisions, its social characteristics, its manners, religion, and culture generally, had all been fully examined and discussed by the same excellent historian; and on these topics, also, Napoleon can say nothing new of any importance. He can only make some little shuffle of the cards, some rearrangement of the materials already collected and sifted for him. He is not to blame for this want of novelty and originality, yet it might be a question whether, writing in the same language and for the same public as his predecessor, it was discreet to invite a comparison from which he can get at least no advantage.

From this point, however, the "Life of Cæsar" has a certain originality of its own, inasmuch as, abandoning all idea of the composition of history on general principles, it confines itself to a strict analysis of our old familiar "Commentaries," enlivened by disquisitions on topics of interest emerging from them. The author says,—

> "In reproducing in the following chapters the relation of the war in Gaul, we have borne in mind the words of Cicero. 'Cæsar,' he says, 'has written memoirs worthy of great praise. Deprived of all rhetorical art, his style, like a handsome body stripped of all clothing, presents itself naked, upright, and graceful. In his desire to furnish materials to future historians, he has, perhaps, done a thing agreeable to the little minds who will be tempted to load these natural graces with frivolous ornaments; but he has for ever deprived men of sense of the desire of writing, for nothing is more agreeable in history than a correct and luminous brevity.' Hirtius on his part expresses himself in the following terms:—'These memoirs enjoy an approval so general that Cæsar has much more taken from others than given to them the power of writing the history of the events which they recount.' . . . If we would act upon the advice of these two writers, we must digress as little as possible from the 'Commentaries,' but without restricting ourselves to a literal translation. We have, then, adopted the narrative of Cæsar, though sometimes changing the order of the matter; we have abridged passages where there was a prodigality of details, and developed those that required elucidation. . . . The investigation of the battle-fields and siege operations has led to the discovery of visible and certain traces of Roman entrenchments. The reader, by comparing the plans of the excavations with the text, will be convinced of the rigorous accuracy of Cæsar in describing the countries he passed over, and the works he caused to be executed."—(Pp. 13-15.)

Among the first of the discoveries which the Emperor has been enabled to make from the resources at his command, has been that of the real nature of the works with which Cæsar barred the passage of the Rhone to the emigrating Helvetii. When the entire population of the Swiss vallies resolved to emigrate in a mass, to the number of nearly 400,000 souls, and find themselves a habitation on the western shores of Gaul, they had only two paths before them. The one led along the right or northern bank of the Rhone, skirting the base of the Jura mountains, or creeping along its precipitous slopes, which was with difficulty practicable. The other, crossing the river by a bridge at Geneva, and penetrating the less formidable hill country of the Allobroges, presented itself as the easier and more eligible route. But Cæsar, from motives of policy which he does not disclose, and which, though lightly assumed by Napoleon and others, seem somewhat hard to understand, determined to refuse a passage through the territory of allies or clients of the Republic. He broke the bridge of Geneva, and gaining by a pretended negotiation an interval of fifteen days, set to work with the single legion he had with him, and, on his own statement, drew a continuous line of entrenchments (murum in altitudinem pedum xvi. fossamque perducit) from thence to a point nineteen Roman miles lower down the river, a work which he accomplished within the time before him. On level ground such a work might have been executed within the given time by such a number of Roman legionaries; but here the locality is most unfavourable, hills and cliffs reaching in many places to the very margin of the river, while the stream itself is generally so deep and rapid as to make any subsidiary fortifications plainly superfluous. Nevertheless, the historians seem to have had no suspicion. The first Napoleon, in the "Remarks on the Commentaries" which are ascribed to him, and which his nephew guarantees as genuine, accepted the statement without hesitation. So do Thierry, Mommsen, and others of less note; none apparently observing that Dion Cassius had himself materially qualified it. "Cæsar," says this later writer, who often works on independent materials, "fortified with entrenchments the most suitable points: τὰ ἐπικαιρότατα."—*Hist. Roman.*, xxxviii. 31.

To this passage the Emperor very properly calls attention, and institutes an examination of the locality. He is enabled by the labours he thus employs to present us with maps and sketches in profile of the pass in question from point to point. He discovers the few places at which, judging from present appearances, which are not likely to be deceitful, it could have been possible to make a landing, and traces the vestiges of fortification at these spots themselves, compared with other parts of the line. The perfect good faith with which the exploration has been carried out, is demonstrated by the exceedingly slight and dubious character of the traces of fortification which have actually been brought to light. At perhaps one point only, judging from the plans themselves before us, do they appear sufficiently strong to arrest the attention of the inquirer who has the plans only to guide him, though it is quite possible that indications of greater force, hardly presentable in a plan at all, may suggest themselves to the examiner on the spot. But, from the circumstances of the case, we cannot doubt the correctness of the Emperor's theory, that what Cæsar did was simply to fortify with mound and ditch certain localities, eight or ten in number, or a length of two or three miles only out of the whole nineteen. This explanation makes the statement of the "Commentaries" intelligible and interesting, at the expense indeed of its perfect accuracy of language, and accordingly it may teach us caution in our further investigations of Roman military topography.*

The confidence with which we are inspired by the conduct of this investigation may help to establish the next topographical point on which this volume promises new light. The Emperor holds that the Bibracte of the Æduans, their capital in Cæsar's time, is not identical in site with Augustodunum (Autun), which became under the empire the capital of the tribe. He places it, on the contrary, at Mont Beuvray, a hill or elevated plateau of considerable extent, thirteen kilomètres west of Autun. After admitting indeed that this opinion had previously found some supporters, he adds (p. 78, *note*) :—

> "It will be remarked first, that the Gauls chose for the site of their towns, when they could, places difficult of access: in broken countries these were steep mountains (as Gergovia, Alesia, Uxellodunum, &c.); in flat countries they were grounds surrounded by marshes (such as Avaricum). The Ædui, according to this, would not have built their principal town on the site of Autun, situated at the foot of the mountains. It was believed that a plateau so elevated as that of Mont Beuvray (its highest point is 810 mètres above the sea) could not have been occupied by a great town; yet the existence of eight or ten roads which lead to this plateau, deserted for so many centuries, and some of which are in a state of preservation truly astonishing, ought to have led to a contrary opinion. Let us add that recent excavations leave no room for doubt. They have brought to light, over an extent of 120 hectares, foundations of Gaulish towns, some round, others square; of mosaics; of foundations of Gallo-Roman walls, gates, hewn stones, heaps of roof-tiles, a prodigious quantity of broken amphoræ, a semicircular theatre, &c. . . . Everything, in fact, leads us to place Bibracte on Mont Beuvray: the striking resemblance of the two names, the designation of φρόυριον, which Strabo gives to Bibracte, and even the vague and persistent tradition which, prevailing among the inhabitants of the district, points to Mont Beuvray as a centre of susperstitious regard."

Here, it will be seen, all depends upon the fidelity of the account given of these remarkable remains, described not as Gaulish only, but as Gallo-Roman; from which it would appear that Bibracte continued to be a large city long after the establishment of Autun, which must date from the time of Augustus, from whom it took its name. There are indeed several examples, both in Gaul and Britain, which attest the frequent mutations of the site of cities to neighbouring localities. The transfer of Gergovia from its original site to that of the modern Clermont-Ferrand, has been long known. Camulodunum, the original British town, stood very probably at a little distance from the Roman station of Colchester, in which it became absorbed. On the other hand, the Roman station of Venta, or Caistor, seems to have been transferred to Norwich, and Granta, or Grantchester, possibly to Cambridge. But in all these cases the name and the town seem to have migrated together. In that of Bibracte, if we are to accept the account given by Napoleon, the name was applied to the new locality, indifferently with that of Augustodunum, while the older site continued, perhaps for centuries, to be occupied as a great and flourishing city.

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* It may be well to give here the exact words before us:—"The entrenchments which Cæsar calls 'murus fossaque,' could not be a wall in the usual acceptation of the word: first, because a wall would have been a weak obstacle; further, because the materials were not found on the spot; and, lastly, because if so great a quantity of stones had been collected on the bank of the Rhone, we should still find traces of them."—The Emperor need not have any difficulty about this phrase: the word 'murus' may perfectly well apply to a mound or earthwork, such as is thrown up in the excavation of a ditch.—"I have therefore sought another explanation, and thought that 'murus' might be understood of a natural escarpment rendered steeper by a slight work. Penetrated with this idea, I sent Baron Stoffel, the commandant of artillery, to inspect the localities, and the result of his researches has fully confirmed my supposition."—And here, once for all, let it be observed that the authorized translation, which is quoted for convenience, is disfigured throughout by its Frenchified English, and sometimes by worse blemishes.

The difficulty, then, which occurs to us, is that the recent explorations seem, if one may so say, to prove too much. It is well, however, that a corner should be raised of the deep veil which has really settled over Gallo-Roman as well as British-Roman history. It is astonishing how little we actually know of the social condition of those flourishing provinces, throughout the four hundred years that they continued to absorb and assimilate the civilization of Rome. The name of Autun itself suggests the curious and little understood history of the nomenclature of ancient Gaul. At the time of Cæsar's conquest we find the cities throughout the country distinguished each by its native appellation, derived apparently, in most cases, from the circumstances of its position, and forming generally some combination of *magus*, the town, *dunum*, the hill, or *briva*, the bridge. After the Conquest, as we find from Strabo downwards, many of these names were altered by the Romans, and the imperial name of Julius, Augustus, or Cæsar, combined with the Celtic element, as in Cæsaromagus, Juliobona, Augustodunum, Augustonemetum. But at a later period, and when or how the change was introduced we do not know, the capitals of the Gaulish tribes almost universally dropped the earlier name, whether Roman or Celtic, or mixed, and assumed that of the tribe itself. Thus Samarobriva became Ambiani (Amiens), Lutetia became Parisii (Paris), Durocortorum, Remi (Rheims), Avaricum, Bituriges (Bourges). The principal exceptions in the north of Gaul are those cities which, however important in themselves, were never capitals of tribes, and therefore never the places of assembly for fiscal and other purposes under the empire. Such are Rotomagus (Rouen), Autissiodurum (Auxerre), Argentoratum (Strasburg). Lugdunum (Lyon) was the provincial capital of a great division of the country, but not the place of assembly of a tribe. But in the south of Gaul the tribal organization seems not to have been perpetuated in the same way.* This district had been conquered and organized prior to the establishment of the empire, and apparently on the colonial rather than the tribal or federal system; and accordingly the old Celtic appellations of Burdigala, Tolosa, Narbo, Biterræ, Arelas, Vienna, and many others, were never superseded at all, but still exist in forms only slightly altered at the present day. But the imperial organization of northern Gaul, which is marked by the introduction of the tribal name, seems to have been peculiar to this division of the great Gaulish province. We meet with nothing analogous to it in Spain, or Britain, or Germany, or generally throughout the possessions of Rome in the West or the East. And it is to be remembered, when we are referred by modern writers to Gaul as the most complete and vivid type of the Roman provincial organization, that we have in this phenomenon an indication of something peculiar to Gaul, and distinctive of it. This is a subject which it would be interesting to see more fully worked out, if indeed there exist materials for doing so.

But the Emperor's topographical explorations, the subject more immediately before us, shall be further examined on a future occasion. It will be worth while to consider attentively, among other points, the solution he professes to give, upon conclusive authority, of the old questions connected with the invasion of Britain, and see whether the arbiter of modern Europe, who stands at this moment, *pacis bellique sequester*, between four hundred thousand fighting men, and bids them drop their swords and daggers, can impose peace upon the contending champions of Deal and Hythe, of Boulogne and of Witsand.

C. MERIVALE.

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* Why, it may be asked, is it that throughout France we find no places distinguished among one another by the qualifications of north, south, east, or west? In England and Germany such distinctive appellations are frequent, and seem to follow a natural law; but in France, while places are distinguished, as with us by such popular additions as "on the hill," "on the plain," "on the river," &c., the points of the compass seem never to be introduced at all. Who will discover the reason, deep-seated no doubt in the Celtic idiosyncrasy, for this peculiarity?

# THE MYTHS OF PLATO.*

"They that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."
HEBREWS xi. 14.

"Truth is related to Faith as Being is related to Becoming."
PLATO.

## III.

THE Personal Myths of Plato, in which he deals with the history of the individual soul, are better known than the Cosmical Myths which we have hitherto noticed, and have left a deeper impression upon popular thought. They have also more obvious and deeper affinities with the genuine Socratic teaching. It is indeed very significant that no cosmical myth is attributed to Socrates. These broad and venturous speculations are assigned to Timæus, the physical philosopher of Locri; to an anonymous Eleatic stranger; and to Critias, the brilliant and unscrupulous statesman. Socrates applauds,† it is true, "the marvellous success of Timæus upon the stage," in his view of the Cosmos, but it is impossible not to feel that such investigations lie beyond the limits of human morals, within which he purposely confined himself. It is otherwise with the personal myths. These are all delivered by Socrates himself, and all bear upon the questions to which his life was devoted, the eternal principles of justice and duty and truth. This contrast in the treatment of similar forms of exposition is important, and not without interest, as showing under what restrictions Plato felt himself at liberty to bring forward Socrates as the interpreter of his own opinions. Socrates speaks when the doctrine is that out of which his lessons flowed, or in which they could find their essential confirmation, or where the process of inquiry is itself the end: he listens when new topics are opened, harmonious it may be with his practical teaching, but larger in scope and farther removed from life.

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* Concluded from p. 211.

† Critias, 108 B.

Plato's mythical history of the soul is given in several distinct scenes. The slight sketch in the "Meno" is elaborated into a complete picture in the "Republic." Between the two come the descriptions of the Soul in Heaven in the "Phædrus," of the Judgment in the "Gorgias," and of the Unseen World in the "Phædo," which severally bring out special aspects of the one great subject.

In the "Meno," Socrates is preparing the way for his assertion that knowledge is recollection.

> "I have heard," he says, "from men and women wise in divine matters a true tale as I think, and a noble one. My informants are those priests and priestesses whose aim it is to be able to render an account of the subjects with which they deal. They are supported also by Pindar and many other poets,—by all, I may say, who are truly inspired. Their teaching is that the soul of man is immortal; that it comes to an end of one form of existence, which men call dying, and then is born again, but never perishes. Since, then, the soul is immortal, and has been often born, and has seen the things here on earth and the things in Hades,—all things, in short,—there is nothing which it has not learned, so that it is no marvel that it should be possible for it to recall what it certainly knew before about virtue and other topics. For since all nature is akin, and the soul has learned all things, there is no reason why a man who has recalled one fact only, which men call learning, should not by his own power find out everything else, should he be courageous and not lose heart in the search. For seeking and learning is all an act of recollection." *

In the "Phædrus" we read how that true and absolute knowledge is gained, which it is thus the highest object of an earthly life to recall. Socrates has first given a metaphysical proof of the immortality of the soul, after which he describes its nature, under the famous image of a chariot, guided by a charioteer, and drawn by two winged steeds, of which, in the case of man, the one is good, the other not so.† He then employs the image in one of his grandest myths. At a certain time there is a great procession in heaven;‡—

> "Zeus advances first, driving his winged car, ordering all things and superintending them. A host of deities and spirits follow him, marshalled in eleven bodies, for Hestia remains alone in the dwelling of the gods. Many then and blessed are the spectacles and movements within the sphere of heaven which the gods go through, each fulfilling his own function; and whoever will and can follows them, for envy is a stranger to the divine company. But when they afterwards proceed to a banquet, they advance by what is now a steep course along the inner circumference of the heavenly vault. The chariots of the gods, being well balanced and well driven, advance easily, the others with difficulty; for the vicious horse, unless the charioteer has thoroughly broken it, weighs down the car by his proclivity

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* Meno, 81 A.

† Phædo, 246 A. Compare p. 253 C.

‡ Phædrus, 246 E, *et seq.*

towards the earth. Whereupon the soul is exposed to the extremity of toil and effort. For the souls of the immortals, when they reach the summit, go outside and stand upon the surface of heaven, and as they stand there the revolution of the sphere bears them round, and they contemplate the objects that are beyond it. That super-celestial realm no earthly poet ever yet sang or will sing in worthy strains. It is occupied by the colourless, shapeless, intangible, absolute essence which reason alone can contemplate, and which is the one subject of true knowledge. The divine mind, therefore, when it sees after an interval that which really *is*, is supremely happy, and gains strength and enjoyment by the contemplation of the True, until the circuit of the revolution is completed, in the course of which it obtains a clear vision of absolute (ideal) justice, temperance, and knowledge; and when it has thus been feasted by the sight of the essential truth of all things, the soul again enters within the vault of heaven and returns home. And there the charioteer gives his steeds ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink. This is the life of the gods. But the fate of the other souls is far otherwise. The soul which follows God closest, and is made most like to Him, lifts the head of its charioteer into the super-celestial realm, and so he is carried round; but still he is constantly disturbed by the steeds which he drives, and gains only with difficulty a clear vision of the absolute truth of things. Another soul rises for a time, and then sinks, and through the violence of its steeds obtains only a partial view. The rest follow, all eagerly desirous of reaching the upper region; but being unable to do so, are borne round within the elements of the material Cosmos, struggling and trampling one another down in their efforts to reach the foremost place. And in the tumult and strife many souls are lamed, and many have their wings broken, and all, in spite of their earnest efforts, catch no sight of that which really *is*, and when they return are forced to feed upon the food of fancy. For the reason why they strive so zealously to see the plain of truth is this, that the food which suits the noblest element of the soul is found in the meadow there, and that it is by the help of this the wings grow by which the soul is lifted from the earth. So the procession ends, and the irrevocable judgment follows. Every soul which has gained a clear vision of truth remains in the society of the gods till the next time of review. The rest, which have been unable to follow their divine guides, or have met with any accident, or have suffered forgetfulness to overpower them, or have lost their wings, are implanted in some human form, varying in character according to the impressions which each soul still retains of its former vision of truth.* Ten thousand years pass before they can regain their former state. The soul of the philosopher alone can recover its wings in three thousand years, if at each time of choice it faithfully chooses the same lot: for at the close of each life follows a period of retribution for a thousand years, after which

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* Phædrus, 248 D, E. The exact order is very remarkable, and as it does not appear to be noticed by the commentators, it may be worth while to indicate the law which it presents:—

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Pure Spirit—Soul. | Man (Soul Body) | Soul dominant | Absolutely | | i. φιλόσοφος. |
| | | | Relatively | Morally | ii. ἀρχικός. |
| | | | | Physically | iii. οἰκονομικός. |
| | | | Individually | | iv. γυμναστικός. |
| | | Soul neutralized | | | v. μαντικός. |
| | | Body dominant | Individually | | vi. ποιητικός. |
| | | | Relatively | Physically | vii. δημιουργικός. |
| | | | | Morally | viii. δημοτικός. |
| Pure Matter—Body. | | | Absolutely | | ix. τυραννικός. |

each soul is free to choose its destiny. A human soul may pass into a brute; the soul of a brute, which was once a man, may return to a man. For no soul which has *never* seen the truth can reach the human form; for man must be able to understand general terms which answer to *ideas*, and he does so by recalling those objects which his soul once saw when it followed in the train of God, and was lifted above what we now say *is*, and gained a sight of that which *is* truly."

In no other place has Plato given so clear a statement of his doctrine of ideas, which gives fixity to the doctrine of recollection. And the reason is evident. The doctrine itself represents an intuition or an instinct, and not a result. It is a beginning and not a conclusion. And therefore a mythical exposition alone can place it in its true relation to the general system of the universe. By using this, Plato sketches in a few ineffaceable lines what he holds to be the divine lineaments of the soul, seen in its power to hold fellowship with God and apprehend absolute truth. It may fall from the heights of heaven which it has been privileged to climb, but even so the transitory images of earthly things are for it potential symbols, and memorials of glories which it has seen; and in its degradation it yet can feel that the way of return to supra-celestial joy is not finally closed.

The myth of the "Phædrus" opens a glimpse of a judgment after death. The judgment itself is portrayed in the "Gorgias." As suits the character of the dialogue, the treatment of the subject here is "most purely moral," and the accessories and scenery of the myth are taken directly from the Homeric poems.* Socrates has maintained that to act unjustly is the greatest of evils. In illustration of the proposition he says,†—

"'I will tell you a very beautiful story, which you, I fancy, will regard as a fable, but I hold to be very truth. Well, then, as Homer tells us, Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto divided between them the empire which they received from their father. In the time of Kronos there was a law, which is still, even now as always, in force among the gods, that after death men should go to the Islands of the Blest, or to Tartarus, according as they had lived holy or godless lives. Till Zeus had reigned some little time, the judgment took place on the day on which they were to die. Judges and judged were living men. So, many errors were committed, and when complaint was made to Zeus, he said, "I will put an end to this. The present mode of trial is faulty. The subjects of the trial are still clothed when they undergo it, for they are yet living. And many men with wicked souls are arrayed in beauty, and rank, and wealth; and at the time of their trial many come forward to give evidence that they have lived justly. So the judges are influenced by these witnesses, and moreover are clothed themselves, for the veil of sense lies before their souls. First, then, I must prevent men from knowing the time of their death; and next, judges and judged must be unclothed by death before the trial takes place, and the judge must give his sentence as he regards simply with his soul alone simply the soul of each, at the moment after dissolution, when the subject is bereft of all his kinsmen, and has left on earth all the fair adornment in which he was arrayed. This I had observed," he added, addressing the complainants, "before you, and determined to appoint as judges my own sons, Minos and Rhadamanthus from Asia, and Æacus from Europe. After their death, these shall give sentence in the meadow where the cross-roads meet, of which one leads to the Islands of the Blest, and another to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge the dead from Asia, Æacus those from Europe. Minos shall hold the supreme place of honour, and finally decide if the two others are in any doubt, that the judgment may be as just as possible which determines the road men must tread." This,' Socrates continues, 'is the story which I have heard, and believe to be true. And the conclusion which I draw is this,—Death, in my opinion, is simply the separation of two things, soul and body, from one another. And after their separation, each preserves the character which it had when the man was alive. The body, as we can see, retains its natural characteristics, the results of care and discipline, the traces of accident and suffering. So it is also, I believe, with the soul. When the soul is stripped of its bodily vestment, it also presents all the traits of nature, and the consequences of individual habits, distinctly visible. And so, when the dead come to the judges, the judge regards the soul of each, not knowing whose it is: very frequently he lays hands on the great King, or some other prince or potentate, and sees that his soul is all rotten, covered all over with slavish scars, and full of wounds inflicted by perjuries and injustice, which his own conduct has impressed upon the soul of each; he sees that every member of it is distorted by falsehood and ostentation, and the utter absence of the discipline of truth; he sees that it has lost every trace of harmony and beauty, through licence and luxury and arrogance and intemperance; and when he sees it, he despatches the soul in dishonour straightway to the prison-house, where it is doomed to bear the sufferings which it deserves. For some this suffering is remedial, for others it is simply exemplary.* As it is on earth, so it is below. Those whose sins can be healed, can be healed only by sorrow and pain, which here and hereafter are used to restore them. Those whose guilt is incurable, from the extreme magnitude of their crimes, draw no longer any profit from their sufferings, for they are past healing, but others draw profit from them, when they see them suffering for ever for their sins the greatest and most terrible pains, hung up simply as examples in the dungeon of Hades, as spectacles and warnings to all the guilty who come there. And such characters are, I fancy, generally found among the great, for these, if they have the will, have also the power, to act most wickedly. Whenever, then, Rhadamanthus† finds such an one he only knows that he is a guilty wretch, and nothing else about him, neither who he is nor whence he comes, and so he sends him away to Tartarus, affixing a mark upon him to show whether he seems to be curable or incurable. And sometimes, when he has looked upon another soul, which has lived with holiness and truth,—that of a plain citizen it may be, or more frequently of a philosopher, who has devoted himself to his own pursuits, and not meddled in the affairs of others,—he is filled with admiration, and sends it away to the Islands of the Blest. And thus also does Æacus. And Minos looks on from his throne, alone holding a golden sceptre, as Odysseus says in Homer,—

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* This is pointed out by Mr. Cope—Gorgias, Introd., p. lxxiv.

† Gorgias, 523 A, *et seq.*

> 'There Minos, child of Zeus, sceptred with gold,
> I saw dividing justice to the dead;

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* Gorgias, 525 B, *et seq.* † *Ibid.*, 526 B, *et seq.* ‡ Od., xi. 576 (Worsley).

> Who round his throne, in the wide-gated hold
> Of Hades, stand or sit, and him, their head,
> Cry to for judgment.' "

So pitilessly stern and impartial is the judgment of the dead; and even according to Plato's instinct there are some who cannot receive forgiveness "either in this world or in the world to come," for whom the wings of the soul are lost for ever. And it is remarkable that the material aspect of the unseen world is a subject on which he seems to delight to dwell. This, in his imagination, has no likeness to the supersensuous region of ideas on which the unembodied souls gaze, but akin to man, who is for a time its tenant. When Socrates had exhausted his arguments on immortality, he is represented in the "Phædo" as concluding his last discourse with a mythic delineation of the future resting-place of the blessed dead, and the seats of torture for the wicked. There is, he admits, adequate ground for questioning the truth of his reasoning, from a consideration of the greatness of the subject and the weakness of man; but yet practically he is convinced, himself, of his immortality, and therefore of the infinite importance of right action,*—

> "For the soul† takes with it to Hades nothing but the results of its education and growth, which immediately begin to manifest their effects. The story is, that after death the genius to whom each man was committed during his lifetime, proceeds to take him to a place where the dead must be gathered together to obtain their sentence, before they go to Hades in the charge of the guide to whom the task of conducting them is committed. And when they have received there their due recompence, and remained the appointed space, another guide brings them back to earth. The road to Hades is not, then, so simple as Æschylus tells us: '*One single path conducts us to the shades.*' If it were so, there would have been no need of guides; but the road is really branching and circuitous. And so the well-disciplined and wise soul follows the guide and recognises its present position: that soul, on the other hand, which is passionately attached to the body, fluttering about it and the world of sense with lingering desire, after a violent resistance and grievous suffering, is forcibly removed by the appointed genius. And when such a soul, stained by impurity and crime, reaches the common gathering-place, every one flies from it and avoids it: companionless and guideless, it wanders about in dire distress till the time comes when it must be carried to its appropriate habitation. But that soul which has lived in purity and justice, after enjoying the companionship and guidance of the gods, dwells in its proper place. Yes, and there are many marvellous places in the earth; and the earth is not, either in nature or extent, such as geographers suppose. For I am convinced‡ that we who live along the borders of the Mediterranean are like frogs living around a swamp; and that there are many other basins like that in which we live, similarly occupied, which are receptacles for a sediment of water, and mist and air; and that the true earth rises far above, all radiant and pure in the pure radiance of heaven. But we who live in these deep basins fancy we live upon the earth, whereas our case is just as if creatures living at the bottom of the sea were to fancy that they lived *upon* the sea, and when they saw the sun through the water,

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* Phædo, 107 A, B. † *Ibid.*, 107 D. ‡ *Ibid.*, 108 *et seq.*

were to hold the sea to be heaven. For we call our hollows earth and the atmosphere heaven, and cannot any more than the tenants of the deep rise to the surface of the element which covers us, and see the true brightness of the celestial bodies, whose dimmed glory only reaches us, and the true beauty of the objects of earth, of which we see only starved and corroded and decaying types. The earth, in fact,* when looked at from above, is said to be like a particoloured ball, such as children play with, marked out into regions of various hues, purple and gold and white, and so on, brighter and purer and more manifold than those which artists use. Even the hollows in which we live, like lakes, add brilliancy to the assemblage of tints, and complete their harmony. So again the trees and flowers in that higher region are proportionately more beautiful than ours. The mountains are solid gems, of which our jewels are little fragments. The precious metals are seen everywhere; to look upon the real earth alone is happiness. There are also living beings there, and men, some of whom dwell on the shores of the atmosphere, others on islands which it encircles; for our atmosphere is their sea, and their atmosphere is æther. Moreover, the inhabitants have temples of the gods, in which the gods really dwell, and hold intercourse with their worshippers. And as there is this true earth above us, so are there awful and mysterious caverns below,† through which flow immeasurable streams, and rivers of fire and torrents of mud, which centre all in Tartarus. Of these, four rivers‡ are chiefly to be noticed: Ocean, the greatest of all, which flows outermost round the earth; and opposite to this Acheron, which, passing through desert places, comes to the Acherusian lake, where the mass of the souls of the dead assemble. The third river, directly after its rise, falls into a place burning with fire, and forms a lake of boiling mud, and after a circuitous course reaches the Acherusian lake, but does not mingle its current with the water. This is Pyriphlegethon, and lava-streams are casual jets from its molten flood. The fourth river falls into a dreary and savage spot, where it forms the Stygian lake, and afterwards passes through the Acherusian lake, without mingling with it, opposite to Pyriphlegethon; and this, the poets say, is called Cocytus. This being so, when the dead reach the place whither their genius carries them, they obtain their sentence, and those whose lives have been neither very good nor very bad are conveyed along Acheron to the Acherusian lake, where they are purified of their wickedness by punishment, and receive the rewards of their good deeds. Those who are judged to be incurably guilty, owing to the greatness of their sins, are thrown into Tartarus, from which they never come out. Those, again, whose sins are very great, but yet not past all cure, are thrown, for so it must be, into Tartarus; but after a year they are carried by Cocytus or Pyriphlegethon to the Acherusian lake, where, with loud cries, they call upon those whom they wronged, beseeching them for pardon, that so they may leave their place of torment and come to them; and if their prayer is heard, it is well; if not, they return to their place of suffering, for they gain no respite till it is granted by those whom they injured. Those, lastly, who have lived with conspicuous holiness are they who are freed from their prison-house in the lower realms, and rise aloft to radiant habitations, and dwell upon the earth which I have described. And such as have purified themselves sufficiently by philosophy live wholly without bodies for the future, and rise to habitations more glorious than these, which it were hard to paint; and now time presses. But I think what I have said shows that we must strive by all means to gain virtue and wisdom in our lives. The prize is glorious and the hope is great."

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* Phædo, 110 B, *et seq.* † *Ibid.*, 111 C, *et seq.* ‡ *Ibid.*, 112 E, *et seq.*

The words are surely memorable words, and in the place which they occupy, of more than tragic interest. The last great discourse of Socrates in Plato's narrative is like his last charge, which was given so soon afterwards. There is the same spirit in the injunction to offer the customary sacrifice*—"the cock to Æsculapius"—as in the delineation of the material paradise. In the final moments of his earthly sojourn the philosopher seeks, as it were, some sacramental pledge of his highest faith. He clings dutifully to the rites of traditional worship which he had sought to ennoble. He dwells lovingly among the images of common beauty, which he transfigures with a diviner grace. In that supreme crisis the man reposes not on the subtleties of argument, but on the broad foundations of natural instinct. He dies with the vision of a home still before his eyes, such as he had known, but purer, brighter, abiding in heaven.

One myth still remains, the story of Er the Pamphylian, with which the "Republic" closes. In this the destiny of the soul is traced out with more completeness than in any other, and if it is inferior to the myth of the "Timæus" in magnificence, and to that of the "Phædo" in pathos, it is yet on the whole perhaps the richest in thought and the most artistic in treatment of all the Platonic myths. Er, so the story runs,† was slain in battle, and when his corpse was recovered and laid on the twelfth day upon the funeral pile, he came to life again, and thereupon he related what he saw in the interval. He said,—

> "When his soul left his body, it went with many others to a mysterious place where there were two openings in the earth, and two in the heaven opposite to them; and between judges were sitting. These, after giving sentence, ordered the just to go upwards to the right, fastening on their breasts tokens of their decision: the unjust downwards to the left, carrying on their backs tokens of their actions. When he went up to them, they said that he would have to tell men what passed in the world below, and straitly charged him to hear and observe everything. So he saw some souls go away by the two openings above and below, and others returning by the two corresponding openings, of which those which descended from heaven were pure and clean, those which ascended from the earth were soiled and dusty. It seemed that they had come from a long journey, and they were glad to meet in the meadow and speak of their various lots during their passage of a thousand years, the one class telling of their unspeakable enjoyments, the other, with tears and lamentations, of their sufferings; for the recompence of virtue and crime, he said, was tenfold as great as the acts themselves. Moreover, he saw one spirit asked by another where Ardiæus the Great was, who had made himself a despot in a city of Pamphylia a thousand years before, after murdering his father and elder brother, and committing, as was said, many atrocious crimes. 'He has not come,' was the reply, 'nor will he come up here, for among other terrible sights we saw this. When we were near the mouth of the pit,‡ and on the point of ascending, we suddenly saw him, and others with him, most of them despots; and when they thought that they should ascend, the mouth would not receive them, but began to bellow

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* Phædo, 118 A. † De Republica, x., pp. 614 B, *et seq.* ‡ *Ibid.*, x. 615 D, *et seq.*

whenever one of those who were incurably vicious, or had not yet paid the adequate penalty of his guilt, endeavoured to ascend. Whereupon,' he continued, 'men savage of aspect and all fiery, seized some of them and led them away, but Ardiæus and others they bound hands and feet and head, to cast them into Tartarus. And though we had suffered many and manifold terrors,' he added, 'this terror was the greatest of all, lest we should hear the voice when we tried to ascend, and we each rejoiced greatly that we were allowed to ascend, as the mouth uttered no sound.'"

After they had spent seven days in the meadow, Er said, they were obliged to resume their journey on the eighth day, and after four days they came to a spot from which—

"They saw a column of light like the rainbow, but brighter and purer, which they reached in half a day's march, and then they saw that the light was the bond which encircled heaven, and that through its extremities passed the spindle of Necessity, round the base of which revolved, as on the rims of gigantic cups fitting closely into one another, the eight planets; and as the spindle turned, so too they turned with their proper motions, and on each rim a Siren sat, giving forth a single note, so that from the eight arose one grand harmony.* And three others sat round at equal intervals, each on a throne, the daughters of Necessity, the Fates, white-robed, with chaplets on their heads, Lachesis, Clotho, and Atropos, and sang to the harmony of the Sirens, Lachesis of the past, Clotho of the present, Atropos of the future. The souls, he said, when they came there, were obliged to go directly to Lachesis. Whereupon a prophet first marshalled them in order, and then, taking lots and samples of lives from the knees of Lachesis, mounted on a lofty tribune, and said, 'O souls of short-lived men, now begins a new course of mortal existence. Your fate will not be assigned to you: you will choose your fate yourselves. Virtue is the peculiar prize of none. Each, as he honours or dishonours her, will enjoy her favour. Blame rests with the chooser: God is blameless.' When he had so said he threw down the lots, and each picked up that which fell beside him, except himself (for he was forbidden), and saw the order of his choice. And afterwards the prophet placed the samples of lives on the ground before them, far more in number than those present. These were of all kinds, he said, including those both of men and animals, and marked by every variety of gifts and failings in external station and personal endowment. The character of the soul was alone left undetermined, for this necessarily depended upon the nature of the life chosen in each case. The prophet thereupon † warned the souls of the supreme importance of their choice, and said, 'He who comes last in order, if he chooses with intelligence and lives with energy and self-control, has the assurance of a happy life. He who chooses first must not be careless: he who chooses last must not despond.' On this he to whom the first lot fell came up and grasped the greatest sovereignty, and in his greedy folly he had not observed that it included the necessity of his feeding on his own children; and when he discovered this on a calm investigation, he began to bewail and lament his fate, accusing every one but himself of the evils of his destiny. This, he said, was one of those who had come down from heaven, and had lived in his former life in a well-ordered commonwealth, and been virtuous by habit without the salutary discipline of philosophy. And those who came from heaven, he said, were thus deceived in their choice quite as often as others, because they were undisciplined by suffering; while those who came from the earth, since they had suffered themselves, and had seen others suffer, were generally slow and cautious in choosing. And from this, among other reasons, the souls, as a general rule, experience a transition from good to evil, and the reverse; though the sound pursuit of philosophy would go far to secure happiness on earth, and a smooth and heavenly passage through the shades below. It was indeed, he said, a strange sight to watch the choice of lives—piteous at once and ludicrous; for the souls were chiefly influenced by their former experience. For example, he saw the soul of Orpheus choosing the life of a swan; that of Ajax avoiding a human destiny from the remembrance of his wrongs; that of Agamemnon taking the life of an eagle. Among the last he saw the soul of the buffoon Thersites choose the life of an ape; and last of all, the soul of Ulysses went to make its choice. This soul, cured of ambition by the recollection of its former sufferings, went about for a long time in search of a life of a quiet, simple citizen; and when it found it, after great trouble, lying in an obscure corner, and neglected by all the rest, said that it would have done the same if it had the first choice, and took the life gladly. At the same time the souls of animals passed into other animals and into men. And when the choice was completed, all went to Lachesis, and she charged the genius which each had chosen, to accompany him through life, and accomplish the fate which he had selected. Afterwards they visited Clotho and Atropos, and passed forth through the throne of Necessity, and all marched to the plain of Oblivion, through terrible and suffocating heat. As it was now drawing towards evening, they encamped by the stream Forgetfulness, whose water no vessel can hold, of which all were forced to drink a measure, and those who were not preserved by prudence drank more than the measure; and straightway the drinkers forgot everything. They then fell asleep, and when midnight came there was a clap of thunder and an earthquake, and suddenly all the souls were carried, like shooting stars, in different directions to their birth. He himself, he said, was not allowed to drink the water; and yet he could not tell how he came into his body, but suddenly looking up in the morning he saw himself lying on the funeral pyre. So the story was saved," Socrates continues,* "and not lost, and it will save us if we give heed to it, and we shall then cross happily over the river of Oblivion, and not defile our soul. Yes, if we all give heed to my counsel, and believe that the soul is immortal, and capable of every woe and every good, we shall keep close to the upward path, and practise justice with active wisdom in every way we can, that we may be at peace with ourselves and with the gods while we abide on earth, and when we reap the rewards of justice, like victors in their triumphal course, and may ever fare well, not only in our present life, but also in that pilgrimage of the thousand years which we have described."

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* De Republica, x. 617 B, *et seq.*

† *Ibid.*, x. 619 B.

### IV.

Such briefly are the Myths of Plato. Even when thus presented they form undoubtedly one of the most fruitful chapters in the history of the religious thought of Greece; for though scattered they have a real unity, and though romantic they are truly Greek.† The proof of their unity lies in the connection of the stories among themselves, and it seems impossible not to see in them a proper whole. But their unity is derived not from any conscious plan, but from the character of the subjects with which they deal, and the unconscious symmetry with which the works of the highest genius are always invested. Each myth, as will have been seen, stands alone as if it were a single and complete creation; and yet each gains new fulness when placed in its true relation to the others. They overlap and intersect each other, and yet room is left for each separate development. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the careless prodigality, as it might seem, with which Plato brings out his treasures, never again caring to look back upon them; and yet, with a master's art, he continues to the last to throw new lights and fresh adornments on what he might appear to have forgotten.

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* De Republica, x. 621 B, *et seq.*

† To point out the connection of Plato's myths with the Ancient Mysteries, with Pythagoras, and with Egypt, would require an independent essay. For it is not meant that the conception of the Platonic myths is everywhere original, which is manifestly untrue, but that Plato made what he borrowed his own. He was himself perhaps the most catholic of Greeks, and the myths are Greek in the same way that he is.

It is not, therefore, strange that the myths were accepted by common consent as the text for the deepest speculations of the later Platonic schools, and so have contributed, through them, more largely than any other part of Plato's writings to the sum of common thoughts. The popular notions of Platonism, again, are almost exclusively derived from the myths. And it is easy to see why it is so. The value of a method may be estimated differently at different times. The delight of mere discussion without result at last ceases to charm. But there are subjects of positive belief on which the soul is never wearied in dwelling; and it is with these the myths deal.

In bold and vigorous outlines, they offer a philosophy of nature, a philosophy of history, and a philosophy of life, deformed, it may be, by crude speculations in physics, and cramped by imperfect knowledge and a necessarily narrow sphere of observation, but yet always inspired by the spirit of a Divine life, centring in the devout recognition of an all-wise and all-present Providence, and in the inexorable assertion of human responsibility. In form, in subject, in the splendour of their imagery, and in the range of their application, they form, if we may so speak, an Hellenic Apocalypse. And if we compare our popular theories of the world and man with the aspirations which they embody, we may well doubt whether we have used the lessons of eighteen Christian centuries as Plato would have used them.

The earnestness of Plato is indeed a strange contrast to our indifference in dealing with the same topics; for as has been said before, the myths were not for him poetic fancies, but representations of momentous truths. The details might or might not be exact, but their general scope was that for which he was ready to contend to the uttermost. Thus Socrates says, at the close of the myth in the "Phædo,"*—

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* Phædo, 114 D.

> "To confidently affirm that the narrative which I have given is literally true becomes no reasonable man. But I do think it becomes him to believe that what I have said about our souls and their habitations is either literally true or like the truth, if, at least, the soul is shown to be immortal; and that it is worthy of him to face peril boldly in such a belief, for the peril is glorious; and such thoughts he ought to use as a charm to allay his own misgivings: in which spirit I have myself dwelt thus long upon the story."

The last words point to two characteristics of the myths which can now be appreciated better than when they were first indicated in the opening section. The myths transcend the domain of pure reason, and their moral power springs out of their concrete form. In the first respect, to take an illustration which will make the notion clear, they answer to Revelation, as an endeavour to enrich the store of human knowledge; in the second, to the Gospel, as an endeavour to present, under the form of facts, the manifestations of Divine Wisdom. *

Whatever may be the prevailing fashion of an age, the myths of Plato remain an unfailing testimony to the religious wants of man. They show not only that reason by its logical processes is unable to satisfy them, but also in what directions its weakness is most apparent and least supportable. They form, as it were, a natural scheme of the questions with which a revelation might be expected to deal,—Creation, Providence, Immortality,—which, as they lie farthest from the reason, lie nearest to the heart. And in doing this, they are so far an unconscious prophecy, of which the teaching of Christianity is the fulfilment.

But more than this: the Myths mark also the shape which a revelation for men might be expected to take. The doctrine is conveyed in an historic form: the ideas are offered as facts; the myth itself is the message. With what often appears unnecessary care, Plato appeals to popular tradition or external testimony for the veracity of his mythical narratives. He knows that their power of influencing life depends directly upon their essential connection with life. If the Myth belongs really to our world, not as a thought but as an event, it is homogeneous with man as man in his complex nature. In this way, again, Plato is an unconscious prophet of the Gospel. The Life

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* This idea is stated very forcibly by Mr. Maurice ("Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.—Plato"):—"Plato . . . was . . . certain that somehow or other all great principles must have an investiture of *facts*, and cannot be fully or satisfactorily presented to men except in facts. And if no such series of facts, embodying and revealing truths, were within his reach, rather than leave it to be fancied that his truths are bare, naked conceptions of his mind, he will invent a clothing for them; it is the least evil of the two. . . . Then what pretence have those to the name of Platonists who wish to believe that there is no series of facts containing a revelation of supersensual and transcendent truths, who think it an *à priori* probability, that the deep want of such facts which Plato experienced has not been satisfied, who are determined, even by the most violent treatment of historical evidence, to prove that whenever a supposed fact manifests a principle, it must be a fable?"

of Christ is, in form no less than in substance, the Divine reality of which the Myths were an instructive foreshadowing.

It is well, then, that we should remember that what we look back upon as accomplished events, were once looked forward to as aspirations of the heart. The problem of life is not changed by the lapse of centuries, but the conditions are changed. What the problem is, and what the conditions were in old times, and what they are now, Plato himself may teach us.* Socrates said to his friends on the evening of his execution,—

> "Do you think that, when I speak of my present fate as no misfortune, I am a less skilful diviner than the swans, who sing longest and sweetest in the prospect of death, because they are on the point of going to the god whose servants they are? Nay rather, I am bound by the same service as they are, and devoted to the same god, and my lord inspires me with prophetic insight no less than them, and therefore I ought to depart from life as cheerfully as they do."

And Simmias answers:—

> "Still, Socrates, I feel some difficulty. I think, and perhaps you think with me, that it is impossible or extremely difficult to obtain distinct knowledge on such subjects in our present life. On the other hand, it is utterly unmanly to desist from investigating, by every means in our power, whatever is urged about them, before we are exhausted by a complete inquiry. For we must gain one of two results. We must either learn or discover the truth about them; or, if this be impossible, we must take the best and most irrefragable of human words, and, supported on this as on a raft, sail through the waters of life in perpetual jeopardy, unless we might make the journey on a securer stay,—some *Divine Word*, if it might be,—more surely and with less peril."

The Word for which the wavering faith of Simmias thus longed, has, we believe, been given to us; and once again Plato points us to St. John.

BROOKE F. WESTCOTT.

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* Phædo, 85 A, *et seq.*

# MILLAIS AND DORÉ.

*Millais's Illustrations.* London and New York: Alexander Strahan.

*Dante's Inferno.* Illustrated with the Designs of M. Gustave Dore. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. 1866.

*The Holy Bible.* Illustrated by M. Gustave Dore. Specimen Part, and Nos. I. and II. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. 1866.

*A Dozen Specimens of Gustave Doré.* London: S. O. Beeton.

*Captain Castagnette.* By M. Dore. London: S. O. Beeton.

*Fairy Realm.* A Collection of the Favourite Old Tales. Illustrated by the Pencil of Gustave Doré; told in Verse by Tom Hood. London: Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

AT a time when painters of acknowledged power seem to give a great deal of their time to illustrating books by woodcuts, and when there are many skilful draughtsmen who do not seem to think of painting at all, but deal only with light and shade, it seems worth while that they and we should consider what sort of work they are engaged in. We are not going to disparage their labours. But we cannot help feeling that the painters are not right in letting illustration interfere with their own progress in the higher branches of art. And we must remark that a man who can only illustrate in woodcut is far too limited in his range of art, and is not to be called an artist in the same sense as another of equal or even inferior powers, who has been taught the whole grammar of Form and Colour, and who tries to express himself in it.

Then again, an original picture is the representation in form and colour of a thought of the artist's own. We had rather have this from Mr. Millais. But failing this, it makes a difference whether Tennyson's lines call out original comment from him, or if he only works out Tennyson's thought in pictorial terms. We only mean to say there is a difference between catching an inspiration from another man's ideas, and simply translating them. We should say that the illustration to "The wind is blowing in turret and tree" showed originality; Tennyson's by-thought of the storm breaking in on the old murderess's confession being observed, and grandly worked out. The "Locksley Hall" sketches seem inferior, showing appreciation and no more—not to mention that Cousin Amy cannot be less than nine heads high. And M. Doré's "Sea of Ice" owes all its power to the fact that it is a simple transcript of the ghastly details of Dante.

We do not quarrel with the illustrators—illuminators no more. Power of thought or execution must always have their value. Many subjects are best in light and shade, from being too painful or too wildly grotesque to be treated in colour. We certainly do not want M. Gustave Doré to commit his illustrations of the "Inferno" to canvas. But we rather complain that while we are inundated with engravings, we have so very few original woodcuts in serious grotesque. There seems to be no one to succeed George Cruikshank or follow Alfred Rethel. Mr. Millais's "Evil Sower" has become a picture, and a noble one, and we are glad to think the woodcut came first. But painters seem to have forgotten that Albert Dürer ever lived to invent "Melancholia" and the "Knight and Death."

We have before us a set of Mr. Millais's collected illustrations, and a sufficient quantity of M. Gustave Doré's drawings. Both these gentlemen are artists of established reputation, to whose personal interests our observations will do neither good nor harm. We speak as members of the outer world, and we think we are entitled to do so. When a man draws pictures for half the novels and poems of the day, he takes a prominent part in literature; and any one who is employed in illustrating Holy Scripture is subject to comment from all readers of Holy Scripture. Besides, those who apply themselves to popular art are within range of popular criticism; by which term we mean, criticism on their works by educated persons who are inferior to them in technical or specially artistic knowledge. An amateur's opinion is worth less or more, according to the complications and technical difficulties contended with in the work before him. We should not speak very confidently of works in colour, because the greater technical difficulties of colour seem to make those who give their lives to it almost to a certainty better judges than we, where it is involved. Yet professed artists contradict each other so much, that the educated opinion of outsiders is worth something, even on this matter: and in engravings, an amateur can judge very fairly whether a drawing is correct and workmanlike; whether darkness and light are weakly, forcibly, or theatrically contrasted; whether real thought and true sentiment are in the work before him, or not.

He has also a right to express an opinion of the artist's treatment of his subject; of his conceptions of the meaning of his author, and of the cast of his mind and character. We apprehend that no one ought to attempt to illustrate Dante without in some degree understanding and reverencing him. And if his attempts indicate that he cares for little in the "Inferno" except the hateful excitement of ideas of bodily torture, he shows incapacity, and something worse. And if such attempts are admired, rewarded, and revelled in by the public, it gives one a highly unsatisfactory idea of that public's mental condition.

As far as a taste for fire, brimstone, writhing, mutilation, howling and outer darkness, serpents, chains, talons, bats' wings, scourges, blood and entrails can go, M. Doré's "Inferno" will satisfy, or rather stimulate, the most exacting sensationalist. But we have been accustomed to find a good deal in Dante besides fire, darkness, entrails, &c., and M. Doré does not give us much else. He seems to have passed through the regular course of French art-study; that is to say, he has learnt to draw the figure most thoroughly, and has acquired great power of composition and grouping. He has endless facility and fertility. Of course, a man who has been accustomed for years to draw correctly at the rate of six hours a day will not object to draw rather carelessly for six hours a day. And if he possesses M. Doré's ready fancy and power of arrangement, and sometimes of suggestive detail, it is impossible to say what quantity of rapid work he may or may not produce. But the great objection to illustration in our minds is that it encourages the multiplication of cheap, crude works, with no more thought in them than there is backbone in a polypus. And if such sketches become effective and popular because they excite the baser passions of our nature, and tend to make the fallen spirit of man more cruel and more sensual than it is, we think their author is not the man to illustrate the Holy Scriptures. We suppose a certain amount of respectability was arranged for between M. Doré and his publisher in the latter work. It really has done him good. We are sincerely glad to see that he has powers, after all, which may yet make him a great painter, and that he can produce an original drawing without the motives of torture or mutilation. "Difficile est proprie communia dicere;"—the often-treated subjects furnished by the sacred histories are a fair test of power, and they certainly call out faculties in M. Doré of which we should not have suspected him before. The "Ark at Bethshemesh" is a good attempt to represent the fierce heat of a Syrian day among the sheaves of barley harvest; and we think that the "March of Abraham and his Possessions"—wave after wave of sheep and cattle passing over the rolling desert-sea—deserves high praise.

The fact is, M. Doré has the deficiencies of the French school as well as its advantages. The chief frailty of that system is not confined to its weakest students. It is in men's determination to have violent sensation at any price, and their indifference to anything else in comparison. It follows that their superior science and observation of the human frame and form often lead them into displays like those of Michael Angelo's worst pupils. Tetanus seems to prevail over all their naked figures, and they confound vigour with cramp. M. Doré's figures of Lano and his companion flying from the black hounds through the Forest of Suicides have no motion in them at all; they only twist and straddle. But above all this, it is no more than truth to say that art on the any-excitement principle is essentially immoral. It does deprave and worsen both its patrons and its producers: and they know it in their hearts. We do not mean to be particularly censorious or squeamish: we only wish to ask all buyers of M. Doré's works to consider what kind of delight it is they get from them. Do they like to own to themselves that they take pleasure in thinking and seeing what men and women may be supposed to look like when they are being burnt alive and ripped up and mutilated and impaled? Do they deliberately sit down to enjoy conceptions of the arena and the shambles and the fire unquenchable? What sort of lessons do they expect children and servants to learn from the "Infernos" and "Contes Drôlatiques" which lie about their drawing-rooms? And if they keep them for private study, is it because they have any right to be more butcherly than their servants and children? If this sort of art is best liked by the British middle classes, their tastes must be a feeble copy of those which Imperial Rome was wont to gratify by means of Mirmillones and Bestiarii, and Christians in pitched shirts.

M. Doré has paid but little attention to landscape. One or two engravings of his Bible series seem to show that he is capable of a good deal in that direction. It is probable that travel, and the sight of Nature in her more striking forms and wilder moods, would direct him to far healthier work: and if excitement is so absolutely necessary to him he may find a purer form of it in careful study of rock and mountain forms. Those of the "Inferno" are generally extremely poor in detail and show sad want of knowledge. Nothing but harm and shame to himself and the public can come of his present style. Everything is sacrificed to contrast, excitement, and the constant attempt at horror. As for beauty, he seems not to care for it, nor yet for any human expression of feature. He often succeeds in conveying an idea of physical agony: as often he gives us faces simply and idiotically hideous. As a practical joker's wit is said to be in his thumbs, so M. Doré's power is all in muscular contortion; and it bears about the same relation to art which tumbling and posture-making bear to wit. Almost the worst is, that in the "Inferno" and elsewhere, he seems to fail in all his large single figures, such as the realizations of Minos, Plutus, the Minotaur, Antæus, and lastly of the Enemy of Mankind, and the dæmons. We cannot see what his admirers can find in them, except ink and weakness. One group of Centaurs is good ("Inf.," No. 33), but the next plate is as bad as any. All these works are in that hard, wiry, and gloomy style of wood engraving which seems to please French artists best. We cannot understand their deliberate preference for Darkness. Their system of light and shade seems to us vicious in more senses than one. Form is brought out by blackness on blackness, and all is done at the very bottom of the scale of light, unless when some glaring and virtually impossible contrast is given. The "Enchanted Castle" in Hood's "Fairy Tales" is well conceived, as it lies among its "matted woods, where birds forget to sing,"—but while the effect is meant to be that of ordinary summer sunshine, the sky is made as black as thunderstorm. Everything in the composition (and in most of the others) is sacrificed to violent effect of light in the middle of the picture, or to get glare on flesh in the foreground.

The Scripture illustrations, as we have said, sometimes deserve praise when groups of figures are introduced. The larger single figures seem simple recollections of academical drawings, with no particular feeling or meaning. In short, he who would illustrate the Bible must first believe it. For the fairy drawings, those of the "Sleeping Beauty," with "Red Riding Hood's Grandmother and the Wolf," are worthy of mention, and there is a certain amount of tree drawing in several of them often marred by utter carelessness. We remember a particularly good pollard willow in "Hop o' my Thumb," which proves only what we know already, that M. Doré can draw almost anything when he likes to do so. "Captain Castagnette" seems to be entirely composed and illustrated for very depraved babes in their second childhood; and that is all we have to say now of the works of a man who, we trust, will yet live and learn.

Mr. Millais's *later* woodcuts are as strongly contrasted with M. Doré's as even that lover of contrast could wish. Some of them may be said to be distinguished by an almost too passionate yearning after the commonplace. Mr. A. Trollope and Mr. Millais between them seem to be likely to idealize the ordinary with a great deal of success, and the sale of their joint work proves that the public fully appreciate their efforts in that direction. They certainly will never do any harm to any one; the drawings are often pretty, and sometimes contain idea and real sentiment; but looking on them, as their author seems to do, in a commercial point of view, we must remark that they are carelessly and "skimpily" got up goods. It is different with the Tennyson illustrations. We rather think that in those old days Mr. Millais cared for the poetry he was illustrating, and felt enough with Tennyson to be able to interpret him as a true painter may comment on a true poet. Besides those which we have mentioned, the "Sleeping Palace" pictures are, we are quite sure, fully equal to any praise we can give them. "The Revival" in particular gives some ideals of old English faces, which are very beautiful in their expression of careless power, and in subtle contrast between their straight, delicate features and their square jaws, bull throats, and broad shoulders. This volume also contains the well-known "Unjust Judge," "Pharaoh's Daughter," "Byron and Miss Chaworth," and the "Plague of Elliant." It is well worth having, and both first thoughts and partial studies for real painting may be found in it. But a little more time and trouble would have greatly increased its value, and it is hardly for "the workman's honour" to give all his slightest sketches to the public at the time when they require above all things to be educated, and made to understand finished art-works as far as possible.

R. ST. J. TYRWHITT.

# CATHEDRAL LIFE AND CATHEDRAL REFORM.

*Revue des deux Mondes.* Dec. 15, 1865. "L'Angleterre et la Vie anglaise. No. xxviii. La Vie religieuse dans les Villes. La Cité épiscopale," &c. Par ALPHONSE ESQUIROS. Paris: Plon.

*The Church and the World: Essays on Questions of the Day.* By various Writers. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A. "Essay IV. Cathedral Reform." By the Rev. MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D., F.R.S.L., Precentor and Prebendary of Chichester Cathedral. London: Masters.

"GENTLEMEN," said a once celebrated tutor of Trinity, breaking in on a boisterous supper party in the small hours, "I wish you would come out into the court and hear what a noise you are making." The nearest approach to this observation of ourselves by ourselves is presented by the criticisms of foreigners on our land and manners. There is a peculiar charm in projecting oneself in fancy into the stranger's point of view, and imagining how our familiar objects and customs would strike him, observing them for the first time. Getting into the train at Dover, the thought occurs to us how many there must be among our fellow-passengers who are eagerly looking out for English scenes and English life; and the venerable castle and the opposite casemated heights, and the roadside churches and villas, and the platforms and their habitants, and the very trees and cornfields that flit by the windows, put on a new charm in our fancy. We appear to have achieved the Trinity tutor's challenge, to be standing in the court, and hearing our own voices in the uproarious refrain; we seem at last to have stolen that view of ourselves which one in story vainly endeavoured to catch by rapidly opening his eyes before his mirror.

And there is also another side to the interest which we take in sketches of ourselves by foreigners. If we are a study to the stranger, he is also a study to us. The peculiar freshness and *naïveté* of his criticism is given by his own national temperament. His pages are perhaps sown thick with mistakes, but those very mistakes are instructive by being characteristic. What a Frenchman thinks of England not only interests us by a direct process, but also by reflex lights shows us, sometimes better than any direct process of description could do, what an Englishman should think of France.

M. Esquiros is perhaps the best known, as he certainly deserves to be, among those Frenchmen who in our time have undertaken to depict England and the English. His descriptions are characterized by never-tiring research, utilized by a spirit both favourably disposed to the country which he is describing, and at the same time thoroughly loyal to his own national idiosyncracy. His style has the charm of simplicity, and yet is antithetical and rhetorical enough to print its dicta on the memory. His very mistakes, when they occur, which we are bound to say is but seldom, if he be compared with others, derive, from the felicity of his diction, a certain comic power; while, at the same time, the total absence of anything like asperity, or national odium, prevents their giving any offence to the reader. Some of M. Esquiros' descriptions have a solid value, as being the best which we possess. As an example we may quote the chapters on lifeboats, in his little volume on Cornwall, which we believe to be by far the best extant account of one of the most remarkable philanthropic movements in our time.

We are about, in the present article, to make a double use of our writer's section on "La Cité épiscopale." We shall first have something to say on the description itself, and the thing described; and then we shall take the liberty of making the thoughts which will thus occur, a test for a further treatment of the subject, Cathedral Life in England.

I. It was perhaps natural that M. Esquiros, in his search for "La Cité épiscopale," should perform a pilgrimage to Canterbury. Its past associations, and its present metropolitical dignity, pointed it out as the flower and crown of English cathedral cities. Yet, as far as any connection with the *episcopal* system is concerned, he could hardly have chosen a place which had less to teach him. Canterbury absolutely knows nothing of the life of an episcopal city. Its archbishop's country residence is fifty miles off. His visits, considering his metropolitan duties in London, must of necessity be few and far between. Men do not reach the highest dignity in the Church at an age which admits of the wear and tear of a continual season-ticket journey of an hundred and twenty miles. So the result is, that Canterbury sees as much of its archbishop as Ramsgate, or Margate, or Dover, or Maidstone; and, except that it is sometimes made the centre for great diocesan meetings, no more. If it is a "Cité épiscopale" for one week in any year, it has enjoyed more than its average amount of episcopal presence.

And, strange to say, in the present generation it is yet further deprived of even the archbishop's representatives, the archdeacons. In the bungling legislation of the beginning of the present reign, which attached those offices inseparably to two of the cathedral canonries, no account was taken of the case in which from natural reasons the active duties should be in abeyance. One would have thought that in this event the income of the canonry might have been taxed for the maintenance of a successor in the archdeaconry, while the cathedral dignity, with the remainder of its proceeds, should have solaced the former occupant in his retirement. But no such provision for the well-being of dioceses was ever thought of by the legislature; and the consequence is that probably every succeeding generation will see the performance of the most important offices in many of our dioceses suspended for years together. The consequences as regards church life in the diocese may be imagined; but they do not belong to our present subject.

The causes just mentioned have combined to render Canterbury at this moment perhaps the least episcopal city in England. If M. Esquiros wishes to see episcopal life in a cathedral city, we recommend him to visit the metropolis of the eastern counties, or of Wilts, or of Somerset. Of these, the last would give him the most complete specimen of a perfect cathedral town; the second, we venture to say, would offer him an example of episcopal devotion and energy hardly surpassed in any age or country.

Our author's pilgrimage, in his "*aller et retour*," seems to have been made *viâ* the South Eastern Railway. He would have given a more characteristic description of Kent, had he sacrificed his day ticket, and used both routes. By the other line, besides being on the track of the ancient pilgrims, he would have had a taste of those interminable tracts of forest and coppice which cover the uplands of East Kent, and relieve the bareness of its arable districts. There is hardly a journey in England fuller of domestic and rural beauty, as well as of general interest, than the route to Dover by the rich timbered lawns of Dulwich and Bromley, the watered valleys of the Crays and Farningham, the gradual unfolding, out of wooded hills and radiating glens, of the noble estuary of the Medway, with the ancient keep of Rochester, and the crowded shipping of Chatham. Nor is this interest diminished, or this beauty exhausted, as the track continues, through a land of cherry orchards and hop gardens, piercing the uplands of Blean Forest, and rushing down over the valley of the Stour into Canterbury.

Still, the journey by both lines is absolutely necessary, if it be only for any complete idea of this last-mentioned valley. The traveller must have traversed the Weald by the South Eastern line, must have accompanied the Stour from its first intersection with the route near Ashford, must have seen Wye nestling under its broad down, and have threaded the hilly gorge from Godmersham to Chilham, before he knows what he ought to know of the dry estuary of fields and marshes, which, first opening out at Chilham, widens at last into the broad expanse of level shore stretching away from Ramsgate to Deal. We might also add, before he learns to appreciate fully the position of that city which, gathered round its great presiding minster, expands into size before him, as he watches it from the windows of his now slackening train.

To that city let us for a while give our attention, and to M. Esquiros' impressions of it.

He introduces his description by a notice of the valley of the Stour, which hardly represents the physical facts. We will let him speak for himself:—

> "Après deux ou trois heures durant lesquelles je vis repasser comme dans un rêve les canpagnes bien connues du Kent, je me trouvai au milieu d'une riche vallée,—la vallée de la Stour,—couronnée à distance par des collines parsemées de bouquets d'arbres, de meules de grains et de vastes prairies dans lesquelles on s'étonne presque aujourd'hui de voir paître quelques vaches. Celles-là du moins avaient échappé à la maladie des bestiaux, la grande plaie qui désole si fort l'Angleterre. De la pente douce des collines descendent de limpides ruisseaux qui arrosent les houblonnières, et qui, après avoir formé plusieurs détours sans oser entrer dans la ville, se réunissent pour la plupart à la Stour, un petit courant au lit tapissé de longues herbes traînantes que le mouvement de l'eau soulève et agite comme la chevelure des naïades. Cette rivière du moins n'hésite point et pénètre bravement dans Canterbury, où elle va se jeter, sous de vieux arbres, contre la roue d'un moulin."

Where he found the limpid brooks, it is difficult to say. The valley is singularly destitute of them. In the neighbourhood of Canterbury there is but one, and that one hardly perceptible from the line by which he travelled. His "limpides ruisseaux qui arrosent les houblonnières" will, we fear, prove to have been the straight dykes which fence off the line from the marshy meadows.

His first impressions are worth reproducing:—

> "Quand on arrive par le chemin de fer, la ville se dessine sur la droite, et la cathédrale profile au-dessus des toits enfumés, dans un ciel clair, ses trois tours obscurcies par une nuée de choucas. Ces anciennes basiliques sont des belles au bois dormant qui assoupissent tout autour d'elles. Aussi l'ancienne cité de Canterbury a-t-elle conservé depuis des siècles l'air d'une ville sommeillant dans ses traditions religieuses et dans des habitudes bien anglaises. Point de fabriques, nulle industrie, à peine un commerce local. Elle vit surtout de l'agriculture et de la récolte du houblon. On y entre par West-Gate, sombre masse de pierre à mâchicoulis, flanquée de deux grosses tours

rondes, et autour de laquelle on peut encore suivre les traces de l'ancien mur, aujourd'hui déchiré, qui servait autrefois d'enceinte à la ville. Avant de pénétrer sous cette voûte, d'un aspect redoutable, j'avisai dans la grande rue du faubourg une vieille auberge surmontée du portrait de Falstaff, aisément reconnaissable à son gros ventre et à son nez bourgeonné. Qu'avait à faire ce roi des ivrognes dans une ville ecclésiastique? Je m'adressais cette question, quand je me souvins du passage de *Henri IV.* où Falstaff propose à ses hardis compagnons de partir ensemble pour *Gad'-Hill*, et là, 'de faire main basse sur les caravanes de pélerins qui se rendaient à Canterbury chargés de riches offrandes, ou sur les marchands de Canterbury qui chevauchaient vers Londres avec une *bourse grasse.*' Chaucer et Shakspeare, tels sont les deux patrons littéraires de cette antique cité."

A curious piece of the modern history of Canterbury might have been added. A short time since, the civic authorities, having more zeal for the letter of their rules than sympathy for, or perhaps even acquaintance with, the literary interest attached to their city, ordered the removal of the sign of Falstaff, as projecting beyond the front of the inn into the street! For some time the "roi des ivrognes" was missed from his place. But young Canterbury could not brook the Vandalism, and the shop windows teemed with placards, denouncing the officials, until the authorities were shamed into retracting their order.

M. Esquiros' examination of Canterbury appears to have been of the most perfunctory and imperfect kind, or he could hardly have described the ancient city wall as "aujourd'hui déchiré," considering that it remains entire through the whole length of Broad Street and Bridge Street, and the Dane John. This latter very striking feature of the city he does not appear to have visited at all. Otherwise, what characteristic sentences might we not have had, describing the long lime avenue, the smooth-shorn grassy steeps, the nursemaids and children grouped on the herbage, the great gun from Sebastopol, by some irreverently known as the "canon in residence." However, all this, and much more, our traveller missed, while at the same time he seems to have pretty thoroughly "done" some of the by-paths and crooked lanes of the city. Of one narrow street he retains an agreeable souvenir:—

"La vie tranquille semble avoir inspiré aux habitans de Canterbury le goût des fleurs. Je me souviens avec plaisir d'une rue étroite dont les fenêtres présentaient une ligne non interrompue de jardins cultivés avec art. Toute cette floraison répandait un air de fraîcheur et de jeunesse sur les antiques murailles."

We fear that a Frenchman's power of dressing up vastly surpasses that of the people of Canterbury. This "uninterrupted line of artistically cultivated gardens" was nothing more than a few pots of scarlet geraniums, with which the first-floor windows of the Fountain Hotel are adorned in the summer.

He breaks off, however, his more desultory remarks with the question, "Mais qu'étais-je venu chercher à Canterbury?" and answers it, "Il me fallait surtout visiter les parties de la ville qui retracent l'origine du christianisme en Angleterre et celles qui peuvent donner une idée de l'état présent de l'église nationale."

In pursuance of this view, he first visits St. Martin's Church, and takes opportunity to tell the well-known story of Gregory and Augustine. Thence, giving a few words to St. Augustine's College (of which he apparently saw only the second gateway at the top of Burgate, not the magnificent portal in Lady Wootton's Green) he arrives at the Christ Church gate of the precincts.

Where M. Esquiros has found his *names,* it is difficult to say. He tells us that this gate is called "*precinct gate,*" which of course it might be: but he also tells us that the precincts are divided into three courts, "appelées, l'une la cour de la Cathédrale, l'autre la cour du Prieuré, et la dernière la cour de l'Archevêque." Curiously enough, not of one these names was ever heard in Canterbury. There are three courts; but the first is called "the Oaks," the second "the Green court," and the third "the Mint Yard." The only imaginable traces of M. Esquiros' names are, that the first portion is approached through the "churchyard," the second contains the deanery, and the third one held the archbishop's mint for coining money. Other curious mistakes we shall notice presently.

The description of the ruins of the priory, and that of the cathedral itself, are for the most part correct:—

> "Du prieuré, détruit par Henri VIII., il reste des arceaux rompus, de massifs piliers couronnés d'arches en plein-cintre, un bel escalier normand, des passages obscurs et mystérieux dans lesquels, au tomber de la nuit, volent les chauves-souris. Degrands arbres, presque aussi vieux que les murs, croissent pêle-mêle au milieu des anciens matériaux de l'architecture: briques, pierres, silex. Il est difficile d'imaginer l'effet merveilleux des épais feuillages vus à travers les ouvertures des ogives dans ces sombres corridors où le bruit des pas retentit sur les dalles creuses et sonores. Au milieu de ces ruines et de ces jardins s'élève la cathédrale.
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> "L'édifice a été trop de fois décrit pour que je m'arrête aux détails de l'architecture; il suffira d'indiquer les dispositions intérieures que le protestantisme anglican a imposées aux anciennes églises métropolitaines. Aujourd'hui, pour se rendre dans la partie de la cathédrale vraiment consacrée au culte, on traverse une nef vide dont les ailes latérales sont incrustées de monuments funéraires, et dont l'imposante nudité fait encore mieux ressortir la grandeur des lignes combinées avec l'élévation de la voûte. Un triple escalier de dalles conduit de la nef à l'ancien chœur, masqué par un riche écran de pierres chargé de figures gothiques, et au milieu duquel s'ouvre une grille en fer. Ce chœur, isolé du reste de l'édifice par un entourage en marbre de Purbeck et surmonté de vitres á une certaine hauteur, est bien une église dans l'église. C'est là qu'ont lieu le dimanche et pendant la semaine les services religieux. A droite s'élève le trône de l'archevêque. Ailleurs se distinguent le siége de l'archidiacre ainsi que les stalles du doyen

> et des prébendiers. Le reste des bancs en bois est occupé par les fidèles et par les écoles de charité."

We were at a loss to understand one of the last-mentioned circumstances, there being no such seat for the archdeacon; but on inquiry, we found that there once was, previous to the restorations of Dean Percy forty years ago. So that M. Esquiros has been helping his memory by some old guide-book.

It may be worth mentioning, that the semicircular arches which he describes, are the remains of the ancient infirmary, brought to light during the past two years by the removal of the houses which blocked the east end of the church. The *domus infirmorum* consisted of a large hall, with middle and side aisles, terminated by a chapel. In the hall lay the sick, as they may even now be seen lying in the hospital of San Spirito, near St. Peter's, at Rome. From their beds they might hear, and partially see, the performance of the mass in the chapel. Five of the massive arches, which supported the main roof of the hall on the south side, have been exhumed from the modern houses: and the entire main south wall, with arches and clerestory, of the chapel. The former belong to the earlier Norman period of the simple circular drum pillar, and cushion abacus: the latter seems to have been a gem of the more florid later Norman, with clustered columns, and elaborately ornamented capitals. The chancel had been *restored*, as we now call it, by the substitution of work of the middle or decorated period. One very beautiful North window still remains entire.

Our traveller proceeds next to describe the service in the choir:—

> "Deux officiants, revêtus des signes de leur dignité canoniale, commencent les prières. Le service du dimanche, quoique le même au fond, se célèbre dans les cathédrales avec beaucoup plus de solennité que dans les autres églises protestantes. Au lieu de réciter, on chante toutes les paroles, et les grosses voix de basse-taille, dominées par les notes aiguës des enfans de chœur, se mêlent de temps en temps aux soupirs majestueux de l'orgue. A un moment donné, un des officiants se dirige vers les hauteurs du sanctuaire séparé du chœur par des degrés de marbre et bordé de chaque côté par les sarcophages des anciens archevêques: seul et à distance de la foule, il psalmodie d'une voix grave les versets du décalogue. Après les chants, un prédicateur, attaché au chapitre, lit le sermon qui dure environ une demi-heure. La musique, la prière, la parole, quelques cérémonies très simples, voilà tout ce qu'autorise, même dans les cathédrales, l'austérité du rit protestant. Pour remplir ces grands vaisseaux de pierre, il fallait le culte des saints, la procession des chasubles d'or, les ostensoirs luisant au fond de l'autel dans un soleil de diamant, le flamboiement des cierges. Toute cette splendeur s'est évanouie depuis la réformation, et l'église semble aujourd'hui faire pénitence de son ancienne idolâtrie. Tel est en effet le nom que donnent les Anglais aux pompes du culte romain. A une liturgie qui étouffait la pensée sous le poids des signes extérieurs, qu'ont-ils voulu substituer? Une religion qui parle à l'âme."

This description is curious, if only as a specimen of that which must strike a stranger, ignorant of the general course of the service. That the "psalmodying of the versicles of the decalogue," and the sermon itself, formed a portion of the celebration of the Holy Communion, he does not seem to have had an idea. And of course the "seul" is a mistake. One would think that M. Esquiros had not entered the choir, but had witnessed the service from a point on the outside, where he could see but one of the clergy officiating at the altar. This is further confirmed by a sentence occurring shortly after the last extract, where he describes the rest of the cathedral as a "musée chrétien, dont l'entrée est interdite au public durant la célébration des services." Having attempted in vain to "do" the church during divine service, he waited outside the choir, and took his observations through the vaults of the archbishops' tombs.

When he is permitted entrance into the "musée," we find him again at fault, owing to his friend the old guide-book. He describes the ancient chair of the archbishops as placed in Trinity Chapel behind the choir. There it was once, but has not been now for many years. Its present, and less appropriate place, is in the south choir transept.

The only souvenir of the building which he describes is that of the murder of Becket. Of the details of this he knows no more than the old guide-book tells him. One would have thought that so intelligent an inquirer, living too among us, might have heard of Dean Stanley's charming book, which sets the whole incident before us as in a picture. But we have the old story of the martyrdom having taken place on the steps of the altar in the chapel of St. Benedict, and of Henry II.'s penance having been performed in the "Halle du Chapître." Curiously enough, he gives a description afterwards of the "*chapter house*," as situated to the north of the cathedral, without a suspicion that he has before been describing the same building in the imaginary narrative of the penance.

The account of the status and appointment of the dean and canons is, as might have been expected, full of curious blunders. He assigns to Canterbury six major and five minor canons: whereas in fact, the number of these latter was once *six*, and is now *four*. He describes the deans in cathedrals of the old foundation as being appointed by a *congé d'élire* from the crown, and then elected by the chapter: and oddly botches the blunder by adding that the bishops are appointed in the same way as the deans.

He thus concludes his description of the cathedral body:—

> "Dans les premiers temps, s'il faut en croire la tradition, ils vivaient en commun; adjourd'hui même leurs maisons se groupent volontiers autour de

la cathédrale, dans le *precinct* ou enceinte sacrée. Ce sont pour la plupart de vieilles et vénérables constructions de pierre arrangées dans le goût moderne, entourées de jardins dominés par la vue du clocher, et ombragées de grands arbres au-dessus desquels passent les voix sibyllines des corneilles. Tout rappelle dans ces paisibles retraites quelque chose de l'ancien caractère clérical, à cela près qu'on y voit flotter des robes de femme et qu'on y entend éclater par intervalles le rire frais et naïf des enfans. Dans ces nids de verdure, la réformation a introduit un élement nouveau, la famille."

It will be noticed that one principal element is here wanting throughout: evidently owing to M. Esquiros' visit having been paid in the summer holidays. Far above the sibylline voices of the rooks, and the fresh laugh of children, is ordinarily heard in the cathedral precincts the multitudinous clamour of a great school, whose playground is the Green Court, or quadrangle north of the church. The "séminaire" would have figured oddly in M. Esquiros' description: and we should perhaps have been treated to some curious shadings of the English picture with foreign colours. Whether the fifty king's scholars in their surplices would have become, in his pages, young candidates for the priesthood, or future canons and minor canons in training, or by confusion with the institution on St. Thomas's Hill, orphans of the English clergy, it is impossible to say: but we may well regret that the Cathedral thus lost for him that which, more than any other thing, constitutes its real life and work in our time. He does not even seem to have visited the "Mint Yard" at all, or to have been aware of the existence of the King's School. Its imposing new buildings might have as much disturbed his vision of broken arches and ivied pillars, as the stir and clamour of its hundred lusty voices would have drowned the whisperings of the leaves and the laughter of the babies.

But if we see cause for regret in the omission of what M. Esquiros did not see, we cannot altogether acquit him of having "cooked" his description by the pretermission of much that he did see, which would, if taken into account, have brought his picture nearer to the present truth of things. A reader ignorant of Canterbury would imagine that all was of the past, all crumbling and death-like, all saved from the unwelcome touch of modern improvement. If there exists in France a race corresponding to the sentimental ecclesiologists in England, they will derive a satisfaction from M. Esquiros' article, which a pilgrimage to the sacred spot would quickly overthrow. It would seem to them, as it has to the shallow gentlemen of whom we have just spoken, nothing short of desecration, to renew with modern work the venerable Norman arcades which surround the choirs and chapels. And there is some portion of real sound feeling in such a view. No one can see without regret the old face vanishing, which has looked for seven hundred years on the shifting scenes around it, —which kings and priests and warriors have gazed upon, who now are dust in the vaults beneath. This regret, which all feel alike, forms a sort of conservative instinct, nowhere so strongly operative as among those who are charged with the responsibility of maintaining the cathedral fabric. But this, like other natural instincts, has its limit, and that limit is clearly marked by the state of the ancient face itself. As long as it is spared in its integrity, or even in its partially decayed features, by all means let it remain untouched. But if decay be advancing further than this, and *obliterating* the ancient work, so that it will to a certainty be soon gone altogether, then comes in the inevitable necessity of bringing to the help of the ancient work careful and judicious *restoration:* using that much abused word in its real, not in its acquired sense; meaning by it the retention of every minutest portion of old work which can by any possibility be retained, and the supplying of the defects by the best modern work in faithful copy of the ancient. At the point where this necessity begins, the conservative instinct, tempered by common sense, submits to the requirements of the case, and sacrifices the ancient face for the restored one. Nor is its regret unmixed with a certain kind of satisfaction. The old spirited work was a faithful record of their days who wrought it. The renewed face is an equally faithful record of ours, who restored it. We cannot work with their spirit, but we can be loyal to the inheritance of their work. And no greater loyalty can be shown by us, than by using our skill in handiwork to continue down the record of their spirit. So reasons, and so acts, common sense: but not so our sensation writers on ecclesiology: not so the conservative instinct in State, or Church, or art, when untempered by common sense. "Rather perish the old," is its language, "than piece it with new." Such persons would in a short time lose us our older cathedrals altogether. The Norman work on the face of the south side of Canterbury is in many places completely perished, and in others is so soft as to be scooped out with the hand. On the beautiful little tower adjoining the south choir transept, the rich ornamentation has suffered in the same way. In the renovation which is going on, the utmost care has been taken to preserve every fragment of old work which remains sound; so that the appearance at present is mottled; old mingling with and dappling the new. That this process may be extended to parts where it is not wanted, or carried too far where it is, we of course allow: but we have the satisfaction of saying that on a recent inspection of this year's work by Mr. Christian, he gave his opinion that it had been most tenderly and judiciously done: all the old capitals remaining intact, and every characteristic bit of stone being retained. And this is the work which is held up to public odium by the shallow sciolists in some of our building journals. We venture to think that had M. Esquiros' attention been directed to it, he would, with that shrewd common sense which seems the natural inheritance of a Frenchman, have regarded it with real pleasure and interest. In his own country the movement has been universal, and the restoration has been for the most part well and faithfully carried out.

II. But we proceed from discussing M. Esquiros' description, to discuss that which he describes, viz., Cathedral Life in England in the present century; and thus to lead on to the essay on Cathedral Reform which stands second on our list. For illustrating this no place could be better fitted than Canterbury. For although, as has been stated, it knows but the least possible of its archbishops, yet this is in some measure counterbalanced by the completeness of its arrangement and buildings. In very few cathedral towns is the precinct, as there, completely shut out from the surrounding city. In few are the whole cathedral staff furnished with separate houses. Nay, in some cases, as at York and at Ripon, the unhappy canons have but one house and one set of furniture and servants between them all, such house being occupied by each as canon in residence in his turn. We hold that insulation within walls, and complete provision of residences, are two essential elements of cathedral life. We witness then this life at its best when we take Canterbury as its example. And thus taken, what is it, and what is its worth?

First, for bare facts. There are resident in prebendal houses in the Canterbury precincts, the dean, six canons, four minor canons, the auditor or chapter clerk, the head master and two of the under masters of the King's School, the organist, and the master of the choristers' school: besides the vergers and porters of the two gates. Of these offices, the deanery, and four of the canonries (with an exception presently to be mentioned), are in the gift of the Crown; the archbishop bestows the two archdeaconries, to which the other two canonries are attached,—and every fourth canonry which becomes vacant: and the rest of the offices are in the appointment of the dean and chapter. Besides these residentiaries, there are two sets of non-residentiary officers of the cathedral: *six preachers*, originally intended to preach in the villages round Canterbury, where there was no preaching, but now simply preachers in the cathedral on certain saints' days;—and honorary canons, having rank next after the canons residentiary, but not being members of chapter, and receiving no emolument. Of these latter there are at present six: but the number will be, at the rate of two appointments a year, filled up to twenty-four. The cathedral also possesses twelve lay clerks, or singing men, ten choristers and ten probationer choristers, employed in the duties of the musical service. The foundation of the King's School embraces a head and second master (the other under-masters being supernumerary), and fifty king's scholars. The rest of the boys (the whole number in the school being at present somewhat over one hundred) are not on the foundation. Add to the persons already mentioned, the due complement of vergers and bell-ringers, and twelve almsmen or bedesmen appointed by the Crown, and we have a complete view of the cathedral establishment, consisting in all, when the honorary canonries are filled up, of ninety-six persons.

In the scheme for the re-endowment of the chapter on its narrower future footing (the number of canonries having once been twelve), the total gross revenue is estimated at about £16,000. Of this sum just one-half serves for the incomes of the dean and six residentiary canons, the former receiving £2,000 and the latter £1,000 each. Of the remainder, £910 is divided among the four minor canons, at £227 10s. each; the organist and choir absorb about £1,500. The rest is appropriated to the King's School endowments, the fabric repair fund, the maintenance of the precincts and school building, and the payments of the inferior officers. To illustrate these latter particulars, it may be mentioned that the chapter are now, and will be for many years to come, spending on the work of restoration, about £2,000 a year; and that they have within the last five years laid out a sum very little short of £10,000 on the erection of new school buildings and the purchase of an adjacent house and premises for the second master, and for enlarged playground room.

It will now be our business to inquire what work is done for the Church and for society by this body of men, endowed to the amount just described. We will deal first of all with the general purposes served by the whole establishment as one, and then proceed to speak of its several divisions in their place and order.

The general object of a cathedral establishment may be stated as the maintenance, in full efficiency, of a great central home and example of Church life. This is the best definition we can give, as including in itself all the aspects under which a cathedral and its establishment may be viewed. The existence and the keeping up of a magnificent church, handed down from other ages, and full of their recollections; the maintaining in that church of a service more frequent, more precise, and more ornate, than is found in other churches; the dwelling together of a number of dignitaries, men of distinction, and amply endowed; the affiliation of a grammar school, which might indeed exist without the cathedral, but whose connection with the cathedral gives it distinctive character and interest: all these resolve themselves into the one central purpose and work which we have mentioned.

We are met then at the outset by a question which goes to the root of the whole subject. Is it worth the Church's while to keep up, at such an expense, these homes and examples of Church life? This question we shall try to answer.

It must be obvious to every one, that the associative worship of our own people, as required by our national tastes, and represented by the Book of Common Prayer, supposes a certain admixture of comely ceremonial, and (using the term in its widest sense) a musical liturgy. It must be equally obvious that the complete prescription and order of the Prayer-book, both as to frequency and as to matters of detail, ought to be followed, if its services are to produce their full effect on the minds and lives of men. Now, from the circumstances in each case, these things can hardly be so carried out, either in the country or in towns. In rural parishes the means are wanting; in town churches, the congregation, with its wants, and its feelings on the subject, forms, very properly, a preponderating element; and the general convenience and average feeling of any large number of Englishmen, will be always in favour of simpler and less frequent services. That this is so, furnishes an argument against those who would enforce full ceremonial and frequent services everywhere; but does not at all tell against—nay, rather tells in favour of—those who hold that such ceremonial and services ought to be provided *somewhere.* For first, it is desirable that declension from the rule of the Church should always be kept in check, and prevented from becoming universal; and this can be best done by the testimony of an actual and careful observance of that rule; and next, to overbear by the tyranny of a majority those whose aspirations and tastes require full ceremonial and frequent services, would be neither just nor politic. It would not be just, in the face of evident care in the Prayer-book that such tastes and aspirations should be satisfied; and it would be most impolitic, for we should be thereby forbidding zeal, and stamping out enthusiasm, both of which we under this cold heaven so much need. Not to say that a great portion of our highly educated classes, and the young and warmhearted among our churchmen and churchwomen, would be thus handed over to the enticements of a Church which offers them a gorgeous ceremonial at the expense of evangelical truth, and to the overthrow of apostolical order.

And if to this last argument it be answered, that we ought not, by what may be seen and heard in our cathedrals, to help, even in the least degree, to lead them onward into "proclivities" of this kind, we may rejoin by an important remark which lies in the main line of our subject, viz., that of all safeguards against exaggerated ritual, our cathedrals are the strongest. There ever will be, in the long prescription of cathedral practice, a *vis inertiæ,* such as exists nowhere else, presented against all innovation. A practical proof of this has been given by the fact that, although in recent discussions about ritual, it seems to be acknowledged on all hands that the cope may be lawfully worn in the administration of the Holy Communion in cathedrals, no one cathedral has, as far as we are aware, taken any step towards its adoption. Cathedral uses have a habit of becoming fixed institutions, and cathedral chapters find it their safest, as well as least troublesome course, *quieta non movere.*

III. The tone of our last few remarks introduces us not unaptly to the second work at the head of our article. We have no intention of dealing with that work as a whole, or of alluding here to more than one of the very miscellaneous subjects on which it treats. Mr. Walcott's Essay is apposite to the matter now before us, and, we are glad to be able to say, favourably contrasted, by its moderation and good sense, to many of the essays among which it appears.* It contains much condensed information on the past and present condition of our cathedrals; and some suggestions for reform, in which we heartily agree.

We shall proceed, occasionally referring to its pages, with the answer to our main question.

Mr. Walcott has abstained, and we shall abstain, from drawing pictures of what ideal cathedrals might be in ideal times. Our business is with an English cathedral in our own time, and the mischief has been, that in the treatment which the subject has received, this has very generally been forgotten. The memories of the past, which cling about the old fabrics and precincts, are important elements in the matter. But they are not the ruling elements. The Church is not called upon to resuscitate the past. If her present practice be in harmony and continuity with former ages, this secondary matter will be sufficiently provided for. The duty of the Church, as the duty of each of her members, is, to serve God in her generation: to produce the utmost effect for His glory on those now committed to her charge, and with the means with which Providence now furnishes her. The worship of the past, as the past, is ridiculous. We see this in some individual cases, but are too apt to lose sight of it in others, and as shown on a large scale. The exclusion of gas from a town church, because our fathers were ignorant of it, is deservedly held a sign of folly: but we forget that the introduction of Gregorian tones, because the Church used them before she knew better, is a sign of far greater folly.

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* The character of some of these may be estimated by such a sentence as this, occurring in Essay 3, on "Infanticide, its Cause and Cure:" "The metropolitan canal boats are impeded, as they are tracked along, by the number of drowned infants with which they come in contact."

And what are these present data with which we have to do in the English character, in reference to the work of our cathedrals? Clearly, there is among us a strong Church tendency, setting in the direction of regularity, completeness, and comeliness in the service of the Church. This feeling is gaining ground among the best kind of Churchmen, and will doubtless acquire far greater strength in the next generation. It finds its satisfaction in the services of a well-regulated cathedral, or parish church assimilated to a cathedral. Or it may fall under the influence of those who are at the present time the greatest enemies of the English Church and her work, the ritualistic party: those who in contempt of all history, and of the plain meaning of words, would engraft upon our liturgy the very practices against which it is the clearest possible protest. We do not hesitate to say that every step in the success of this party will be a step in deterioration of the national character. Their whole defence of their practices and aspirations is a mass of quibbles and equivocations, as disgraceful to the truthfulness of an English gentleman, as the purposes which they serve would be distinctive of the apostolicity of an English Churchman. We do not hesitate to say, that almost any page of the "Directorium Anglicanum," or the "Union Calendar," now to be found on the vestry tables of not a few of our churches, furnishes instances of disingenuousness, of puerile trifling with sacred things, of gross ignorance of the sense of Scripture and of the teaching of the Church, the bare toleration of which, to say nothing of their adoption in the way of guidance, is one of the saddest symptoms of our times.

And are these the men to whom the Church feeling of our people is to be delivered over? Are we willing that the English heart should be eaten away by their disquisitions on mint, anise, and cummin, and thus beguiled from its native instincts of justice, mercy, and truth? Are we willing that the sacred name of conscience should be dishonoured by making it pander to the spirit of disobedience, and that the abominable doctrine of non-natural senses of formularies, which was hooted down in 1841, should, as has been alleged, return unquestioned in 1866?

Against such a danger it seems to us that our cathedrals and cathedral schools are the best practical safeguard. The presentation of the English services and ordinances, in their completeness, by men thoroughly loyal to the Church, and with such degree of outward show of ritual as the spirit of the Church permits, will satisfy the longings of those who really wish for, not indefinite progress in the direction of Rome, but giving full scope to the principles on which we parted from Rome: while the staid and tried character of the men, under whose superintendence these services are to be carried on, will insure their never violating the sacred instincts of our religious feeling. M. Esquiros speaks with the taste of a foreigner when he says, "Pour remplir ces grands vaisseaux de pierre, il fallait le culte des saints, la procession des chasubles d'or, les ostensoirs luisant au fond de l'autel dans un soleil de diamant, le flamboiement des cierges." We English do not think so. We can feel the grandeur of the vaults of Canterbury, and of the worship which is offered in them, without petty adjuncts which any jeweller's window might surpass. To us, this linking on of the present to the past is of immense value. What was real and substantial in the temples of the olden days we possess, and we cherish. There is not a word in our liturgy, not a chord in our music, not a thought suggested from our pulpits, which is alien from the splendour of the temple which over-arches us: our religion is not "too small for the building," nor does it "rattle and shackle in the empty space:" our choir can show day by day no scanty assemblage of devout worshippers, and on high days a throng which has even been described by the precise as "indecorous." And we are ready for any exigency which may demand of us increased exertion on behalf of the Church. For the enlargement of cathedral schools, for the application of their resources to the supply of ministers or missionaries, for the accretion of local theological colleges or universities, should the future of the Church demand these, we stand prepared, when the occasion arises, and the nation, and we ourselves, are satisfied that it has arisen.

With these dangers surrounding us, and these prospects before us, we maintain that it *is* worth the Church's while to maintain our cathedrals as examples of complete following out of her rules, and as safeguards against erratic efforts to direct her energies into forbidden channels. The daily services, with their choral character, the weekly communions, the precise adherence to the rule of the Church, all these gather about the English cathedral both residents and visitors, upon whom, if things are as they ought to be, the effect for good can hardly be over-rated.

"*If things are as they ought to be.*" This introduces us to another portion of our article, without which the last is imperfect: is, in fact, hardly entered upon at all.

If our cathedrals are to be maintained, it must be at considerable cost. Anything like a penurious carrying out of such an object as that on which we have been insisting, would be worse than abandoning it altogether. This postulate being granted, let us see whether its limits are overstepped by such an establishment as we have described above.

The first particular requiring an account is of course the endowment of dean and canons, absorbing one half of the whole Cathedral revenues. Here a preliminary objection is obvious, that the amount spent on these chief dignitaries is out of all proportion: that the work of the Church might be done as well at much less cost. But if the objection is obvious, so is the reply. Such a work as we have been describing, that of presenting the Church in the completeness of her offices and fulness of her ceremonial, is no mean work: and is to be measured, not by the actual labour it costs, but by the prudence and largeness of spirit by which it ought to be conducted and superintended. Our cathedral establishments must either stand first among our churches, or not exist at all. From the very nature of their work, they ought to take the lead of other churches, not to be ranked amongst them. As their fabrics are more magnificent than parish churches, as their services are more complete than those found elsewhere, so ought their clergy to be distinguished above their brethren, and the places which those clergy occupy to be the recognised prizes of the church. The cathedral canonries, while we would not have them "refuges for superannuated clergymen," ought to be filled by men who are not novices, but have earned their preferment by recognised services, parochial or theological. We may hope that the days are past, or passing, when noble birth and family influence were the passports to cathedral dignities. Should these coexist, as will sometimes be the case, with proved talent and meritorious services, then the superior position in society will form a valuable adjunct to other qualifications: but let the public recognition of eminence be the first thing, not the second. Birth, which would make but an invidious preface, may be a graceful supplement.

The dean and canons being thus chosen and thus endowed, we would gladly see them absolutely precluded from holding any second preferment. It is essential to the dignity and efficiency of the cathedral, that its capitular body reside mainly in its precincts. All heartiness, and all power of example, and all satisfaction of the desires of earnest Churchmen, must be absent from services where the stalls are empty, and only one canon and one minor canon perfunctorize the duties. We are happy to say, that in the great cathedral which we have been describing, such a dreary state of things is, except perhaps on rare occasions during the summer holiday, almost unknown. But even there, the three or four members of chapter who form the average attendance might be less frequently reduced in number, if all were ordinarily resident.

An enactment against all holding of preferment by cathedral dignitaries would be, we are persuaded, hailed both by the cathedrals and by the Church in general. If this were passed, the present numbers of canons would be quite enough for all purposes of maintaining the services and of providing for great public occasions: and we should hear no more unmanly wailings over cathedral spoliation, such as are, we regret to say, found even in Mr. Walcott's essay. How any man can take into account the immense benefits which the Church is reaping from the present appropriation of the capitular revenues by the Ecclesiastical Commission, and then wish these revenues restored to the cathedrals, we are at a loss to conceive.

It may not be amiss to say something on various schemes which have been proposed for the utilizing of canons by employing their learning and abilities in educational establishments connected with the cathedrals. In our opinion, as a principle, all such utilization is a mistake. Whether it be connecting canonries with town livings, or splicing deans and coadjutor bishops, or endowing archdeaconries with canonries, the process invariably causes the deterioration of both offices, not the invigoration of either. If any office is worth retaining, let it be retained for its own sake. Canons will always find plenty of employment of a kind suitable to their dignity and ability, in the superintendence of the work of their cathedral and its choir, and its school, and in those pursuits, eminence in which has won them their position.

One word as to an important duty of dean and canons — the preaching in our cathedrals. And here let it be remembered that the cathedral is not an ordinary parish church, and that, by the very fact of a succession of preachers, its pulpit-teaching must differ from that of ordinary churches. Add to this, that canons are not and cannot be chosen with reference to their preaching power. Except in some rather rare cases,—those of pastors of parishes who have been eminent in this portion of their work, it will not be likely that such power should be found among them. Learned men, and writers of books, are very seldom ready of tongue: and, inasmuch as cathedral dignities are commonly the reward of mature age, the sermons of canons will either be their old parochial effusions, or liable, if written freshly, to betray signs of decaying vigour. It is not then in preaching that our cathedrals can ever be expected to shine. It will probably always be their reproach, that their sermons are dull, and behind the age.

But this need not be the case with more than one sermon on the Sunday. The canons in residence are responsible for the morning only: and if the dean, who as a greater dignitary, will probably be a still duller preacher, sometimes occupies the afternoon pulpit, it might at least for the greater part of the year be filled by honorary canons or other preachers from the diocese, who might be selected with reference to their preaching power. The congregation *proper* of a cathedral is probably very small, where the church has been confined to its strict uses. At Canterbury, the whole number of residents in the precincts, if all the houses were full, would hardly exceed 200: and they probably are not, at any time, more than 150. Whereas the choir holds nearly 1,000, and is, on Sunday afternoons, fairly full. So that the great majority of the congregation consists of occasional attendants, and strangers. These latter flock in in crowds during the summer, when Ramsgate and Margate are full. Such a fluctuating congregation loses but little by the absence of the continuous instruction of one fixed preacher.

Next to those who preach in the cathedral, let us come to those who minister in the ordinary performance of the service,—the minor canons. And here we do not hesitate to say that considerable reform is needed. Indeed, no less reform, in our view, than the entire breaking up and abolishing of the name and office, and the substitution of something better. Let us explain our reasons for this apparently bold assertion.

The appellation and position of the minor canon are alike objectionable. Equal in social antecedents to the canons, and equal also in clerical orders, he bears in his very name an inferiority and subordination, which contains the germs of jealousy and ill-feeling. And this disadvantage is further increased by the exceeding scantiness of his income. Till within the last few years the older minor canons at Canterbury had but £80 a year. And in the blundering legislation of the beginning of the present reign, it was provided that no minor canonry should be augmented by the Commissioners beyond the value of £150 per annum. At the same time, on the principle of that unfortunate Act, that two inadequates make an adequate, licence to minor canons to hold livings with their minor canonries, formerly by statute extending to benefices twenty-four miles from the cathedral city, was still continued, and the radius shortened to six miles. This of course made the case of the parishes infinitely worse: for an absentee twenty-four miles off was obliged to keep a curate, whereas at a distance of four or five miles the work might be attempted by the incumbent himself. Thus under the botching Act, the minor canon was left without adequate income, and his benefice without adequate cure of souls. And this miserable system is still in action, and what is worse, still in vogue. The same maxim, that two lame legs make an able body, still rules in the plans of our Church reformers.

Matters have been slightly improved at Canterbury, by reducing the number of minor canons from six to four: thus raising the income of each from £150 to £225, or, with the addition of some small customary fees, £227 10s.

We need not spend words in showing that this latter sum is still wholly inadequate; especially as we would take the matter further back, and contend for a more complete change.

We believe it to be absolutely essential for the effective working of a cathedral in our times, as well as for the social peace and comfort of the body within the precincts, that the name and office of minor canon be entirely abolished. It is impossible that English gentlemen can work well together when such an artificial disproportion in position and income subsists between two classes otherwise substantially equal. It is unwise to bring into close contact, in our days, men, the difference of whose positions has its root in other times, and in a state of things from which modern society revolts.

And if it were asked how we would propose to provide for the musical service of the cathedral, our answer would be very simple. Let there be attached to every chapter an adequate number of musical canonries, sufficiently endowed to make the office one well worth having and worth keeping. And, remembering that while the actual canonry has been regarded in the light of a reward for past services, these musical canonries would be posts of real work, sought for by younger men and held for a longer time, on the principle of definite pay for service rendered, it may perhaps be held that one half of the income of a residentiary canon would be about a fair endowment: *i. e.*, for example, at Canterbury, £500 per annum. Let the appointment of these musical canons rest with the chapter, but with the proviso that every candidate should have satisfied some musical test which might be prescribed, either at the Universities, or at the Royal Academy of Music, or by some publicly appointed musical examiner. Let such canons, when elected, be to all intents and purposes, members of chapter: equal in rank to their brother canons. Let their residences be prescribed by statute so as to provide for the due performance of the cathedral service: taking care to keep such residences altogether independent of those required of the canons residentiary, so that in no case should a musical canon be substitute for a canon residentiary, or the attendance at the services might be abridged. For their regularity of attendance and the due performance of the services, the musical canons should be responsible to the whole chapter, their own brethren being of course included. Out of their number, one should be by the whole chapter chosen precentor, with a salary of say an additional £100 a year for the superintendence of the choir and the arranging of the music. The election to this office should be, as at present, annual: not thereby meaning that the precentor should be changed every year, than which nothing could be more fatal to the character and efficiency of the choir, but giving the chapter the power of making a change when circumstances might require it. Of course the musical canons, in common with the rest, should be absolutely precluded from holding benefices with their canonries: but they would, in common with the rest, have choice of all chapter livings in their turn.

The question of superannuation, which must before long receive a solution for the whole of the Church, presses with more than usual force in the case of such officers as those whom we are now contemplating. And here the solution which in so many instances appears satisfactory, viz., to tax the successor for the benefit and during the survival of his predecessor, hardly seems to apply. The best plan would be, to allow the superannuated musical canon, with special leave in each case, to be decided on by the chapter, to employ an approved substitute. There might be no difficulty in arranging that such substitute, if it were thought desirable, should be the designated successor: and thus the introduction of "outsiders" might be avoided.

We have ventured to sketch at some length our views of the reform necessary on this point, because on a considerable improvement being effected in the relation between the present chapters and those who are to perform the musical services, we conceive the future usefulness of our cathedrals very much to depend.

Two or three more matters must be dealt with, before we bring our article to a close. The subject of *Cathedral Choristers* is one on which the pen of the reformer has been very busy. Mr. Walcott has, we observe, joined the popular cry, and written that "the boarding of the choristers in the school is essential to good discipline." We were once of the same mind: but experience has changed our view. There are especial difficulties connected with the boarding of *cathedral* chorister boys. The first and crowning one is, that there are no holidays. The daily services are of necessity carried on from one year's end to another without intermission. So that the choristers' school would become a seminary, in the narrowest sense of the term. The boys would lose altogether the link that binds them to home, and would become (than which nothing can be more undesirable) simply acolytes; ignorant of the stir and conflict of opinion which is the providential condition of English society, and unfit to deal with life, when the period of their choristership is over. There is hardly a more mischievous member of society in our day, than the precise unreasonable schoolmaster or choirmaster, with strong ritualistic tendencies, ignoring the course of Providence around him, and teaching the young to energize in the narrow ground in which his own thoughts and sympathies have been confined. We do not desire that our cathedrals should send out any such pupils as these. And therefore we prefer that the singing boys should not be boarded, but should bear on them evermore the traces of family influence, and should in their turn carry into their homes the feelings and principles which they have learned in our choristers' school.

And here again it may be well to plead, as we have more than once in the course of this article pleaded, the cause of *each thing for itself.* Various schemes of chorister reform have proposed various ways of incorporating the choristers' school with the cathedral grammar school, or of making it a nucleus for a middle class school to be affiliated to the grammar school. In the process of improvements at Canterbury, both these schemes, in all their possible variations, have been thoroughly discussed. And we are glad to say, that both have been rejected, and the right principle has prevailed. The education of choristers is, and must be, of an exceptional kind. The amount of hours per day required for the Church services, and for musical training, is a very serious interference with any arrangement of a school time-table. It would be impossible to incorporate them, with any profit to themselves, and without serious loss to others, into a school either above them or below them in the character of its education. The choristers' school must be maintained by itself, and for choristers alone. Even then, and with the most careful arrangement of the time-table, it will be found that the amount of literary instruction which can be given in the time available, without the abridgment of play-hours, is but scanty. An experiment is about to be tried at Canterbury, whether this may not be partially met by considerably increasing the number of boys, and letting them attend church, during the ordinary week-days, by reliefs of one half at a time. But however this may be found to work, we have no doubt that the right plan to be pursued on all grounds is, to keep the choristers' school to itself, and to let them board at their homes. The best master for them will be found, as our statutes prescribe, among the lay clerks or singing men. The National schoolmaster class will always furnish men capable and well trained: and the habits and employments of such a master will be closely allied to those of the boys themselves. We need hardly add, that it is necessary, that such master should himself reside constantly in the precincts, and that the choristers' school should be also under the shadow of the cathedral.

Let us now pass from the singers to that which they sing, and their method of singing it. And here we conceive our cathedrals ought to be the exponents, as they must be the examples, of Anglican church music. As they are resisting the ritualistic, so we trust they will ever resist the Gregorianizing movement. Nothing can be more preposterous than the present "set" made by our younger church musicians against Anglican music. Not to insist upon the absurdity of going back to the barbarous ages for their rough-hewn tones, what can illustrate our present remark better than the almost universal abandonment, by this school, of the double chant? The double chant is the pleasing and legitimate carrying out of the spirit of antiphonal singing. That the responsive strain should somewhat differ, as the quarter from which it comes differs, — as the persons who sing it differ,—would seem to be according to all analogy. That we should in our chanting as in all other things, seek for interest and fitness by difference in likeness, and likeness in difference, would seem to be according to all sound rules in art. But now, forsooth, we are to abandon this unquestionably lawful advance in church psalmody, and to be robbed of all our Anglican chants except the severest single ones, because in the case of a psalm of an uneven number of verses, the second part of the double chant must be repeated twice, and the system, it is alleged, is thereby condemned. But those who argue thus forget that, since each portion of the double chant is in fact a chant by itself, we are, by repeating the second part, only having recourse *pro hac vice* to the high chant, of which they are the advocates.

The elaborate and ornate music of the Anglican *Canticles* has often been made the subject of reprobation; and it has been urged on us by Mr. Walcott in his essay, that they should be sung to "music of greater simplicity, less artistic in its structure." But in this recommendation it is forgotten, that while our cathedral services ought to present in portions patterns of congregational music, so also ought they in others to present patterns of the perfect enunciation, by a trained choir, of skilful and elaborate strains of praise. The utterance of praise *for* the congregation is as legitimate as the utterance of prayer for the congregation; and it is a common mistake to suppose that all praise must be congregational. In the Lord's Prayer, in the Creed, in the general Confession, in the responsive versicles, in the chanted psalms, the whole people may join; and, let us add, in presence of the very general musical training now prevalent, in the choruses of anthems and canticles. But in the other portions of the musical service, it is no more out of place for one or more trained voices to carry on the praise of the congregation, than it is for the voice of the priest to carry on the prayer. We cannot therefore sympathize with the effort to congregationalize the whole of our musical services.

With one portion of the recent movement we heartily sympathize. The cathedral ought to be the example of hymnody, as well as of psalmody. The best hymns, and the best tunes, ought to be heard in, and ought as compositions, to proceed forth from, our great cathedrals. And here too they ought to set the pattern of all that is really good and worthy of adoption, and not to be afraid of boldly repudiating all that is worthless, frippery, and nonsensical. Nonconformity, whether ritualistic or puritanical, should be thrown off, and all that is really an advance in earnest and sober worship, according to the mind of the Church, should be brought in and sanctioned. Whether it be the slovenly lounge of the irreverent, or the hardly less revolting prostrations of the would-be reverent,—whether it be the secular song-tune of the conventicle, or the hyper-catalectic drawl of the unmeaning "Amen" at the end of hymn-tunes* of the most approved school, the cathedral should stand on the ground of safe, wise progress, and unimpeachable common-sense; sifting and requiring an account of all that is proposed for its adoption,—rather slow than swift to change, so that others may safely follow where it has once led the way.

Our limits forbid our entering, as we had intended, on the wide and important subject of cathedral grammar-schools. We have already indicated sufficiently our estimate of their great importance. In our opinion, no care nor cost ought to be spared by our chapters in bringing them to and maintaining them in, the highest efficiency. In them, the associations incident to every well-appointed church school are hallowed and invigorated by the lofty character of the cathedral services, and by union with all that is ennobling in the past. And they need very little in the way of reform, except the loyal and active carrying out of their original constitutions,—the providing them with seemly buildings, and able and energetic masters. Wherever a good article is to be found, Englishmen will gather together to the acquisition of it: and a better thing for our youth cannot surely be found than to have spent their days of boyish training under the constant sound of the services and praises of the Church, in a building bound up with the history and struggles of that Church itself.

We feel that we have hardly done justice to Mr. Walcott's essay in not having presented our readers with specimens of his pleading for his own view of Cathedral reform. We will offer him a partial compensation by quoting his concluding paragraphs, in which we heartily concur with him:—

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* A well-known funeral hymn ends, in a well-known hymn-book, with the line—

"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

To which otherwise solemn thought a church choir, a few Sundays ago, responded, "Amen." The wish of the lips could hardly in this case have been that of the heart.

> "The young, the imaginative, and those who are always weakly yearning backward to the past, or dreaming of its reproduction in the future to the disparagement of the present, are apt to pourtray an ideal of perfection to themselves; a continuous festival in copes, a perpetual high mass, a day of unbroken processions, with tapers blazing on rood-loft and beam; glittering crowns of many lights suspended from the fretted vault; dignitaries and canons vested in gorgeous copes of price, sitting in stalls 'frequent and full,' shadowed by the richest tapestries; vicars, and secondaries, and boys, all devout, all absorbed, and only watching the solemn beat of the rectors of the choir as they slowly walked to and fro with measured tread and softest footfall. The romance fades in the light of fact. The tapestries were a poor protection against the cold draughts; the copes, as inventories show, were too often disfigured by the most grotesque or secular embroideries; the floor, often unpaved, was twice in the year strewn with fresh straw, hay, or rushes, and on great festivals sprinkled with ivy-leaves; the grey amess of the canons, and the black amess of the vicars, the simple surplice, and black cope, worn by both, formed a comely but not brilliant, though the ordinary, choral habit; a few lights at the night hours, and a stated number of tapers at masses, usually sufficed; great canons too frequently wholly evaded the former and matins, remaining in their comfortable beds, or even coming up to their houses from the country in broad day in order to receive their quotidian, but not attending the services, or timing their arrival before the choir gates were closed, and stealing out before they were ended—at once irregular and indevout. In some instances actual punishment in chapter, or temporary degradation with penance, were found necessary. Vicars to whom attendance was deputed kept 'public drinkings and banquetings in choir,' made ludicrous grimaces and indecent gestures, and wore huge grotesque masks; gossipped with suspected women between the pillars of the nave, left choir in the midst of services, frequented taverns, were dice-players, and sang noisily in the streets.
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> "It is not a question of ritual but of manners, not of doctrine but of habits, which it required sharp discipline, loss of commons, a night's vigil before the cross, and actual scourging, to reform or keep in check. If in modern times the cathedral festival is deservedly condemned, in mediæval ages there were interludes, shows for sport, and dramatic performances of mysteries in those churches. The crowd of pilgrims, disorderly and indevout, pressing up to some popular shrine, through a nave which was only a vast avenue to the presbytery, has given place to the dense congregation, assembled at a special service, or the procession of parish choirs with banner and hymn, entering to take their parts in one grand sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. There are no tradings in church, or marketing in close or cloister now; and the repetition of Paul's Walk, or the desecration of a common thoroughfare, as once at Worcester and Durham, would be simply impossible, whilst liberal contributions to the restoration of churches, the building of schools, the subdivision of capitular livings, and other works of good, contrast favourably with the stinted income of the ill-paid vicars of other days, and the neglect shown to such benefices and dependents. The past was no more faultless than the present; it should be our teacher, not our exclusive model for the future. With due care and a 'sober pomp,

decent and unreproved,' the existing services of the Church might be rendered far more impressive and solemn than at any period of her history.

"It is quite true, we repeat, that negligence and abuses called down the retribution upon cathedrals. The expediency of the moment demanded a sacrifice which is perhaps irretrievable. But the parochial clergy were sunk as low, as torpid, as inactive, as cold, as lukewarm. The sins of the whole Church of England warred against her in that evil time. The cathedrals maintained at least daily prayers and choral services; and at the period of the great revival of the present time, their influence and precedent have abundantly been felt and used. Now the improvement in parish services, and the zeal of parish clergy, will react on the diocesan centres, and on the hearts of their members, which is the most hopeful guarantee for reform. If not, let the sentence of annihilation go forth. But hope and wait awhile; children and persons devoid of reason only are unable to wait.

"Places for learned men are indispensable to the existence of the Church. The strength of an establishment lies in its organization; and cathedrals are an integral element in it. Cathedrals and bishops co-exist, the chapter is the bishop's standing council and assistants in ordination, and a parish clergy, however earnest, without them will not avail to reform the secular world. In the devotion and quiet of the cathedral, is the protest against the turmoil and restless strife of the world that forgets GOD. In the cultivation of sacred learning by its members, is the armoury against the assaults of error, and a safeguard from innovation. From the cathedrals, the 'mirrors of Apostolical antiquity,' as Hooker calls them, and intermediate links between the clergy of parishes and the bishops, Christianity was first planted in England; from them it has since been watered and kept alive. They are the very heart of the parochial system, which they created, and have mainly sustained. They have been homes of religious learning, arsenals of truth, nurseries of our greatest and soundest divines, the glory of our literature, and defenders of the faith. They have kept alive the fire of piety in periods of gloom; and preserved a reverence for antiquity, precedent, and order, in periods of hasty change and imprudent movement. They have shed their blessing on many a remote dry place, as well as on their immediate neighbourhood. History has pronounced one fact—the dissolution of cathedrals, the oldest incorporations in the country, was soon followed by the deprivation of bishops and the parish clergy, and by the fall of the monarchy."

# ON THE SOCIAL AND SANITARY LAWS OF MOSES.

*The Influence of the Mosaic Code upon Subsequent Legislation.* By J. B. MARSDEN. London: Hamilton & Co. 1862.

*The Observance of the Sanitary Laws, Divinely appointed, in the Old Testament Scriptures, sufficient to ward off Preventable Diseases from Christians as well as Israelites.* By Rev. CANON RICHSON, with Notes by JOHN SUTHERLAND, M.D., of the General Board of Health, London.

WE may fitly introduce the subject of this paper with those memorable words in which Richard Hooker connects the plenary significance of Holy Scripture with its all-sufficiency. "Those sacred tomes and volumes," he says, "are with such absolute perfection framed, that, in them there neither wanteth anything the lack whereof might deprive us of life, nor anything in such wise aboundeth, that as being superfluous, unfruitful, and altogether needless, we should think it no loss or danger at all, if we did want it." Just and comprehensive views of the origin of the Bible, and of its design, require an assent to both parts of this statement; but it is to the second part that we would here especially direct attention. This describes that characteristic which we shall at once remember St. Paul claimed for the Holy Volume with an emphasis which ought to secure for it our serious regard. For it was in the maturity of his large experience of man and of the world, in absolute freedom from all superstitious views of the mere letter of Scripture, and under an influence which would securely protect him from advancing any rash unauthorized assertion, that he affirmed the plenary significance of Holy Writ, in words which must be literally taken. When the apostle said, "Every writing which is inspired by God is profitable," he did not mean only the greater part of such writings; and when he affirmed that "whatever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning," we believe he would not have admitted any exception to that statement.

The more deeply and comprehensively we think of the real intention of the inspired pages, and of their place and office in the work of our redemption, the more reasons we shall perceive for concurring in these views of Holy Writ, and for earnestly asserting the principle which is contained in them. And as life passes on, and knowledge is increased, our experience more and more justifies this confidence. Continually we find that one passage after another, which had been apparently destitute of any interest or meaning, is lighted up by the ever-varying movements of our life and consciousness. Words which we had heedlessly read or heard for years, have at length startlingly revealed the fact that, ages ago, some brother was perplexed by our own difficulties, and burdened by our trials; and that he found relief in them where we may now obtain the same "grace to help" in our "times of need." Descriptions of social movements, and of the vicissitudes of nations, read in the light of the prophetic commentary which has been given to interpret them, are suddenly invested with the deepest interest, and are thankfully recognised as the most instructive parallels to circumstances now occurring around ourselves. So also allusions to facts that happened far away from the main line of the inspired narrative, which seemed to have been dropped incidentally, and to stand as useless excrescences on the pages where we find them, now that they have been compared with a newly discovered medal or inscription, or with the treasures of a recently opened mound or sepulchre, marvellously serve the purpose, for which we can hardly doubt they were intended, of restoring confidence in the sacred records, and creating a living apprehension of the reality of the events which are described in them. Just as we might have expected from the familiar analogy between the works and word of God, fresh portions of the one, as of the other, are ever coming into clearer light, and fuller meaning, and are linking themselves in more impressive significance with the remaining parts of the system into which they enter. More and more we see reason for believing that "all is from The Spirit, and is for eternal service."*

And while our reasons for this belief are thus continually increasing, we are proportionally encouraged in our examination of those instances which are apparently exceptions to the truth of it. We feel

* This expression occurs in an interesting narrative given by F. W. Newman, in Chap. II. of his "Phases of Faith," which is well worth referring to in connection with the above remarks. See also Maimonides, "More Nevochim," Lib. III., Cap. L.:—"In quo agitur de illis rebus in Sacra Scriptura, quæ nullam videntur habere utilitatem, et quædam illorum explicantur."

that, even upon those pages which still remain dark and blank in our regards, increased knowledge, and closer consideration, and still more, the lapse of time, will surely pour revealing light, that will bring out their purpose and intention. And this consideration may well be brought forward for the purpose of removing a preliminary hindrance to the attention we would claim for them. Nor is such encouragement more needed with respect to any pages of the Bible, than it is in relation to those in which we find the social and sanitary laws which are the subject of this paper.

We know that, in many minds, the ascription of any direct and immediately useful meaning to the institutes of the Mosaic legislature, and, much more, an attempt to connect them with modern legislation, will awaken vehement repugnance. It will be said that, at best, they are simply historical memorials of a dispensation which has passed away. Increased light, evolved in the progress of man's history, has superseded these old directions: the political experience and philosophy of these later days constitute another revelation which sets this earlier one aside. The enactments of Moses may, indeed, be looked upon as interesting types of the facts and doctrines of the Gospel; and, here and there, where some maxim or admonition has been accidentally connected with them, they are "profitable for instruction and for reproof." Moreover, in their wise adaptation to the circumstances of the people when they were promulgated, they may also serve as "evidences" of the Divine legation of the Jewish lawgiver. But, as for any direct instruction now flowing from them, and which we can at this time use for our personal or social advantage, this should not be looked for: so far as this purpose is concerned, the pages which contain the Mosaic institutes might as well be blank, or unintelligible.—All this, and much of the same kind, will be affirmed with respect to a considerable portion of those books of the Jewish Lawgiver which we have here especially in view. Surely, however, our reasons, from the very nature of Holy Scripture, for believing that nothing in it can in fact be superfluous and devoid of present use and application, and that experience by which, as we have said, this belief is continually vindicated, will justify us in withholding our assent to peremptory statements of this kind, and in claiming attention to an effort for a fresh consideration of this subject, especially since we propose to make this effort with the help of our recently increased knowledge of the Jewish territory, and of that deeper insight into the laws of our physical and intellectual, our individual and domestic and political well-being, which modern science has conveyed to us.

Indeed, in the absence of this recently acquired knowledge, it is impossible to estimate these enactments in the full measure of their import and significance. And so it is that the numerous commentaries which have been written on the Institutes of Moses, have been limited, in a far narrower than their proper scope and purpose, to the work of showing their adaptation to the circumstances of the people, and hence to vindicate the Divine authority of their venerable author. With this view, their wisdom, and goodness, and their benignity, have been brought into effective exhibition by such writers as Maimonides and Michaelis, by Lowman and Dean Graves.* But the limited knowledge of the physical geography of Palestine which was possessed by these writers, with their imperfect views of political philosophy, and of whatever relates to the economic well-being of a country, made them unconscious of many aspects of the Mosaic legislation, in neglect of which it cannot be fairly estimated. Much and most valuable information was, however, collected by them, and especially by Maimonides and Michaelis; and they looked with a deep insight into many aspects of their subject. We shall therefore freely make use of the treasures which they have collected; but we shall bring forward the conclusions that may be hence derived, under the light of our enlarged knowledge of the structure and qualities of the Jewish territory, and of the conditions which must be satisfied by any legislation which entertains a truly deep and comprehensive view of human welfare and advancement.

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* Josephus meditated a work on the "Reasons of the Jewish Laws" ("Antiq.," Pref., iv.), which, however, is not extant, if indeed it was ever written. Our chief authorities on the subject are Maimonides and Michaelis. In the twenty-sixth chapter of the third Book of the "More Nevochim" of the former writer, he propounds the question, "An Præcepta Mosaica finem et causam habeant, an verò dependeant à solâ voluntate Dei?" and he follows it up, in the after chapters, by observations on the *rationale* of the Mosaic Code, which are often of exceeding value, and which were written in such entire freedom from Rabbinical traditions that he was consequently exposed to severe persecution on the part of the bigots among his countrymen. Michaelis's work ("Mosaisches Recht," translated into English under the title of "Commentaries on the Laws of Moses;" 4 vols., Lond., 1814) goes fully into detail, as might be expected from the immense learning of its author. It richly illustrates every one of the Mosaic enactments, especially those which relate to the political constitution of the people. "In conducting his work, Michaelis examined the sources of information with all the aid of his historical skill and philosophical discrimination, and thus gave the subject an interest which it could never have commanded had he confined his attention to the mere illustration of the Mosaic constitution alone. For those materials of that constitution which every author before him had regarded with indifference, as mere matters of antiquarian speculation, he exhibited in a political point of view, endeavouring to penetrate into the nature and origin of all its parts, illustrating these from analogous circumstances in the laws and government of other nations; and, with those general remarks which he offered relative to the end and design of the several statutes, combining others respecting their local or temporary expediency, together with such further observations as are calculated to interest and even to instruct the philosopher, the politician, the historian, and the antiquarian, in their several pursuits."—(Eichorn, quoted in Preface to Eng. Trans.) Dean Graves, in his "Dissertations on the Pentateuch" (Lectures i—iv.), gives an excellent compendium of the most valuable portions of this great work; and, with Lowman's "Dissertation on the Civil Government of the Hebrews," and Fergus on the "Reasonableness of the Laws of Moses," sufficiently illustrates the subject for ordinary readers. We should not, however, omit to mention Dr. Kalisch's learned "Commentary on Exodus," where there is an explanation of the statutes and ordinances contained in that book, which is written in a remarkably thoughtful and comprehensive spirit.

With this purpose then, we shall take our first step in the investigation which is here proposed, by looking to those recent inquiries into the climate and productions, and the general physical characteristics of the "promised land," which have cast so much light on many details of Jewish history. And let it be clearly understood that, by the "promised land," we do not only mean the country which was actually occupied by the elect people, but rather that, of far wider extent, which was "covenanted" to them, and with respect to which their legislative code was framed and promulgated.

Some important views of our subject will be lost unless we make this enlarged reference to the ground on which it was meant that the Jewish nation should be established. This extended, east and west, from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean; and from the entrance of Hamath, at the northern extremity of Lebanon, on the north, as far as the Wady El Arish, or "river of Egypt," which is the great drain of the Paran wilderness, on the south. Now within these boundaries we find the characteristic qualities and features of every country on the globe. Whatever is most peculiar to the several provinces of Asia and Europe, have their counterparts in the covenanted territory; so that, in this enlarged view, Palestine may well be called "a sampler of the world, a museum country, many lands in one." "Set in the midst of all other nations," this appointed home of the Israelites presents an epitome and pattern of them all. Nor, in respect of this typal and representative character, was the land more remarkable, than were the constitution and temperament of the people who were placed in it.

We may smile at the tawdry rhetoric which has been expended in setting forth the excellence of the "Caucasian organization," and yet it is a fact that the physical and intellectual qualities of those who inherit it, have placed them, both by their endurance and achievements, at the head of the families of man. Through their vivacious energy, their patient and indomitable courage, they have indeed been enabled successfully to "baffle the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, the Feudal Ages, and every device that can degrade man and destroy him." In the Jew, such as he is seen in Jerusalem or Constantinople, among the Sephardim members of his race, the temperament of every nation, and its noblest qualities of mind and person, are represented. We may say that all the phases of humanity have been reflected in his soul, and that every form of human development has been seen in his demeanour. Such are the people now; and, still more gloriously, such were their distinctions when they were put upon that territory where every man may recognise the distinctive features of his fatherland, whether he be landsman or mariner, lowlander or mountaineer, an Oriental or one of the sons of the far West. And from the beginning of their occupancy of this territory, they were expressly reminded that they had been set there to be "an ensign to the nations," and that in them, all the "families" of mankind, as well as every individual man, were to be blessed.

In the promises treasured by the fathers of the nation, in the exhortations of their Lawgiver, and again in the upbraidings with which their prophets reminded them of the greatness of the work they had neglected,—when these are connected with their central station, and their representative character,—we see, in a harmonious concurrence of testimony which surely bespeaks its Divine origin, how great was the mission to which the Hebrews had been summoned. So placed and gifted, we might expect to hear that they were "set on high above all the nations which God had made, in praise, and in name, and in honour." And while indeed this announcement of their high vocation reminds us most impressively that they were the messengers and instruments of redemption to mankind, the guardian of that church dispensation through which we are trained for our place in the kingdom of our Father, we may not at the same time forget the lower aspects which are seen in it. Indeed, if we are regardless of the earthly purposes of this people's mission to the world, its higher designs are not adequately apprehended. Our new and wiser insight into the functions which the Church must discharge with respect to the physical and temporal, as well as the spiritual condition of its members, prepares, and indeed it will require us to acknowledge, that when it is said that "the Lord did lead Israel, and made him ride on the high places of the earth," the secular well-being of the people, their bodily and intellectual welfare, their social advancement, and national elevation, were contemplated in those declarations.

For these must be reckoned among the purposes of that redeeming interposition which has restored man into the Divine family, and which fits him to hold his place in it, and therein fulfil the good works which have been prepared for him to walk in. Let us keep in mind this true and enlarged insight into what is comprised in real godliness, and we shall expect to find careful heed bestowed on the personal, domestic, and municipal well-being of such a nation, placed on such a territory, and with such a calling set before them. How perfectly this expectation is met and realized in the Mosaic enactments is evident upon the first view of them. And simply in this general regard, and if we could find nothing in their details useful to ourselves, we might vindicate their presence in the Holy Volume, and cite them as tokens that in all parts it has indeed been "written for our learning."

Regarded in this aspect, these chapters, which so minutely concern themselves with, and which bear in such practical detail upon, the well-being of every individual Israelite, and on the prosperity and progress of the nation, may be regarded as a great and noble witness to the fact that nothing which concerns man's welfare in any department of his being, is indifferent to Him who is speaking in these pages. Our whole nature, and every relation in which He has placed us, have evidently, as we here see, been contemplated in His designs on our behalf: all are shown to be the objects of His solicitude in these Divine communications.

More than this, however, is here meant to be affirmed. We believe that not only do these chapters stand where we find them, with this general witness to the Divine solicitude for all forms of our well-being, but further that, containing as they do enactments for that typal people on that sampler land, they may instruct us in lessons for every earthly development of our existence at this present time, both in respect of our personal life and of our family and national relations, with the duties which belong to them. And our next step in showing this, in proving the existence of this instruction, and ascertaining its extent, will require us first to examine the spirit and sanctions of the Mosaic institutes, and then the character of their enactments. And as we before said, in this work we shall freely use the materials which have been collected by the writers already named, interweaving with them some details from the remarkable pamphlet which is mentioned at the beginning of this paper.

We begin then by giving our first attention to the religious basis and principle on which the Mosaic code was founded, and from which motives for obeying it and the sanctions of obedience were furnished. In other words, we shall first look to the "pure religion breathing household laws" for the Jews in their families, and laws also for the places which were occupied by them as the members of a nation.

It was, then, the fundamental principle of the Mosaic legislation that, as each individual Israelite was "holy to the Lord," so, as a people, "He had made them, and they were His." In other words, they were taught that their individual rights and privileges, and their social prerogatives, were based on their relations to God; and that, only while they confessed those relations, could their obligations be discharged by them. In this manner, a high tone of feeling was inspired in the people; their sentiments were raised and purified; and the noblest motives to obedience were suggested. And it appears to have been the object of many statutes which related to them individually, to maintain and deepen these feelings in their souls. Here we have the final and worthy cause of many of the precepts which Moses promulgated. They were specifically designed to compel every

Israelite to remember who he was, into what a high position he had been brought, and what momentous responsibilities had been laid on him.

This, *e. g.*, was the reason of those enactments which were connected with the costume which was worn by him, and which required his special attention to certain qualities of his apparel (Lev. xix. 19; Deut. xxii. 5; Maimonides, M. N., iii. 37). With the same design, precepts of temperance and personal sanitary regulations were enforced on him (Richson, pp. 12—16). Whatever tended to produce physical exhaustion was forbidden, frequent ablutions were prescribed, and special disgrace and contumely, with heavy penalties, were affixed to the practices of gluttony and drunkenness. (See references in Richson, *ubi sup.*) The prohibitions of "unclean" acts, that are found in the Mosaic books, were thus set before the Israelite as an infringement of the terms on which he claimed distinction, as the "called and chosen" of Jehovah. They constituted a system of means that greatly aided him in maintaining the relations into which he had been brought; and especially, since his failure in regard to any of them could only be expiated by a free confession of the offence, accompanied by a costly offering presented before his brethren in the place which was consecrated as a witness of his exalted calling and relations.

Most of the acts which were prohibited were of such a nature that the committal of them would be unknown to any one except himself. And the moral effort, and the pecuniary loss involved in the acknowledgment of such transgressions, helped him in his discipline of conscientiousness and truthfulness. In these exercises, the sterner virtues of his spirit were strengthened, while other enactments tended to cherish in him dispositions of mercy and tenderness, and habits of forbearance. Besides the public statutes which forbade the Jew to receive usury on loans to his compatriots; which required that portions of every harvest should be left to be "gleaned" by the "stranger, the fatherless, and the widow;" that considerate delicacy should be observed in taking "from the debtor his pledge;" that the bondman should not be "sent away empty," when his time of servitude expired—acts of kindness to the orphan, and widow, to the poor man, and to the enslaved "stranger within his gates," were especially enjoined on him. "Thou shalt not oppress," "Thou shalt surely give," "Thou shalt not avenge, or bear any grudge against the children of thy people;" but "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."* So the deeds evincing and exercising dispositions of kindness were enjoined. And with these injunctions may be connected such as required respect to the aged, and to those in places of authority. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man;" "Thou shalt not revile the judges, nor curse the ruler of thy people."

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* We have illustrations in these passages of what may be called the Christian benignity of the Old Testament precepts, and it may be further seen in the teachings of the elder dispensation concerning the forgiveness of injuries. We find the most numerous and the most emphatic prohibitions of revenge in the Pentateuch, so that St. Paul (Rom. xii. 19, 20) finds that he cannot more earnestly warn us against it than in words borrowed from thence.—With respect to loans, "the law strictly forbade any interest to be taken, either

In this manner the civil polity of the Jews controlled the secret movements of each spirit, and ennobled and purified the individual demeanour. And thus, every Israelite was prepared for discharging the domestic relations of which he was never permitted to divest himself. For it was only as one of a family that he could claim his place in the national society: every member of the commonwealth was recognised as father, or son, or as a husband; and in every home, principles so pure and so effective were brought into operation by the Jewish law, that they would soon have destroyed those mischiefs of polygamy, and those facilities in effecting a divorce, which indeed were discouraged by the personal example of the legislator, and by the influence of all who sympathized in his spirit and intention.[*]

Amongst the most important of these principles were those which related to the maintenance of parental authority. "He who cursed or reviled his father or his mother, was surely to be put to death" (Maimonides, M. N., iii. 41.) This penalty, however, might not be inflicted until after conviction "before the elders of the city," and the two parents were to concur in demanding it. "His father and his mother shall lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city" (Deut. xxi. 19). Hence the child was protected from the impulses of mere passion, and from the jealous discords necessarily arising in a household where polygamy was permitted. But, at the same time, the existence of such a statute, however guarded, cast an almost awful impressiveness around that authority which forms the basis of family order. Yet that authority was

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in the shape of money or of produce, and at first even in the case of a foreigner; but this prohibition was afterwards limited to Hebrews only, from whom, of whatever rank, not only was no usury on any pretence to be exacted, but relief to the poor by way of loan was enjoined, and excuses for evading this duty were forbidden" (Exod. xxii. 25; Lev. xxv. 35-7; Deut. xv. 3, 7-10; xxiii. 19, 20).—*Bib. Dict.*, art. "Loan."

[*] It has been remarked that "the practical difficulty which attends on the doubt which is now found in interpreting Moses' words, עֶרְוַת דָּבָר (on the subject of divorce), will be lessened if we consider that the mere giving 'a bill,' or rather book, סֵפֶר, of divorcement (compare Isa. l. 1; Jer. iii. 8), would in ancient times require the intervention of a Levite, not only to secure the formal correctness of the instrument, but because the art of writing was then generally unknown. This would bring the matter under cognizance of legal authority, and tend to check the rash exercise of the right by the husband. Traditional opinion and prescriptive practice would probably fix the standard of the עֶרְוָה, and doubtless, with the lax morality which marks the decline of the Jewish polity, that standard would be lowered (Mal. ii. 14, 16)." See Gesenius *in voc.* for the evil sense of עֶרְוָה

not awful only; the father was enjoined to employ other influences besides those of fear. He was "diligently" to teach his children in the memorable events of their ancestral history, and in the sacred usages which were to be observed by them (Deut. vi. 7; Psa. lxxviii. 5—7). This implied an intercourse of affection with them, and an interchange of thought. Then, moreover, he was venerable in their eyes in consequence of that responsible position in which the government by "elders" placed the head of every household. For either personally or by representation, he had a share in the highest earthly rule they were acquainted with, and he was also in communication, through the same channel, with the Divine Head of their community.

The order of each family having been thus secured, its purity was guarded with even more anxious carefulness. The chastity of the female members of a Jewish household was defended by every possible protection; and penalties of the severest character were inflicted as the consequences of licentiousness. Every provision that could secure the maidens of Israel, either by suggestions to themselves of fear and shame in connection with the consequences of incontinence, or by punishment inflicted on those who might seduce them from the paths of virtue, was established (Maimonides, iii. 33, 49). In connection with these statutes, strict enactments were issued against the intermarriages of those whom family connections might bring together as dwellers in the same household (Lev. xviii.). Those evils which might so easily have arisen in consequence of the close intercourse between the male and female members of a Jewish home, if it had been possible to escape the penal consequences of those evils by such marriages as were common amongst the Egyptians, were prevented in this manner, and the surest guarantees were established against the abuse of those family ties which the Jewish polity required to be close and permanent; while, for the marriage vow itself, the relaxation of it, or its annulment, was only possible in circumstances of criminality in the husband or the wife, and its violation was made a capital offence: the adulterer and adulteress were both to be put to death (Deut. xxvii. 22).*

Moreover, the external framework and arrangements of those households, whose purity and harmony were thus minutely cared for, were also the subject of enactments of which our own experience has, of late years especially, shown the desirableness and wisdom. Every family was required to dwell in a separate house, which was carefully constructed, and the healthfulness of which was guarded and secured by detailed sanitary regulations (Lev. xxvii. 14; Numb. xxxii. 18; Deut. xx. 5; xxii. 8; xxiv. 10). We may here quote, from the instructive pamphlet of Canon Richson and Dr. Sutherland, some observations, derived from the experience of the latter as one of the officers of the Board of Health, in illustration of these enactments. He says,—

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* "In this respect our laws differ from those of the Hebrews, and also from the institutions of many civilized states. Over the greater part of Europe, such offences are the subject of a penal code, and are treated with becoming severity. There is, however, reason to believe that, by the laws which prevailed here at the time of the Conquest, adultery was punished with a rigour more in conformity with the Mosaic model, upon which such laws were avowedly framed."—*Marsden*, p. 211.

> "Modern scientific inquiry and experience have amply confirmed the wisdom and efficacy of the Mosaic prescription (Lev. xiv.). Appearances analogous to those designated as the 'leprosy of a house' are familiar to all sanitary observers, and they arise in the following manner:—When a house has been built in a locality where the air is constantly moist, and loaded with putrescent matter, or where a house has been overcrowded and inhabited an undue length of time without the walls having been cleansed, the plaster becomes saturated with damp, and with organic matter proceeding from the condensation of moisture from the breath, &c., which is loaded with such matter. Whenever this takes place the house becomes unhealthy, and the colour of the walls becomes changed. A greenish or reddish tint, apparently arising from the growth of minute lichens or fungi, appears in various places, and it is in houses with the walls in this condition, that cholera and other epidemics usually select their earliest victims. We may hence appreciate the wisdom and mercy displayed in the direction that, whenever a wall became stained or spotted, the priest was to be sent for, who was thereupon to take certain prescribed steps; and the remarkable point is, that the very steps he was directed to take when the danger first showed itself, are the very same steps which modern experience has arrived at,—with this important difference, however, that the Mosaic procedure arrested the mischief before human life had been sacrificed, while we put off interference until the danger has openly declared itself so as to excite alarm. The Cohen, or priest, was directed to empty the house of everything, and shut it up for seven days. By this procedure the inhabitants were at once removed from the danger. At the end of the seven days the priest returned and examined the walls anew. If the appearance were confirmed, he directed the removal of all the surface on which the spots had appeared, even to the stones. The whole interior was to be scraped, and the dust carried out of the city. The stones were then to be replaced, and the house fresh plastered.
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> "It is now an established fact in regard to epidemic diseases, especially cholera and fever, that washing the walls with quicklime is an almost certain means of arresting the progress of the disease. This very remedy, indeed, occupies a prominent place in the regulations of the General Board of Health directed against the spread of epidemics. The regulations likewise direct the removal of the people out of the houses. The frequent lime-washing of common lodging-houses is also a most effectual preventive of fever. The practice of the Jewish Cohen and the modern sanitary officer are thus identical in principle, although the Levite did his work more effectually; and moreover, he was directed to take further steps if the leprosy were not cured by what he had previously done. He was in that case to break down the house, the mortar, the timber, and the very stones of it, and to carry them all out of the city to an unclean place. In our

climate this destruction of property would not be requisite except in particular instances; but there can be no question of the supreme wisdom of dealing with the evil as soon as it was recognised, instead of waiting till human life is sacrificed to prove the necessity of interference.

"It is no wonder that a people so carefully watched over, and who had their attention so constantly kept upon the prescriptions of their law, should have experienced so striking an immunity from pestilence."—(Pp. 25-6.)

In like manner, and for the same end, all offal and refuse that could "induce or localize infectious disease," was commanded to be removed from the neighbourhood of the houses of the people, and part of it was to be destroyed by fire.

"The Lawgiver does not enter into any scientific disquisition to show the propriety of what is ordered, but refers the command directly to the will of the Supreme, thereby in the highest degree representing certain observances and their consequences as depending upon immutable laws. . . . The principle contained in the commands in question (Exod. xxix.; Lev. iv., vii., viii.; Deut. xxiii.) is obvious enough. It is that all excreta are to be removed immediately from human dwellings, and disposed of with safety and decency at a distance. Such a thing as the accumulation of excreta in cesspools, middensteads, &c., previous to removal, is not even contemplated. The immediate removal to a distance, where it will be innocuous, is precisely what modern science has proved to be absolutely necessary for health; and it is to this object that all engineering effort in the matter has to be directed. Modern experience is nothing more than a comment on those verses of the Pentateuch."—*Ibid.*, p. 20.

Such regulations provided that every family should become a healthful and strengthening constituent of a free and an enlightened commonwealth.—And now, looking to the political constitution of the people, as it may be gathered from the "statutes and judgments" which Moses gave them as a nation, we first observe that his enactments respecting property showed that they were, in truth, to constitute a commonwealth, all the resources of which were to be exclusively and equitably available throughout for the well-being of its members. When they settled on the land, it was laid down as the basis of their territorial arrangements, that the whole of it should be equally divided among the men above twenty years of age, who should represent the families existing at the time when they entered on their inheritance. This arrangement did not indeed place them all on an equality with one another, for it did not interfere with their previously existing diversities of wealth, or with those various social ranks among them, of which there are so many indications from the earliest period of their history. Nothing like a state of communism was established in the land. But their existing possessions, the proceeds of their skill and industry in Egypt, being retained, the head of every family in the nation received, in addition to, and irrespective of these, a share in the covenanted territory (Numb. xxvi.).* Each individual was thus furnished with an opportunity for that personal and social advancement for which his endowments might especially qualify him. Nor could he deprive his posterity of that advantage; for if he fell into misfortune, and his estate consequently passed into other hands, it was ordained that it should be restored to the original family proprietorship at the occurrence of the next Jubilee. Every conveyance of landed property was burdened by this condition. All debts, moreover, were abolished at the end of every seven years. That "joining of house to house, and field to field, until there be no place" for others, against which Isaiah protested,—in other words, the *undue* accumulation of large estates, and the embarrassments of mortgages and other claims on them—were thus prohibited; nor could any family beyond the second generation be pauperized by the misdoings of its ancestors. And hence a perfect security was established, which should have prevented the degradation of any of the Hebrews into the state of those inferior castes of Egypt, who laboured, and indeed lived, for the sake of the wealthier few who were above them.†

The same great principle of a commonwealth was further developed by the relations in which one who had become dependent was attached to his superior. The Israelite who was impoverished by the temporary alienation of his property, or, in the case of the younger member of a family, who had spent the portion due to him, was secured against helpless and permanent dependence. He could not, under any circumstances, mortgage his own freedom, or that of those connected with him, for more than seven years. And those who were placed in servitude for that time were carefully protected against oppression while it lasted. Their civil rights were unaffected by their bondage. Many enjoyments and privileges were secured to them; and at the expiration of the seven years they were furnished with the means, and with an opportunity to secure their recovered freedom and independence. Foreign slaves indeed might be attached for life to the household of their master; yet even their condition was more advantageous than that of the mass of the lower orders in modern times, for even the stranger and alien from the Hebrew commonwealth felt the benignity of its spirit. But the native Israelites could not be permanently subjected. The great principle of their constitution demanded that opportunities should be continually renewed to them, and in all cases secured to their posterity, for obtaining an independent share of those possessions which had been conferred upon the nation, solely for the welfare and prosperity of its members.*

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* Lowman, "Civil Government of the Hebrews," p. 42.

† See Lowman, *ubi supra*, and Graves, "Dissertations on the Pentateuch," part ii., lect. iv.

Unto all of them this principle, which at once arose from their acknowledged relation to their Divine Head, was productive of the greatest possible comfort and well-being. And while the happiness of all ranks in the social structure was thus provided for, its firmness and solidity were guaranteed by those laws of proprietorship, which carefully provided for the permanent existence of a substantial middle class in the community. All who retained their hereditary tenements being freed from the pressure of any burden on their estates, and attached to them by family associations, as well as by peculiar advantages belonging to property in the country above that in towns, there was every guarantee for the secure continuance of each one in his rank and class, and for his prosperity therein. Moreover, the nature of the prosperity which was promised to them, and on which their hopes were fixed, discouraged habits of luxurious indulgence and all those forms of profligacy by which large cities are distinguished. The "good land into which the Lord their God had brought" and had "established" them, was "a land of brooks of waters, and of fountains, of wheat and barley, and vines, a land in which they should eat bread without scarceness, and where their herds and their flocks were multiplied."

In accordance with these provisions, whatever might become the centres of pollution and pestilence in their community, and which might so lead towards the deterioration of its members, was forbidden. "All refuse that could induce or localize infectious disease was to be immediately removed. The remains of the slain animals were to be burned without the camp, and offal of every kind was to be removed, and in general to be buried beyond the precincts of human habitation" (Deut. xxiii. 12—14). Dr. Sutherland says,—

> "It appears hardly necessary to point out the bearings of the commands for the immediate removal and destruction by fire of animal refuse on the health of the people.
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> "It is nevertheless a fact that our present practice is directly the reverse of that commanded by the Jewish lawgiver. The sanitary code of the Old Testament commands the removal from human habitations of offal merely because it is offal. The Mosaic law takes for granted that the retention of it would be injurious to the people. With us, on the contrary, the law permits any man, not only to keep refuse organic matter of all kinds near his own dwelling, and those of his neighbours, but he may proceed to make such refuse an article of profitable manufacture. He may boil bones, make catgut or artificial manure, manufacture animal oils, or indeed anything he thinks fit, whereby he may make money, provided he does not commit what

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* For the benignity of the Mosaic laws respecting slaves, see Kalisch, "Comment. in Exod. xxi.," and compare Drew's "Colenso's Examination of the Pentateuch Examined," p. 95.

the law calls 'a nuisance:' and if he should even do so, the legal remedy is so expensive and difficult, that ninety-nine 'nuisances' in one hundred escape punishment altogether. Moreover, the law takes no cognizance of the fact, that before any putrescent refuse, or unwholesome manufacture, occasions what would be considered a nuisance in law, it may have already undermined the health of the whole neighbourhood from which the complaint proceeds.

"The Jewish legislator struck at the root of the whole difficulty when he commanded the removal of all refuse from the vicinity of human habitations, without any questions as to its being injurious or not, at the same time investing the command with a religious sanction. It can never be said that proper attention is paid to the health and habits of our working population, until our sanitary police has arrived at such perfection as to insure the removal of all animal and vegetable refuse from our towns *as soon as the refuse is produced.*"—(P. 19.)

But not less carefully were all analogous occasions of moral evil prohibited. Everything that had a tendency to pervert and defile the minds of the people, and to bring them into communication with evil powers, witchcraft and demonology and lying prophecies, were placed under the heaviest ban and condemnation.* Blasphemers were to be put to death. And all the scandals, whether originating in malignity or in fanaticism, which are so painful to the right-minded, and so injurious to the young and the susceptible, were made illegal by the severest penalties. At the same time, preventive as well as penal measures were adopted with respect to them. For the natures whose irregular tendencies might, under the impulses of originally innocent fanaticism, have begotten mischiefs of this order, an outlet and means of utterance were provided. Vows and obligations meditated by any who wished to retire from society, and place themselves under severe personal restrictions, were not discouraged. And having been uttered they were rigidly enforced. Thus all mere exorbitances of temperament were provided for. Habits of self-control were promoted. And their cities and households were freed from those incendiary agencies by which the peace and the assured convictions of the community might have been outraged (Exod. xxii.; Lev. xx., xxiv., xxvii.; Deut. xviii., xxiii.)

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* With respect to the "witchcraft" which was prohibited in the enactments here referred to, there are some striking observations by De Quincey, in the 8th volume of his "Miscellanies." "She was," he says, "not so much a Medea as an Erichtho. (See the 'Pharsalia.') She was an Evocatrix, or female necromancer, evoking phantoms that stood in some unknown relation to dead men; and then by some artifice—it has been supposed of ventriloquism—causing these phantoms to deliver oracular answers upon great political questions." Moreover, while there are indeed, as he afterwards remarks, "express directions in Scripture to exterminate witches from the land, *that* does not argue any scriptural recognition of witchcraft as a possible offence. An imaginary crime may imply a criminal intention that is *not* imaginary; but also, which much more directly concerns the interest of a state, a criminal purpose that rests upon a pure delusion, may work by means that are felonious for ends that are fatal. At this moment we English and the Spaniards have laws, and severe ones, against witchcraft,—viz., in the West Indies; and indispensable it is that we should. The Obeah man from Africa can do no mischief to one of *us*. The proud and enlightened white man despises his arts; and for *him*, therefore, these arts have no existence, for they work only through strong preconceptions of their reality, and through trembling faith in their efficacy. But by that very agency they are all-sufficient for the ruin of the poor credulous negro; he is mastered by original faith, and has perished by a languishing decay thousands of times, under the knowledge that *Obi* had been set for him. Justly, therefore, do our colonial courts punish the Obeah sorcerer, who (though an impostor) is not the less a murderer. Now the Hebrew witchcraft was probably even worse; equally resting on delusions, equally nevertheless it worked for unlawful ends, and (which chiefly made it an object of Divine wrath) it worked through idolatrous agencies. All the spells, the rites, the invocations, were doubtless Pagan. The witchcraft of Judæa, therefore, must have kept up that connection with idolatry which it was the unceasing effort of the Hebrew polity to exterminate from the land. Consequently the Hebrew commonwealth might, as consistently as our own in Trinidad and Jamaica, denounce and punish witchcraft without liability to the inference that it therefore recognised the pretensions of witches as real, in the sense of working their bad ends by the means which they alleged. Their magic was causatively of no virtue at all; but, being believed in, like the equally false but equally operative belief of the African in *Obi*, it became, through and by that potent belief, the occasional means of exciting the imagination of its victims; after which the consequences were the same as if the magic had acted physically, according to its pretences."—(Pp. 138-9.)

The civil existence of the Hebrew people having been thus established and purified, it was also effectively protected from the danger of any internal tyranny by the nature of the tenure of their landed property, and the intended subdivision of their estates. The homestead of each Hebrew landholder was a citadel. Moreover it held its place in a confederation of families which might well defy the efforts of any domestic tyrant to enslave them. This security against the rise of any tyranny within the limits of their community, was still more effectually guaranteed by that ordinance which made every adult Hebrew the member of a militia for home defence. The larger classes and subdivisions of the people were coincident with their organization for warlike purposes, in case of an invasion of their land. Every one capable of bearing arms was inured to military discipline. The rise of any usurpation amongst the members of such a state should have been impossible; while, so long as they were united, it also made the land impregnable in case of aggression from without. This security for their provision involved, however, the liability that they might themselves be tempted to engage in aggressive war. Men so disciplined and compacted would be naturally induced to seek their own aggrandizement in such a course. Against this danger they were, therefore, guarded by the most solemn and strict injunctions that everything connected with the idolatrous worship of any country they might subdue should be utterly destroyed by them. Moreover, the existence of a cavalry force, which was essential to foreign conquests, was prohibited (Numb. i., xxvi.; compare Exod. xviii. 21 with Numb. xxxi. 14; Deut. vii., xvii.). And besides, the imperative demand that three times in each year every male should go up to a place of central convocation, the fulfilment of which was one of the terms of their national existence, deprived them of the time which was needful in any preparation for foreign war, as well as for its actual prosecution (Exod. xxiii., xxxiv.; Deut. xvi.).

While they were thus secured against any liability to neglect, in the search of larger acquisitions, the home pursuits which were needful for their internal progress and development, the last-named regulation maintained at the same time a wide and habitual intercourse amongst their families. Assembling and travelling together, that they might meet on specially appointed occasions at the centre of their tribes, it was impossible that their home attachments could degenerate into any form of sullen, narrow-minded isolation. A sense of the national interests and relations, in which those of their families were included, was thus continually maintained in them. And this consciousness of their wider connections was cherished and deepened by the peculiar regulations which attached to the tribe of Levi. For its members were to pervade the entire community. The cities of this tribe were to be placed amidst those of all the others. By this universal presence, they were to become witnesses to all their brethren of the interests, and privileges, and hopes of the people of Israel, and of the distinctions which had been conferred upon them (Numb. xxxv.; Deut. xvii. Michaelis, "Laws of Moses," book ii., chap. 6).

Thus as a compacting element, holding its materials together, they pervaded the entire nation. But, besides this silent efficacy of their presence, they were also actively and everywhere engaged in communicating religious and moral instruction, and in diffusing influences of liberality and enlightenment. Their duties at the central sanctuary would not detain them there for more than a small portion of each year, and the remainder of their time—since no secular toils or cares devolved on them—was employed on works which tended to raise and refine the minds of those amongst whom they lived. They were specially qualified for this purpose by their frequent intercourse with the chiefs of the nation at the sanctuary, as well as by their own superior attainments. And they were much aided in fulfilling it by the position of influence which they occupied, for they were the physicians of the community, and the interpreters of its statutes. Its sanitary regulations were under their control. In the central court of judicature, where any matters of local controversy, "too hard for judgment" at the scene of their occurrence, were decided, some of them were the assessors of the court. They were likewise, in the local sessions, associated with the elders of each city to aid in the decision of questions which were there brought forward. They were, besides, guardians of the cities which were appointed as temporary asylums in which the homicide might find refuge. All this official importance helped to enforce their religious testimony, and to confirm the moral influence which it was their chief office to maintain. Thus not only were the families in each tribe, and again the tribes themselves, combined together, but they were living everywhere under local influences of wisdom, and rectitude, and piety, and they were continually familiar with an impressive token of that high vocation to which, as a nation, they had been summoned, as well as of the work and the solemn responsibilities that were involved in it.

We think that this outline of the Mosaic polity, which represents its institutions as they were meant to be embodied in the people's lives and in their history, justifies the expectation which our consideration of its place and purpose led us to entertain. We see that every condition of national welfare which wise theory has ever contemplated, or which in happy experience has been found salutary, was included in the Hebrew constitution. Securities against the evils that might naturally spring up in the midst of such a people, and laws by which their existence in every department might be happily developed, were provided. In that representative and central territory, in the lives of that typal nation, the ideal of human existence, in its individual, and domestic, and political aspects, was thus meant to be embodied. And though the design was frustrated, yet the delineation of it in those statutory portions of the Pentateuch on which we have been dwelling, surely demands the careful study of legislators and of statesmen in regard to the emergencies of our society. We may here repeat, with regard to the statutes of the Jews, words that have been emphatically uttered concerning their history, and say that the legislation of the Hebrews "contains indications of the remedy as well as of the disease [of our national life], and that Milton, who was no mean statesman in a day when men had to show what was really in them, and who had no lack of knowledge as to what the ancients could teach us of legislative wisdom, was [in this respect too] right when he asserted ('Paradise Regained,' book iv.) of the Jewish books, that—

> 'In them is plainest taught and easiest learnt
> What makes a nation happy and keeps it so.'"

Nor is this a new view of the Hebrew jurisprudence. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that both the provisions and the principles of the Mosaic code were adopted by many ancient legislators, and that, from them and through their means, numerous peculiarities in the structure of our modern institutions which coincide with the Jewish statutes, have been derived. This "influence of the Mosaic code on subsequent legislation" has been traced, with some minuteness, in the work of Mr. Marsden on this subject. "Hardly any historical fact," he says, "rests upon more solid foundation than that the most celebrated nations and lawgivers of antiquity borrowed many of their wisest institutions from the laws of Moses." He has copiously illustrated this statement, in the instance of the Egyptian and of the Greek and Roman codes, and has traced the coincidence in question in the judicial systems of modern Europe, and especially in the Anglo-Saxon institutions. He specially points out the resemblance of which he speaks, as it is seen in the various degrees of guilt which the Jewish legislator assigned to homicide. Thus he says,—

> "The sanctity of human life was guarded with stringent precautions, the infringement of which was jealously vindicated in the punishment of the offender. . . . Wilful murder was punished capitally. Accidental death is punished with banishment. Where death was occasioned by negligence of precautions which are prescribed by the Mosaic laws, the offender rendered himself liable to capital punishment. For instance, where a man built a house and neglected to put a battlement to the roof. Upon the other hand, under certain circumstances, bloodshed is excused by the Jewish laws. But, both in the degrees of guilt to which punishment was awarded, and in the circumstances under which the punishment was remitted, it will be seen that the Hebrew laws have been closely imitated by the earliest institutions of antiquity, and that most of the judicial systems of Europe have avowedly adopted them."—*Influence of Mosaic Code, &c.*, chap. vi.
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> "The laws relating to the Cities of Refuge, and of the right of avenging bloodshed, have also left many traces of their adoption in provisions concerning chance-medley and homicide. The punishment of false witness, by inflicting on the criminal a punishment corresponding with the consequence of his perjury, is another singular instance of the strictness with which the principles of the Mosaic laws were copied by the legislators of antiquity. The same observation applies to the distinction observed in the Greek and Roman institutions, concerning the right to slay a thief by night, when in the daytime it was only lawful in self-defence."—*Ibid.*, chap. xii.

In further illustration of this agreement between the Jewish statutes and those of ancient nations, our author also remarks,—

> "Many resemblances may be traced between the Egyptians and the Jews, not only in the principles upon which justice was administered, but in the manner in which the laws were executed. In this respect, the office of their kings and the functions of their supreme tribunals furnish a comparison, the accordance of which can scarcely be accounted for by chance. The same remark is singularly applicable to the supreme courts of the Greeks, whose original constitution appears to have been framed very much in conformity with the judicial system of the Jews. . . . In the patriarchal times, the elders or heads of tribes appear to have exercised magisterial functions. Before the time of Moses we read of no supreme council of the nation. Nor is any mention made of subordinate officers, . . . until he appointed judges of tens, of fifties, of hundreds, and of thousands. This arrangement . . . appears to have been the model of our counties, hundreds, and tithings. Some of our legal antiquaries have supposed, not without good reason, that the old Anglo-Saxon constitution of sheriffs in counties, hundreders or centgraves in hundreds, and deciners in decinaries, were introduced by King Alfred from the institutions of Moses" (p. 279). His 'dooms' are prefaced with a Saxon translation of the Hebrew laws; and

they are followed by these memorable words,—'These are the dooms which the Almighty God himself spake unto Moses, and commanded him to keep; and after The Only-begotten Son of the Lord our God, that is, our Saviour Jesus Christ, came on earth, He said that He came not to break nor to forbid these commandments, but with all good to increase them. I then, Alfred King, gathered these together, and commanded many of them to be written. . . .'"

Other illustrations of the same kind will be found in Mr. Marsden's work, the value of which would have been largely increased, if he had employed as much pains in the arrangement of his materials as he has evidently bestowed on the work of collecting them. The widely extended deference which he shows was given to the Hebrew enactments, fully justifies that impression of their excellence which must be produced in all who impartially and thoughtfully examine them. And does it not cast a valuable light on those assertions of the world-wide mission of the Jews, which seem to accord so perfectly with their representative character and with the typal structure and central position of their territory? Moses emphatically told them that the wisdom of their laws would make them the objects of admiration among every people who heard of them. "Behold," he says, "I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me. Keep therefore and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations, which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people."

We think this harmony, betokening its Divine origin, will be acknowledged by every one who gives attention to the subject, and that our examination of this portion of Holy Scripture justifies and further confirms that impression of the plenary significance of the sacred writings, upon which we dwelt at the outset of this paper. These pages of the inspired volume, too, are luminous; and they have evidently been made so by light from heaven. They are "profitable for teaching, and for instruction in righteousness:" they have been "written for our learning." Moreover, they cast light around them. We have seen this illustrated in the case of those declarations concerning the scope and purport of the mission of the elect people; and the same light also brings into fuller clearer view the import of some of the prophecies concerning the Jewish people in their future history; as, for example, where we are told that "nations will come to their light, and kings to the brightness of their rising;" and that "living waters shall go out from Jerusalem [for the refreshment and healing of the peoples], half of them towards the Eastern Sea, and half of them towards the Western Sea; in summer and in winter shall it be;" and "the wealth of all the nations round about shall be gathered together, gold, and silver, and apparel, in great abundance," in the sacred territory.

Here, however, we touch upon a wide subject, which at present we have neither space nor leisure to pursue with the attention which should be bestowed on it. It may, however, be very profitably urged on the regards of those who devote themselves to the predictive portions of Holy Writ. For it would connect their expectations of the future more practically with the incumbent duties of the days now present, and passing over us; and show, with respect to the predictions of Scripture, as well as in regard to those portions of it which we have been here concerned with, that the best defence of the Bible is found in its intelligent and practical interpretation; that in showing its close and detailed and its benign connection with the realities of our daily life, we are furnishing the most impressive evidence that it has indeed been written by "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by The Holy Ghost."

G. S. DREW.

# THE POETICAL FEELING FOR EXTERNAL NATURE.

"TO those who have studied history with care," wrote Gustave Planche, "the chronology of thoughts and feelings is not less evident than that of events." In this sentence is touched the key-note of a portion of inquiry and speculation much dwelt on in recent years. The last century, tired of the existing state of things, full of feverish dreams, and possessed by a vague idea of human perfectibility, expended its imaginative power in ideal theories of the past, and visionary hopes of a near approaching future. To these have succeeded, with us, patient endeavours to interpret the history of that past, and a conviction, which frees us from enthusiasm while it encourages us to toil, that there has been a real education of the human race conducted slowly but steadily, by which "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," and which is still in progress. Education, however, is not merely a culture of the intellect, and accordingly we can trace also a moral culture of mankind, through which the true principles of our nature are drawn out, and the rude motives of action proper to the child, transformed into the fine honour, the thoughtful sympathy, and the serious sense of duty proper to the man. But this is not all. In the passage from childhood to manhood, not only is the intellect expanded, not only is the moral nature taught to listen to and interpret itself; new feelings come into play, and old feelings are refined and deepened, placed upon firmer foundations, and modified by contributions from or relations to those parts of our nature which are receiving development from day to day. And so it has been with the human race. Just as "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," just as there have been indisputable extensions of men's intellectual horizon and discoveries of unvoyaged seas and continents in the world of speculation and science, so from age to age have there been deepenings and retreatings of the emotional horizon, and new territories opened in the world of literature and art. Even the most primitive feelings of our nature are not the same they once were. Old men are still venerable—as they were when Homer sang, and wives are dear, and children a light of homes. Yet, putting all else aside, it is certain that the reception into the general heart of one assurance,—the assurance of immortality,—has modified even these simple home affections in a material way. Children are no longer so passionately desired, and clung to as the means of gaining the semblance, at least, of a perpetuity of earthly life and power; but we look into the face of a little child with a pure joy and a tender dread unknown to the old world: grief for the newly lost is still cruel, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope: love that was strong as death is stronger now, even more than words will tell.

In the history of emotions, few chapters to us of the present day would be more interesting than that on the poetical feeling for external nature: but it is a chapter that is yet unwritten. Perpetually self-repeating have been the phenomena of dawning and sunset, day and night, seedtime and harvest, summer and winter, while no two generations have looked at them in precisely the same way. They are elementary and simple; but in their very simplicity, in the fact that the pleasures they afford are not artificial, constructed pleasures, lies their inexhaustible fulness of meaning and delight. Wordsworth was thinking how "the earth abideth for ever" when he wrote in his beautiful sonnet to Twilight,—

> "Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,
> To the rude Briton, when in wolf-skin vest,
> Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest
> On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower
> Looked ere his eyes were closed."

But he partly forgot that "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," in a deeper sense than that of mere living and dying. The rude Briton did *not* see the same vision which Wordsworth beheld. Wordsworth has himself taught us that—

> "Minds that have nothing to confer
> Find little to perceive."

And just in proportion as the vast conferring power of Wordsworth's mind differed from that of the Briton, so did his perceiving capacity. There are a thousand things which we see, and from which we claim delight, which to our ancestors were either invisible, or regarded with horror or aversion. If the author of "The Seasons" had been born a few centuries earlier, when poets were writing Romances of the Rose and Lancelots of the Lake, but one of his four books could have been written. All the year round, at that happy period, the poets' calendar recorded spring. The birds never ceased to make melody nor the flowers to blossom. "Except on Friday and the vigils of the great holidays, Lancelot bore always, winter and summer, a chaplet of fresh roses on his head."* No trouvere ever enjoyed a winter morning's walk, any more than he ever enjoyed "the cups that cheer but not inebriate." But more recent than the discovery of winter has been the discovery of mountains. Vast protuberances of the earth were indeed long since known to exist, but the word *mountain* meant at one time something ugly and repulsive, afterwards something "picturesque" and terrible if approached too near, and now it means something full of a strange wonder and glory, which makes the heart leap up with joy, and yet controls its beatings,—something which has made us feel that the beauty of the plain, in comparison, is sensual and timorous, like the beauty of a slave.† The beef and mutton of Derbyshire would require to be very good, Viator thought, in Cotton's continuation of the "Complete Angler," to make amends for the ill landscape about the Dove. If the hills could only be got out of the way, it would be so much improved! About thirty years later, however, Berkeley would have made light of the "high, bleak, and craggy" hills of Derbyshire. "Green fields and flowery meadows and purling streams are nowhere in such perfection as in England; . . . but to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps." Yes, for Berkeley had himself been carried in an open chair over Mount Cenis, "one of the most difficult and formidable parts of the Alps that is ever past over by mortal men," and there he found rocks that are "steep enough to cause the heart of the most valiant man to melt within him," and there he broke his sword, his watch, and his snuffbox. So he writes to Pope and Prior; and Pope certainly, but not for want of mountains in England, did not succeed in describing "rocks and precipices:"* the truth being that Pope (for whom our admiration is sincere and great) was born too soon to see a mountain, and would not have found one had he lived at Rydal. Nay, it is to be feared that if one delightful household had been transported some night from Olney to the neighbourhood of the lakes, next morning Cowper would have sighed with a tender regret for the wilderness at Weston (the only vast wilderness in which the sociable poet would really have cared for a lodge), for Mr. Throckmorton's chestnut avenue, and "a field one side of which formed a terrace, and the other was planted with poplars, at whose feet ran the Ouse, that I used to account a little Paradise." "The best image which the world can give of Paradise," writes Mr. Ruskin, "is in the slope of the meadows, orchards, and cornfields on the sides of a great Alp, with its purple rocks and eternal snows above."

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* Sainte-Beuve, "Portraits littéraires," vol. ii., p. 107.

† So Robert Browning in "The Englishman in Italy." It is perhaps worth contrasting a passage from Addison with the description of mountains in this poem:—"We are quickly tired with looking upon Hills and Valleys, where everything is fixt and settled in the same Place and Posture, but find our Thoughts a little agitated and relieved at the Sight of such Objects as are ever in Motion, and sliding away from beneath the Eye of the Beholder."—*Spectator*, No. 412.

"Oh, those mountains, their infinite movement!
Still moving with you;
For ever some new head and breast of them
Thrusts into view
To observe the intruder; you see it
If quickly you turn,
And, before they escape you, surprise them."

Yet let us not flatter ourselves. The education of our senses has only begun. We do not yet see many things; we can recognise things by a mark or two, without seeing them, sufficiently for our getting and spending purposes. We have learned some few elementary facts of nature, because we have been taught to look at them, or because, on some happy morning for a moment, when we were alone, our eyes were opened, and we saw. We hear, when we are not too deaf through selfish anxiety or pride, and when our passions and vanities are not too noisy, some of the *forte* passages in the symphony of the world; but how small a fragment of the symphony these constitute, those who have heard most of it best know. Not every one, indeed, is capable of vigour of observation in a high degree, but obvious facts should be, and at some future time will be, familiar to all. This is still far from being the case. No person surely can have looked many times at water—a lake, a quietly running river, or a woodland pool,—without having had opportunities of witnessing the phenomenon of "interrupted reflection,"—the reflection of some object, a tree suppose, a portion of which is effaced by a breeze. Yet Mr. Hamerton, who has set a good example to all studious observers in making public the contents of his "Liber Memorialis," writes,—

> "I was solemnly warned by a dealer never to introduce interrupted reflection in any picture, because, as he assured me on the strength of a long

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* One important observation Pope made—which has never been reversed—that mountains are broader at the base than the summit:—

> "Here where the mountains, *lessening as they rise*,
> Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies."

experience, such phenomena always lessened the saleableness of landscapes, as people could not understand them."

The truth is, we have as yet rather begun to *feel* that there is around us a world of wonder and beauty than actually to see it. It is in the preparation for seeing Nature, in the willingness to learn from her, the confidence in her teaching, and that receptive perception, that wise passiveness, proper to the poet rather than the painter, that we are to look for our chief general progress. But what we anticipate is, that the results of active observation, the laborious, self-conscious analysis of the appearances of the world, will after sufficient time become the inherited possession of all men, and will form a new and wider basis for that effortless perception, with all its emotional syntheses, in which lies the secret of the poetical representation of nature.

In its simplest form the poetical feeling for nature is a sublimate of many elements, intellectual, emotional, sensuous; it is not so much a feeling which belongs to any special organ of spiritual sensibility, as the whole vital movement of our being when turned in a particular direction; and it is tremulous to almost every influence that in any way, physically or mentally, affects us. It grows with our growth, passes from mood to mood as the eye becomes active and observant or passive and receptive, follows the alterations of our moral character (so that, from seeing and loving what Angelico loved and saw, we may bring ourselves to see only such things as were the troubled delight of Salvator Rosa's eye), receives a gleam or shade from every joy or sorrow we experience, and is not quite the same at any two periods of our lives. Never were days more closely "bound each to each by natural piety" than those of Wordsworth. The rainbow at which his heart leaped up in childhood never became to him, according to the dictionary definition, a meteoric phenomenon in which the sun's rays are separated into the colours of the prismatic spectrum; yet the apparition came and went at one time with the glory and freshness of a dream, which partly faded away. Wordsworth's love of nature, while to his boy's heart and senses the blinding gladness of life was overmasteringly strong, and at a later period, when he was tyrannized over by the mere organic pleasure of sight, little resembled the spiritual communion with nature of his later years, so calm and yet so rapturous—so full of passion and yet so full of thought. Still, numberless as are the forms which this feeling assumes, we discern after a while certain great typical forms among them, which it is possible to study with some hope of arriving at the chief causes of their differences. Such a study we would at present in part attempt.

In part; for many of the most important of these causes it is not our intention to investigate. Let the reader consider how the feeling for external nature is modified by the differences of individual organization, physical and mental; by the different characteristics of races; by the influence of climates,—a climate in which each morning renews the bridal pomps of the earth and sky, or one in which the years, before they are very old, if we reckon from their birth in spring, are ruined with rains and snow; of a soil teeming with life, and giving birth, with unassisted throes, to a monstrous vegetation, or of one in which every daisy is as a pearl, and the furrows must be settled with anxious hands: let him consider the influence of social and political conditions;* of periods when the atmosphere is one of sorrow, and others when it is one of joy; the influence of times of war and times of peace, of city and country life, of art, of travel, and much more that he will think of; and then he will be able to diminish what we have to say to its true proportion in reference to the entire subject.

In this enumeration one capital omission has been made,—philosophical, religious, and scientific views of the external world, and our relations to it, which obviously must affect to some extent the feeling with which it is regarded. But do they affect it to any considerable extent? Are the results of art really subject to the influence of philosophical beliefs? Are we justified in speaking of the philosophy of a poet or artist? We must try to give some answer to these questions.

Two answers we find ready to our hand. Clough wrote from Oxford in 1838,—

> "Were it not for the happy notion, that a man's poetry is not at all affected by his opinions, or indeed character and mind altogether, I fear the 'Paradise Lost' would be utterly unsaleable, except for waste paper, in the University."

This is really the popular view. Art is not supposed to be the finest effluence of the entire nature of the artist, but to be the offspring of a special faculty, imagination,—the faculty of giving to airy nothing a local habitation and a name, which operates best when judgment, reason, and reflection are laid to sleep. We shall say nothing in reply to this, but must consider another answer, the extreme opposite to the popular one, which has recently been given by a writer of high literary and philosophical attainments. "Though it is not the power of speculative reason alone that constitutes a poet," writes Mr. Masson, "is it not felt that the work of a poet is measured by the amount and depth of his speculative reason?" By this Mr. Masson does not mean that if we take a sounding of a poet's depth in the speculative region we shall so obtain a fair measure of his depth in all other directions. Even this statement would be indefensible. Shelley, for instance, judged by the amount and depth of his speculative reason, cannot hold a place amongst the great poets of this century. Still less can Keats; and it must be acknowledged that the poetry of Shelley is food too ethereal, and that of Keats too richly fruit-like, to support human nature alone. Yet what a wealth of beauty, what a satisfying fulness of imagination, what a warmth of colouring, what a splendour of life, what a joy, what a sadness below the joy, we find in the best poems of Keats! And what a grace, what a delicacy, what an aërial loveliness, what a fairy-like tinting, what a white heat of intellectualized passion, what a melody, piercing sweet, we find everywhere in Shelley! "The good stars met in his horoscope, made him of spirit, fire, and dew." But Mr. Masson's meaning is, that the worth of a poet's work, "ultimately and on the whole, is the worth of the speculation, the philosophy on which it rests, and which entered into the conception of it."* What Shelley enjoyed and suffered accordingly,—what he saw, what he imagined,—are of slight significance compared with the "philosophy," the "speculation" which entered into his work. We shall measure the worth of the best of his poetry in this way only when we have advanced to the higher criticism of those German writers who find cosmogonic theories, and inquiries into psychology, in the symphonies of Beethoven, and who urge the artists of the present day to explore with instrumental music the field of history, as the great musician of Bonn explored that of philosophy.†

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* De Tocqueville has some ingenious remarks on the influence of the democratic spirit the feeling for nature. "De la Democratie en Amérique," vol. 3, chap. xvii., ed. 1840.

The greatest of modern creators in literature, speaking of his own work, said,—

> "'Wilhelm Meister' is one of the most incalculable productions; I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it. People seek a central point, and that is hard and not even right. I should think a rich, manifold life, brought close to our eyes, would be enough in itself, without any express tendency, which, after all, is only for the intellect."

Again, Goethe said,—

> "'Faust' is quite incommensurable, and all attempts to bring it nearer to the understanding are in vain."

These sentences are from the "Conversations with Eckermann," and let us add another which states, with almost the boldness of a paradox, the truth on this subject:—

> "The conversation now turned on 'Tasso,' and the idea which Goethe had endeavoured to represent by it. 'Idea!' said Goethe, 'as if I knew anything about it. I had the life of Tasso—I had my own life. . . I can truly say of my production, *it is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh*. . . . The only production of greater extent in which I am conscious of having laboured to set forth a pervading idea, is probably 'Wahlverwandt-

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* These words occur in "British Novelists;" but it is evident that Mr. Masson measures the worth of the poet's and the novelist's work by the same standard.

† See Charles Beauquier's "Philosophie de la Musique," pp. 100-1. (Germer Baillière, 1866.)

schaften." This novel has thus become comprehensible to the understanding; but I will not say that it is therefore better. I am rather of the opinion that the more incommensurable, and the more incomprehensible to the understanding, a poetic production is, so much the better it is." * .

The speculative and the artistic natures, their modes of operation, and their products, are in truth different throughout. The artistic spirit does not operate by analysis and generalization; it does not acquire a knowledge of flowers by studying vegetable anatomy; it does not acquire a knowledge of human nature by philosophical investigation; it acquires it chiefly by realizing, through a profound sympathy with living men and women, and through the experience of life, that large fund of humanity which is the possession of every great artistic nature. Mental anatomy may be worth the dramatist's study, as physical anatomy is worth the sculptor's; but let us remember that there were no anatomical lectures in the days of Homer or of Phidias. As to the conclusions of the speculative intellect, they hardly become available for artistic purposes till they have ceased to be conclusions, till they have dropped out of the intellect into the moral nature, and there become vital and obscure. And obscure all great art is—not with the perplexity of subtle speculation, but with the mystery of vital movement. How complex soever the character of some *dramatis personæ*, for instance, may be, if it has been elaborated in the intellect, another intellect can make it out. How simple soever it be, if the writer has made it his own by a complete sympathy, it is real, and therefore inexhaustibly full of meaning. It seems very easy to understand Shakspere's Celia, or Goethe's Clarchen or Philina, they seem such simple conceptions; yet we never quite comprehend them, any more than we do the simplest real human being, and so we return to them again and again, ever finding something new. They are as clear as the sea, which tempts us to look down and down into its unresisting depths: but, like the sea, they are unfathomable by any eye.

Hence it is that the artistic product,—the work of art,—so far from being measurable, as regards its worth, by the speculation which entered into it, is far richer than any intellectual gift the artist could have offered. It rests not so much on any view of life (all views of life are unfortunately onesided) as on a profound sympathy with life in certain individual forms; and in proportion as the whole nature of the artist is lost in his work,—his perceptive powers, his sensuous impulses, his reason, his imagination, his emotions, his will, the conscious activity and unconscious energy interpenetrating one another,

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* "Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann, translated by John Oxenford," vol. i., pp. 200-1, 415-16; vol ii., p. 210.

—will his work come forth full, not of speculation, but what is so much better, of life, the open secret of art.*

Are we then justified in speaking of the philosophy of a poet. Yes, certainly. In the first place, the poet is a thinker, though not of the speculative kind. He has his views of life, and these enter consciously and unconsciously into his work; only we are to look for them there not as views, but as a part of the movement of life itself. Goethe, for example, was a thinker of the highest order, and, perhaps more than any other, resumes in himself the diverse tendencies of modern speculation. Into "Faust" entered the quintessence of fifty-eight years' experience and meditation of the greatest modern mind, and "Wilhelm Meister" is fuller of profound suggestion than most of the treatises on human nature and philosophies of life. But the suggestion is of that unbroken, that deep and pregnant kind, which real action and suffering whisper to whoever has ears to hear; and all his life Goethe had a disdain, remarkable in one of such rare intellectual tolerance, of the systems and formulas of philosophy. But, secondly, it is a strange mistake to regard the philosopher as a mere machine for the manufacture of systems. Deeper than the region of the elaborative intellect lies a region of active and moral tendencies, in which we find the main causes of the differences between one man and another, and these tendencies, often quite as much as ideas, are the material out of which a man's philosophy shapes itself. Here, then, we have right to compare speculative and artistic natures, and separate each of the two into corresponding groups. The warfare of thinkers is not a mere warfare of ideas, but of intellectualized tendencies as well; and hence the same parties that occupied the field two thousand years ago occupy it to-day. It is not pure force of logic commonly which compels one of us to enter the porch and another to enter the sty; more often we have some dim, affectionate reminiscence of antenatal porches, or a congenital faculty for scenting hog-wash. One of us has an excess of earthy particles in his complexion, and he becomes a materialist; another is born with a sensibility to all the skiey influences, and his first crowings were the rudiments of an idealistic philosophy. Zeno can be understood only by the Zeno that is in us; and if he has expelled Epicurus, we shall be to Epicurus of Samos as the deaf adder which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely. But the Stoic or Epicurean, the materialistic or idealistic tendencies, may exist in us, and not find their most natural development in the intellect. We may be gifted with active rather than speculative powers, and then these tendencies will realize themselves in a practical way; or we may be gifted with an artistic nature, and then, deriving sustenance from all the elements, they will spring up, blossom, and bear fruit in poetry and art.

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* "It has been long perceived that in art all things are not performed with a full consciousness; that with the conscious activity an unconscious energy must unite itself; that the perfect union and reciprocal interpenetration of the two is that which accomplishes the highest in art; works wanting this seal of unconscious power are recognised by the evident want of a self-sufficing life, independent of the producing life; while, on the contrary, where this operates, art gives to its productions, together with the highest clearness of the understanding, that inscrutable reality by which they resemble works of nature."—*Schelling on the Relation between the Plastic Arts and Nature*, p. 9.

The question—we may call it, as we like, a philosophical or a religious question—first in importance with reference to the feeling for external nature is this,—How does the external world stand related to me—in a hostile or a friendly way? Is it in itself good or is it evil? And are its intentions with regard to me benevolent or the reverse? Is it estranged from God and full of snares for the soul of man, or is it still God's world and lovingly disposed towards us? And since it is evident that to the senses, the imagination, and the simple human heart, the earth and sky do speak lovingly, and receive from them a prompt and joyous response, there is another question closely connected. Is the heart in such movements as these to be trusted or to be suspected? May I live with open senses and a free spirit, or is a higher life to be attained by the renunciation of freedom, even though, with the renunciation of freedom, joy and beauty disappear?

We cannot do better here than listen to M. Sainte-Beuve:—

> "To understand and to love nature, one must not be always intent on inward good or evil,—incessantly occupied with spiritual self-defence, moral discipline and restraint. Those who make a kind of cold and colourless limbo of the earth, who see here only exile and a twilight full of fear, may pass through the world and pass out of it without even perceiving, like Philoctetes at the moment of departure, that the fountains were sweet in this so long bitter Lemnos. Although no philosophical or religious doctrine (except those of absolute mortification and renunciation) is contrary to the feeling for nature; although in this great temple, from which Zeno, Calvin, and Saint-Cyran voluntarily shut themselves out, are many worshippers from every region,—Plato, Lucretius, Saint Basil from the depth of his hermitage in Pontus, Luther from the depth of his garden at Wittemberg or at Zeilsdorf, Fénelon the Savoyard vicar, and Oberlin,—it is true that the first condition of this worship of nature seems to be a certain yieldingness, a light and trustful surrender of the heart to her,* an assurance that she is good, or at least henceforth pacified and purified; an assurance that she is beneficent and Divine, or at least near to God in the inspirations breathed by her; lawful in her love-makings; sacred in her nuptials. With Homer, the first of all painters, it is when Jupiter and Juno are veiled in a golden cloud on Ida that the earth blooms below, and the hyacinths and roses are born."†

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* We have found it impossible to carry over into English the delicate meanings of M. Sainte-Beuve's language,—"une certaine facilité, un certain abandon confiant vers elle."

† "Portraits littéraires," vol. ii., p. 111.

What we may call the Puritan theory of life is therefore decidedly unfavourable to the poetical feeling for external nature,—unfavourable in proportion as it approaches its highest, its ideal expression. First, the earth is under a curse. Secondly, our own nature, in whatever is truly natural, is to be suspected; self-restraint and mortification take the place of self-development. To those who are duly mortified the world should be "a potter's house," "an old threadbare-worn case," "a smoky house," "a rotten plaistered world," "an ashy and dirty earth." "The earth also is spotted (like the face of a woman once beautiful, but now deformed with scabs of leprosy) with thistles, thorns, and much barren wilderness." "The creation now is an old, rotten house that is all dropping through, and leaning on one side." The roses and lilies are made "vanity-sick" by the sin of man, yet so abandoned are we (who even when children were "young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers"), that they can seduce us to look on them with pleasure through "our two clay windows," "these cursed eyes of ours."* This disagreeable *cento* of quotations we owe to the scrutiny of seventeenth century theology by a writer who, however insensible to the stern loveliness and moral greatness of the Puritan spirit, did not, we believe, misinterpret its tendency to asceticism. And the force of these quotations is much increased, when we consider that there is nothing merely casual or personal in them, when we consider their consistency speculatively with the doctrines on which the asceticism rested, and practically with the entire Puritan conduct of life.

Such are the thoughts which Protestant writers have expressed: yet essentially Protestantism, enlarging as it does the law-making power of the individual, is favourable to that recognition of the natural rights of the heart which Luther, our chief of men, illustrated by his life and did not scruple to embody with German plainness of speech in a famous proverb. But let us compare, in reference to the feeling for external nature, with the Puritan spirit the spirit of another asceticism,—one founded not on theological doctrine, but on an enthusiastic piety, and a passion of benevolence.

Bonaventura writes:—

> "Who can form a conception of the fervour and the love of Francis, the friend of Christ? You would have said that he was burnt up by the Divine love, like charcoal in the flames. As often as his thoughts were directed to this subject, he was excited as if the chords of his soul had been touched by the plectrum of an inward voice. But as all lower affections elevated him to this love of the Supreme, he yielded himself to the admiration of every creature which God had formed; and from the summit of this observatory of delights, he watched the causes of all things as they unfolded themselves

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* The "young vipers" extract is from Jonathan Edwards. For the rest see Buckle's "History of Civilization," vol. ii., notes, pp. 388-9.

under living forms. Among the beautiful objects of nature he selected the most lovely; and in the forms of created things he sought out with ardour whatever appeared especially captivating; rising from one beauty to another as by a ladder, with which he scaled to the highest and the most glorious."

All creatures seemed to Francis to possess "a portion of the Divine principle by which he himself existed,"—

> "Doves were his especial favourites. He gathered them into his convents, laid them in his bosom, taught them to eat out of his hand, and pleased himself with talking of them as so many chaste and faithful brethren of the Order. In the lark which sprang up before his feet, he saw a Minorite Sister, clad in the Franciscan colour, who, like a true Franciscan, despised the earth, and soared towards heaven with thanksgivings for her simple diet. . . . His own voice rose with that of the nightingale in rural vespers; and at the close of their joint thanksgiving, he praised, and fed, and blessed his fellow-worshipper." *

And let us hear, in Mr. Matthew Arnold's translation, some verses of the *Canticum Solis*:—

> "O most high Almighty, good Lord God, to Thee belong praise, glory, and all blessing.
>
> "Praised be my Lord God with all his creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light: fair is he, and shining with a very great splendour: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee!
>
> "Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which He has set clear and lovely in heaven.
>
> "Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, and all weather, by the which Thou upholdest in life all creatures.
>
> "Praised by me Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble, and precious, and clean.
>
> "Praised by me Lord for our brother fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.
>
> "Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits of many colours, and grass."

There is what Mr. Arnold might call "natural magic" in the epithets here descriptive of our brother fire—"e ello è bello, e jocondo e robustissimo e forte."

Let us then suppose that we approach Nature (we can hardly help falling into this personification) with a trustful, unclouded spirit, assured that she is loving and good: the next question is this—Is she noble? What kind of love has she to give us? And the answer is—She will be noble or not as you have the heart to understand her. She will give you the love that you desire.

In other words, the feeling for nature may be either what we may call the Epicurean or what we may call the spiritual. The eye sees what it has the power of seeing. We shall, according to our faculty, gaze with the vivid pleasure of a child upon the illuminated capitals and the flowers upon the margin of the book, or behold the visions of its prophecies and hear the sound of its evangels. But let it be observed, we use the word Epicurean in no positively invidious sense. Without a sensuous enjoyment of the beauty of the external world,—a delight unknown to common men in its mere colours and forms and sounds,—there can be no great poet, whether (if we may suggest materials for a chapter on the physiology of poets) that delight reside exultingly in the animal spirits as with Byron, or richly in the blood as with Keats, or intensely in the nervous system as with Shelley, or now with a tranquil, now with a passionate fulness, in the entire physical sensorium, as with Wordsworth. But the merely Epicurean poet rests satisfied with the delight of colours and sounds; he receives through them no intimations of spiritual presences and powers; he loves green places and flowers, and voices of the west-wind; but no flower ever brings him thoughts that lie too deep for tears; his profoundest reflection is that death is inevitable, his most serious conclusion that life should therefore be enjoyed; and even death he tries to look forward to, according to the beautiful expression of our own most perfect Epicurean poet, Herrick, as "the cool and silent shades of sleep."

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* The quotations are from Sir J. Stephen's "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography," and Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders."

Much here of course depends on individual temperament and disposition. Yet it is true that certain philosophical and religious creeds (and conditions of society which give birth to such creeds) are especially favourable to certain forms of the feeling for external nature. The tendency of Herrick (although he could write "Noble Numbers" as well as "Hesperides") was so decidedly Epicurean, that it is hardly to be supposed that any religious creed which he could have embraced would have made him care less for roses, and the roses on Julia's cheeks, or for—

> "Those lyric feasts,
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the Triple Tun."

But we can imagine that another Epicurean poet, Horace,—a much more serious spirit than the author of "Hesperides,"—had he once believed that the truth he sought for lay in his friend Virgil's spiritual philosophy, or had he possessed a Roman faith in the gods not only on a day when it thundered in a clear sky, but on all days, and had thus been delivered from that scepticism which is so kindly a soil for the growth of the Epicurean feeling,—we can imagine that Horace, though he would never have lost his gracious *bonhomie*, might have sung as well as moralized about other things than roses and myrtles, the Falernian and the Massic, and Lalage and Lydia. A materialism not too definite, a scepticism free from passionate regret for a lost faith, and somewhat tranquil in itself, and a loose-fitting, indulgent, ethical system,—these are excellent conditions for the development of the Epicurean feeling for nature. They do not create it, they do not even contain its germ; but they supply a soil and atmosphere in which it is fostered and sustained.

Here observe an important distinction. The Epicurean poet, though he sees only the surfaces of things, and of them attends only to such as are agreeable,* is still a poet; it is under the influence of emotion that he writes, an emotion through which the sensuous life of nature is interpreted and made "magically near and real." The merely descriptive writer, the literalist, though he write in verse, is not a poet at all; the essence of poetry, the essence indeed of art of every kind—emotion—is wanting to him; he may produce a frigid and imperfect copy, but he does not interpret. A materialism not too definite, we said, favoured the growth of the Epicurean feeling; a definite, a clear and elaborate materialism, is deadly to poetical feeling in any form, is essentially prosaic, and in it will be found the appropriate creed of the literalist.

An apt illustration is afforded by the literature of the last century. The conceptions of nature which lie at the basis of physical science were, for the most part, both in France and England, materialistic, and the shape which the materialistic philosophy assumed was that of a dry, geometrical mechanism. There was a mechanical theism and a mechanical atheism; but a spiritual philosophy was hard to find. A few protesting voices indeed were raised; pre-eminently in the first half of the century that of Berkeley, who in "Siris" is not more earnest in enforcing the virtues of tar-water for the body than those of the Platonic philosophy for the soul. But the Platonists were in a feeble minority; and before Berkeley's time even Cudworth, the believer in the Plastic medium, had declared his opinion that the Democritic hypothesis of nature "doth much more handsomely and intelligibly solve the phenomena than that of Aristotle and Plato." It was not, however, till the second half of the century that the mechanical philosophy obtained its complete development. Then the feeling of mystery arising from the presence of power in, or appearing through, the material universe had all but disappeared. A kind of dead force was either produced by the juxtaposition of atoms of matter, or had been introduced into them several thousand years before by an intelligent Author of Nature. The mysterious presence of power was little regarded, but there existed an eager curiosity about the arrangement of atoms, the position of parts, the construction of things. The intelligent Author of Nature was a kind of supreme watchmaker; the world was shown to be a highly ingenious piece of workmanship; and syllogisms could be constructed which would prove almost to a certainty that He, in whom we live and move and have our being, existed at least a great while ago.

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* And note how extremes meet: the Epicurean and the Purist being almost equally indisposed to acknowledge the dark side of nature and of life.

It is evident how prosaic from core to surface this way of thinking was. The poetical tendency is to spiritualize the material element of nature, but here the spiritual element was materialized. The phenomena of the world could *intimate* nothing, but from certain final causes and marks of design something might be *inferred.* To murder, to dissect, and from dissection to derive an argument, probable or demonstrative, for the existence of a "First Cause,"—this assuredly is not the method according to which the poetical spirit loves to work. Life and beauty, it seems to the poet, utter far deeper things than do final causes or evidences of design. Were this goodly frame the earth but a silent temple, its beauty would speak to him of a Divine occupant; but when the presence of the Lord,—

"In the glory of His cloud,
Has filled the house of the Lord;"—

when the voices of worshippers are heard in solemn adoring, or in choruses of triumphant jubilation,—he has no need of a physico-theological argument, and is apt perhaps to think it an impertinence. To the mechanical philosopher the phenomena of nature suggest inferences; to the poet they supply intimations. From the natural sign he goes directly to that which it signifies, never needing two premisses to warrant a conclusion. He is a lover, not a logician; and as to the lover the mere "touch of hand and turn of head" may be signs of profound and exquisite meaning, better than any words, because the simplicity and totality of emotion is destroyed in the analysis of language, so to the poet every stir, and start, and sound of life without him,—the tremble of leaves beneath an unfelt wind, the inland murmur of rivers, the upgrowing, tender light over the margin in a summer dawn, the wreathings of mountain mists, the scud of stormy lights across the sea on a wayward day of June, and the innumerable voices of waves,—these, and such things as these, are natural signs, the meaning of which often it is impossible to render into words, but which fill him with a lover's yearning and tenderness and dread, a lover's joy and sorrow. But to the mechanical philosopher all this seems at best only a pretty madness, a fine disorder in the intellect. Poor philosopher! he also is not greatly honoured by the poet. Goethe wrote,—

> "If we heard the Encyclopedists mentioned, or opened a volume of their monstrous work, we felt as if we were going between the innumerable spools and looms in a great factory, where, what with the mere creaking and rattling, —what with all the mechanism embarrassing both eyes and noses,—what with the mere incomprehensibility of an arrangement, the parts of which

> work into each other in the most manifold way,—what with the contemplation of all that is necessary to prepare a piece of cloth, we feel disgusted with the very coat which we wear upon our backs."

It would be interesting to inquire how far the great eighteenth century precursors of the Romantic school of France,—Rousseau, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (who set a high value on final causes, while he was thoroughly averse to the methods of science), and Buffon, were influenced by the mechanical philosophy of their time, and how far they escaped its influence. We cannot here enter on this inquiry, but we have something to say of a writer who was more closely related to the Romantic movement, a writer whom its leaders seem pleased to regard less as one of their predecessors than as one of themselves. A Byzantine by birth, son of a Greek mother, enjoying his childhood beneath the blue sky and among the delicious streams of Languedoc, drinking in, with a magical sense of its freshness and grace, the lyrical poetry of Greece and Rome, borne into political life in the stormiest of times, a captive for some spring months at Saint-Lazare, perishing finally on the scaffold in the bloom of early manhood, and when the year was heavy with the pomp of midsummer, André Chénier, both by his life and his writings, exercises over our hearts a subtle fascination of beauty and sadness. But what calls for our attention at present is, that he was the most exquisite of modern Epicurean poets, and at the same time was in close connection with the philosophy of his age, and projected, and in part wrote, a remarkable philosophical poem. With even more than his usual felicity M. Sainte-Beuve characterizes this poet, for whom he has always shown a peculiar regard. "A voice pure, melodious, cultured; a brow noble and sad; genius beaming forth from youth, and at times an eye dimmed with tears; the voluptuous joy of life in all its freshness and naturalness; nature in her fountains and her shady places; a flute of box, a bow of gold, a lyre of ivory; pure beauty,—this, in a word, is André Chénier." We do not know that we could anywhere find a perfecter representation and embodiment of the Epicurean feeling for nature than in some lines by Chénier, giving an account of his own poetical talent; and we will quote them entire. Let the reader observe the lightness, the purity, and the graceful animation in every touch. The poem is addressed to Camille:—

> "Mes chants savent tout peindre ; accours, viens les entendre ;
> Ma voix plait, O Camille, elle est flexible et tendre.
> Philomèle, les bois, les eaux, les pampres verts,
> Les Muses, le printemps, habitent dans mes vers.
> Le baiser dans mes vers étincelle et respire.
> La source au pied d'argent, qui m'arrête et soupire,
> Y roule en murmurant son flot léger et pur.
> Souvent avec les cieux ils se parent d'azur.

Le souffle insinuant, qui frémit sous l'ombrage,
Voltige dans mes vers comme dans le feuillage.
Mes vers sont parfumés et de myrte et de fleurs,
Soit les fleurs dont l'été ranime les couleurs,
Soit celles que sieze ans, été plus doux encore,
Sur ta joue innocente ont l'art de faire éclore."

But André Chénier, though an Epicurean, "*un païen aimable,*" in his feeling for nature cared for other things besides the summer flowers and the silver-footed streams. He felt the majesty as well as the sensuous beauty of the world. But in a way of his own. M. Sainte-Beuve, writing at a time when the "Méditations Poétiques" were haunting men's hearts with their yearning chords, and melodies of unattaining aspiration, well observes that the emotion which Chénier experienced in presence of the sublimer aspects of nature had little in common with that silent prostration of the soul "under the burden of the infinite," which has been so fully interpreted for us (as fully perhaps as such a mode of feeling can be interpreted) by later poets. The emotion of Chénier is determined and controlled by his philosophical conceptions of the universe. There is no spiritual presence behind the material phenomena, in which he yearns to lose himself; he is never—

"Rapt into still communion, that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise."

"What he admires most in the starry heavens is that which physical science has revealed to him—the worlds rolling in the floods of ether, the stars, and their weights, their forms, their distances. . . . The mind of the poet condenses and materializes itself in proportion as it is enlarged and elevated."

After all, Chénier's true place was amongst the bright flowers and beside the sweet French streams.

But Chénier's connection with the philosophy of the period is best understood from the design which remains to us of his philosophical poem, "Hermès." We should be surprised if we found him a disciple of the school of dry geometrical mechanism; we should be more surprised if we found him a disciple of the spiritual philosophy; in fact, we find that he was neither one nor the other. Mr. Carlyle has spoken of Diderot, in his essay on that remarkable man, as if he was a representative of the mechanical philosophy of France. In this Mr. Carlyle has shown more of the passionate earnestness which treats all who are not on our own side as equally our enemies, than of the disinterested discernment of the critic. The materialism of Diderot (who, however, was not always consistent with himself) was not a geometrical mechanism, but "a confused vitalism, productive and full of power, a spontaneous fermentation, unceasing, self-evolving, where in the smallest atom sensibility, latent or free, was always present." And it is remarkable that Goethe, whose disdain of the Encyclopedists we have seen, makes an exception in favour of one writer—Diderot. Now it is from Diderot's point of view (or perhaps Diderot's made more definite by Lamarck) that André Chénier, as a philosophic poet, looks at the world. He speaks not of atoms but of "secret living organs," the infinity of which constitutes—

> "L'océan éternel ou bouillonne la vie."*

It is this eternal movement of nature in birth, death, decay, and resurrection, that engaged the imagination of the poet. Matter, as it appeared to him, was not inert and lifeless; but neither was it a mode of the manifestation of a spiritual power; it was quick with life, but the life was blind, unconscious, necessary.

The complete emancipation of literature from the influence of the mechanical philosophy becomes apparent in the two greatest of modern poets,—in Goethe and Wordsworth; and both Goethe and Wordsworth possessed in an eminent degree the spiritual feeling for nature. But Wordsworth, while he found the Divine everywhere in the natural world, interpreted it nearly always through definite human emotions and imaginative tendencies; Goethe, in some of his most remarkable poems, endeavoured to grasp the Divine life of nature in itself, and not in details but in its totality. We shrink even from the appearance of viewing in a class one the movement of whose mind was so free (with a majestically ordered freedom), and whose sympathies were so all-embracing as those of Goethe. We shrink still more from applying to him a word which has been at all times so convenient to vulgar lips, and the meaning of which has been so blurred and soiled, as "Pantheist." Yet we might say truly that the spiritual feeling for nature in many of Goethe's writings is of a pantheistic kind. To explain, however, the precise meaning of this, to distinguish the dynamism of Goethe from that of Diderot, to show how this dynamism is related to the free pantheistic doctrine which emerged in Goethe's mind from the dogmatic system of his one great philosophical teacher, Spinoza, and to trace in his work as an artist the results of this transformed Spinozism, would be more than enough to occupy a separate article. We are fortunate in being able to refer the reader (if he has not been already reminded of them) to the admirable series of essays by M. Caro in the *Revue des deux Mondes,* not yet concluded, the first of which appeared in the second October number of last year.

More purely than anywhere else, the spiritual feeling for nature, and the power of spiritually interpreting it, will be found in the poetry of Wordsworth. We use these words in no vague, unintelligible sense. In the simplest sense the appearances of the world around us are

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* Notes sur "L'Hermès" (Extrait du "Portraits littéraires," de M. Sainte-Beuve). Poesies de "André Chénier," p. 356, ed. 1862.

*natural signs*, appealing through the senses to the heart and soul, and interpreted by the imagination. The depth and fulness of the interpretation varies according to the faculty of the interpreter, but when this is of the true kind it never operates arbitrarily. The objects and phenomena of the external world, by laws as strict and universal as any law of science, produce in us certain appropriate emotions, and in these emotions reside principles which guide (unerringly in a great poetic nature) the interpreting power of the imagination. I cannot look upon a flower fully and freely developed without feeling, besides the sensuous delight, if so I choose to call it, which its wealth of colour and beauty of soft contour afford, another emotion—a joyous sympathy with the fulness and freedom of its life. The connection between the sight of the flower and the appearance of this emotion, though a thousand disturbing causes may modify the result, is uniform and constant in minds of ordinary sensibility. Here, then, the imagination receives the principle which is to direct it, upon which it endeavours to enhance our sympathy and joy by making the life of the flower clear to us, whether by painter's brush or poet's pen, in its innermost reality. Are we deluded in this sympathy and joy? We do not know. Which of us can prove false the faith of Wordsworth, "that every flower enjoys the air it breathes"? Mr. Ruskin, in a recent work, writes:—

> "It seems to me, on the whole, that the feelings of the purest and most mightily passioned human souls are likely to be the truest. . . . You may at least earnestly believe that the presence of the spirit which culminates in your own life, shows itself in dawning, wherever the dust of the earth begins to assume any orderly or lovely state."*

The man of science knows just as little of the real nature of that Being of which the world is a manifestation, of that Power which moves through earth and air and sky, as the merest child. But whether delusions or not, we are so constituted that the joy and sympathy do naturally appear. They may be corrected or suppressed when we have freed ourselves from certain other delusions,—when we have rationalized ourselves sufficiently to behold, in points projected on our retinas, a colourless earth and sky, when we have ceased to imagine that the air is full of murmurs of water and songs of birds, and bear in mind that it is only in a disturbed state of vibration, when we speak no longer of the perfumes of flowers, but of the motions of odourless effluvia,—then, and not before.

The imagination, we have said, does not interpret arbitrarily. The appearances of the world are natural signs, not arbitrary symbols or allegorical figures. Just as a child is moved instinctively in different ways by a frown and a smile, so instinctively arise emotions corresponding to the expressions of joy or sadness, love or anger, on the face of nature. The mind, however, is not passive; it contributes an element of its own to the phenomenon, so that the sight of beauty may at one time fill us with gladness, and at another stir the source of tears. Hence the "liberal applications" that lie in nature and in art.* But still the interpretation of neither nature nor art is arbitrary. The tears or smiles would appear on any other human face as well as on ours, if only some natural cause brought that other human heart into a like condition. When David Gray, dying in the Merkland cottage, with all his dreams of poetry and fame unfulfilled, wrote,—

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* "The Ethics of the Dust," p. 211. Read also Frederick Robertson's "Sermons," Second Series, p. 165.

> "Oh, beautiful moon! oh, beautiful moon! again
> Thou persecutest me until I bend
> My brow, and soothe the aching of my brain,"—

we feel the utter truth of that. We understand, although the experience is no common one, the persecution of that too much beauty, and understand also, in the close of the sonnet, the true poet's self-transcending joy (with a continuing undertone of sadness) in the immortal loveliness of the world,—a joy like that with which Eglamor, letting fall one great tear, printed a kiss upon the hand of his victorious rival Sordello. There is a universal truth for the hearts of all men and women in that sonnet, though few of us are poets, and none of us in the precise circumstances of the dying Scotch lad. If we might turn a Scriptural phrase from its precise meaning (misunderstanding it in the popular way), and apply it to our subject, we should say, "No writing in God's natural revelation is of any private interpretation." When we disregard the significance of natural signs, and the real relations between external appearances and human emotion, and when we *read into* the appearances of nature some private allegorical meanings of our own, our poetry is always bad, and our piety, if we understand what we are doing, often doubtful. When Mr. Keble for example writes,—

> "The works of God above, below,
> Within us, and around,
> Are pages of that book to show
> How God himself is found.
>
> "The moon above, the Church below,
> A wondrous race they run;
> But all their radiance, all their glow,
> Each borrows from the sun.

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* Tennyson's "Day Dream," Moral.

> "The saints above are stars in heaven—
> What are the saints on earth?
> Like trees they stand whom God has given,
> Our Eden's happy birth;"—

when Mr. Keble writes this, and more of the same kind, he is not interpreting the pages of God's book, but reading his private meanings into them. De mortuis nil nisi *verum*. Mr. Keble had no power of vision, no penetrative imagination, no gift of "natural magic;" he wrote poetry (somewhat of the later Wordsworthian type, yet matched with even that "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine"), but he was not a poet. He had, however, a true though feeble feeling for nature; but a desire to render the external world peculiarly sacred by establishing unreal relations between its phenomena and ecclesiastical and religious concerns, at times effectually succeeded in de-naturalizing what feeling he possessed. Because our opinion is *not* that of the majority we feel the more bound to express it. The time and money spent on bad poetry are, as Mr. Palgrave says, a direct loss to good; much more the thought and feeling. And all feeble poetry is bad poetry. If we are in a minority in not thinking highly of the writings of the author of the "Christian Year" as poetry, we believe we are also in a minority when we set an inestimable value on the writings of Wordsworth, Milton, Chaucer, Dante. And in each case we believe our opinion is no result of individual feeling, but capable of critical demonstration. At present, however, we have to notice only one occasional characteristic of Mr. Keble's poetry. When, Mr. Keble tells us the moon is a type of the Church, and the stars of the saints, we feel that he interprets nothing, though he may be fortunate in making a point for the intellect. These relations or analogies, and such as these, are developed as a general rule not through energy of imagination, but ingenuity of thought. When, in his poem "The Oak," he finds a number of points of comparison between oaks and priests, we feel that there is no sympathy with nature in this, and no true imagination. Oaks are quite as like priests as senators; but with Keats, sympathy with the life of nature is real, and the power of imaginative rendering perfect:—

> "As when upon a trancèd summer night,
> Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
> Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
> Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
> Save from one gradual, solitary gust,
> Which comes upon the silence and dies off,
> As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
> So came these words and went."

But did not Keats here read his private meanings into nature? Was the night really "tranced"? Were the stars "earnest"? Did the oaks "dream"? We answer, Perhaps not: we do not know. But we do know that any one who has moved in a summer wood at night will say, These are the right words; they interpret what I indeed felt; they *find* me in the heart of my imagination. And every word of the passage is also subservient to the interpretation of Thea's forlorn voice and utterance. Perhaps the oaks did not dream. Perhaps also they were not green; only, as we are not acquainted with the one real metaphysical colour or colourlessness (probably it is a kind of grey), it seems better to call them green than blue; and so we think it better to have poetry interpret for us what human beings do feel, than what they do not. Better even if the feeling be a delusion. We have great faith in these delusions, and think them more sacred than the most perfect system of divine conceits.

Here we conclude: we began this article with a dream of saying much beside what we have said,—something about classical mythologies, Oriental pantheism, Hebrew monotheism, modern science, modern scepticism both of the positive and the sentimental kinds, and of the influence of all these on the feeling for external nature. The dream evidently cannot come true. But if the reader sees how little we have really said, and considers how much more the subject contains, and is left by us very much dissatisfied, we shall take it as a consolation.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

# CHURCH VESTMENTS.

*Beiträge zur Kirchengeschichte, Archäologie, und Liturgik.* Von Dr. CARL JOSEPH HEFELE, Professor der Theologie an der Universität Tübingen. 2 Bände. Tübingen. 1864. Band 2, ss. 150—222, "Die Liturgischen Gewänder."

*Rites and Ritual: a Plea for Apostolic Doctrine and Worship.* By PHILIP FREEMAN, M.A., Archdeacon and Canon of Exeter, &c. With an Appendix, containing the opinions, on certain points of Doctrine, of Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. Third Edition. London. 1866.

*The Ritual Law and Custom of the Church Universal.* By JOHN JEBB, D.D., Rector of Peterstow, &c. Second Edition. London. 1866.

*A Plea for the Threatened Ritual of the Church of England.* By JAMES SKINNER, M.A., Vicar of Newland, &c. Second Edition. London. 1866.

*Sacramental Worship. A Sermon for Easter-Day. With an Appendix on the use of Music, Painting, Architecture, Lights, Incense, Vestments, &c., in Christian Worship.* By the Rev. EDWARD STUART, M.A., Incumbent of S. Mary Magdalene's Church, Munster Square, Regent's Park. Third Edition. London. 1863.

ENGLAND appears to be the chosen area of "vestment questions." Even before the Reformation, it is evident from the decrees of synods and the letters of archbishops, that the dress of the clergy, both in the church and out of it, was a matter that gave some anxiety to the powers that were in those days. In the Reformation history there is probably no more well-remembered incident than poor Bishop Hooper going to prison rather than wear a scarlet chimère: for some generations after, eager Puritans raved against square cap and surplice, as if they had been actually inventions of Satan, whose *horns*, indeed, they found in the corners of the cap:* most of us remember the time when the "religious world" almost fainted at the sight of a surplice in the pulpit; and now the ecclesiastical Adria, agitated by ritualistic and vestiarian gales, has thrown up a great heap of pamphlets, from which I have picked a few of the most characteristic specimens. Of the English pamphlets whose titles stand at the head of this article, much the most noteworthy is that of Archdeacon Freeman, which sets forth, in a manner worthy of the author's learning and ability, the superiority of the *rites*—the sacraments which Christ has left in his Church—over the *ritual*, or ceremonies which merely accompany the rite.

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* Strype's "Annals" (an. 1565), p. 451; in Skinner's "Plea," p. 49.

Dr. Hefele, the well-known Roman Catholic Professor at Tübingen, has collected into two volumes a number of scattered essays inserted at various times in different theological periodicals; among them, one on "liturgical vestments." To us in England, where at present vestments are the most prominent subject of ecclesiastical controversy, this calm, learned essay of Dr. Hefele's comes almost as a voice from some other world. It touches on none of our controversies, scarcely on any controversies at all; it barely notices the mystical meanings which have been attributed to the various vestures; it marches steadily and firmly through a field covered with the *débris* of conflict, and haunted by ghosts of unburied mysticisms. I intend, taking Dr. Hefele for my guide, and availing myself of his abundant learning, to sketch the history of the principal Church vestments. I do not venture to attempt an account of all the nine articles of episcopal dress, or even the six sacerdotal, but only of those the names of which have been for the last year or two in all men's mouths,—the alb, chasuble, dalmatic, cope, surplice, and stole.

In the main, the history of all dresses of state and ceremonial is the same. The official dresses worn by nearly all members of ancient corporations are simply glorified remains of the common costume of some former age; they are vestiarian fossils embedded in a stratum of tradition. In civil ceremonies, gentlemen-ushers and the like are naturally so constituted as to think that the world is coming to an end if shoe-strings are seen where buckles have always been seen before: in regard to religious vestments, not only are the clergy everywhere, on the whole, a conservative body, but their dress is constantly regulated by canons of councils, and watched over with a jealous eye by superiors. To take a very common instance; the hood was once the most common head-covering in England, and the graduate's distinction consisted in being allowed to wear a hood of a particular form and material; now, the hood has become a mere ornament for the back of the surplice.* The long coat, or "cassock," was not always distinctively clerical; Falstaff's men dared not shake the snow from their *cassocks* for fear of falling in pieces. The ermined robe which peers still wear on rare occasions was once the ordinary dress which an earl or baron would assume when he put off his coat-of-mail and surcoat. The alderman's gown is a relic of the time when no dignified person would appear in public without some kind of gown or cloak. The higher dignitaries of the law perpetuate the periwig of Charles the Second's time; and the very Court suit, abhorred of Mr. Bright, is but the ordinary dress of a gentleman of the early Georgian era: while the Quaker dress, fast passing away, is the plain citizen's garb of about the same period.

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* I cannot agree with Archdeacon Freeman in thinking the hood "the amice in simpler and less significant form."—*Rites and Ritual*, p. 69.

And the same is true of the dress of ecclesiastical office-bearers. The gown and cassock, which are now rarely seen except in the pulpit, were, as late as Parson Adams's time—and Parson Adams can hardly be supposed to have lived more than a hundred and fifty years ago,—the ordinary every-day dress of clergymen. They have maintained their position as the proper garb of a clergyman whenever he appears in a strictly clerical capacity, while in ordinary life they have been superseded among Englishmen—and I believe among Englishmen only—by a dress scarcely distinguishable from that of a quiet layman. This circumstance symbolizes, and perhaps partly causes, the much slighter separation between the ordinary life and the tone of thought of clergy and laity in England than in foreign countries; and this easy and unrestrained intercourse of minister and people is productive of very great advantage to both: the clergy have here less of the narrow professional bias which is one of the besetting sins of the priesthood; the laity less aversion for the clergy than is usually the case among our continental neighbours.

But further; not only were the gown and cassock, now the preaching dress of a large proportion of the clergy, merely the ordinary dress of a clergyman even as late as the early part of the last century; but the same kind of history may be given even of those vestments which seem most remote from the garb of common life, most entirely belonging to the service of the sanctuary. Their history reaches back to a more remote antiquity than that of gown and cassock, but it is precisely of the same kind. It may seem a startling assertion, yet it is one which may be proved by the strongest evidence of which such a subject admits, that the alb and chasuble, which have lately reappeared in some Anglican churches, to the scandal of good Protestants, are but the glorified representatives and lineal descendants of the garments worn by a decent Roman in the time of the apostles. And if the assertion be startling, it is by no means new; as long ago as the beginning of the ninth century, Walafrid Strabo asserted that the celebrating priest in primitive times wore the ordinary dress; and the same thesis has been maintained more recently (to pass over less eminent names) by Cardinal Bona and Louis Thomassin.

To begin at the beginning. There is no trace in Scripture that the apostles and first disciples, in celebrating the Holy Eucharist, wore any other dress than that in which they commonly sat at table. The only trace of any distinctive ornament whatever having been worn by an apostle is in the traditions preserved by Eusebius and Epiphanius,[*] that the Apostles James and John wore on their brows a thin plate of gold like that of the Jewish High Priest; a tradition which appears to Dr. Hefele, not an unreasonable sceptic, by no means trustworthy. Even if true, it is true only of these two great apostles; nothing of the kind is asserted of their brethren. It cannot be said that any distinctive dress was assumed in general by those who ministered in Christian worship during the apostolic age.

The first step towards a distinctive dress for the ministrants in divine service seems to have been made when the custom arose of reserving a special suit, still of the same form as the every-day dress, for use in the sanctuary. It is clear that the dress of the minister did not vary in form from the usual civil dress; for in some of the most ancient wall-paintings in the Roman catacombs, the priest, in the very act of oblation, wears vestments of the same fashion as the figures about him.[†] Yet that the articles of dress were themselves different from those of common life, is clear from several passages. Pope Stephen (about A.D. 260), when he forbids the priests and Levites to bring their consecrated vestments into every-day use,[‡] shows that at any rate priests and deacons had robes solemnly set apart for use in public worship; while his words prove at the same time that the dress of the ministrant was so like that of the ordinary citizen, as to admit of being worn in the street or the house. The difference between the priest in the street and the priest in the church was probably much the same as that between an English parson of three hundred years ago visiting the poor in his threadbare cassock, and the same man going to church in his newest and best; though in order to make the illustration perfect, we must remember that lay people wore cassocks as well as the priest.

Supposing, then, that in the early Church the sacerdotal costume did not differ in form from that worn in ordinary life by citizens of the better class, though the several articles of dress used in divine service were reserved for that service only; we are met by the question, Of what kind and fashion was this dress? The answer is not difficult.

Over almost the whole of the civilized world in the first century of the Christian era, the dress commonly worn by free citizens consisted of a long tunic reaching to the ancles, and some kind of cloak or wrapper; the "coat," and the "cloak" or "garment," respectively, of our Authorized Version of the New Testament.* The shorter tunic worn by the hardy Dorians and active Athenians was exceptional in the ancient world. The wrapper (ἱμάτιον) of the Greeks, and the famous toga which distinguished the Roman citizen from the soldier or the barbarian, agreed in this, that they were formed of a single web of cloth, and put on according to the taste or convenience of the wearer, like the familiar Scotch plaid of our own times. This toga, however, proud as the Romans were of it, came to be in some measure superseded during the Empire by a wrapper, which had the advantage of being more quickly and easily put on—the pænula. This consisted simply of a circular piece of cloth with an opening in the centre to admit the head, which, when put on, fell round the wearer so as to cover his body completely. It was, in fact, almost exactly like the "poncho" which was popular in England some twelve or fifteen years since. Such was the "cloak" which St. Paul left at Troas with Carpus. The tunic and pænula are the legitimate progenitors of the alb and chasuble, or "vestment," which were found in every church in England four hundred years ago, and have lately re-appeared, to the delight of a few and the indignation of many.

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[*] Euseb., "Hist. Eccl.," 3, 31; 5, 24; Epiphan., "Hær.," 78, 14.

[†] Hefele, p. 152.

[‡] See the Roman "Breviary," August 2, lect. ix. (Pope Stephen's Day).

The tunic, of whatever material, was generally white, or in the case of persons of rank, white with one or two vertical stripes (*clavi*) of purple reaching from the neck to the lower border. From its white colour it came to be called "alba" simply, without the addition of the word "tunica;" and "alb" has been its name ever since it has been adopted into the service of the sanctuary. The first instance which Dr. Hefele has discovered of the word "alba" used substantively to denote the tunic is in Trebellius Pollio, who mentions an alb of some kind of mixed silken stuff (*albam subsericam unam*) among the presents made by the Emperor Gallienus to the victorious general Claudius, afterwards himself emperor.† This was about the middle of the third century. Towards the end of the next century, we find express mention of the alb as an ecclesiastical vestment; for the supposed Fourth Council of Carthage orders the deacon, during oblation or lection, to wear an alb;‡ and though the "Fourth Council of Carthage" is probably altogether imaginary, the canons which are brought together under that heading seem to be genuine remains of the latter part of the fourth century. From a canon of a synod held at Narbonne in the year 589, we learn that the usual irreverence of men who go through a mere perfunctory service had begun to show itself; it was found necessary to restrain the deacons, subdeacons, and readers from stripping off their albs before the service of the mass was ended.[*] Then again, some three hundred years later, we find Bishop Riculf, of Soissons, in the year 889, renewing the old prohibition against using the same alb in service and in every-day wear:[†] the indecorum *now* seems to have been, not that of putting consecrated vestments to profane use, but of using the every-day garb in the celebration of the mysteries. This gives us an interesting glimpse into the costume of the age. In that part of Gaul about Soissons, the short Teutonic frock had probably superseded the long tunic as the dress of laymen, but the learned clerks maintained the garb, as they did the speech, of old Rome;[‡] and an idle and indifferent priest would think it a work of supererogation to change the alb of common life for another garment of precisely similar shape and perhaps material.

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* *E.g.*, St. Matt. v. 40; ix. 20. St. Paul's "cloak" (2 Tim. iv. 13) was a "pænula;" the Lord's robe, in Rev. i. 13, was ποδήρης, a long tunic reaching to the feet.

† "Vita Claudii," cc. 14 and 17.

‡ In Bruns., "Canones, etc.," i. 145.

The alb was, for the most part, of white linen, though we have seen above that in the third century an alb which formed part of a "Court dress" was of some rich material, partly silk. Nor were the albs used in Divine service by any means invariably of white linen. We find that in the time of Pope Benedict III., in the middle of the ninth century, an English king presented to St. Peter's Church at Rome certain albs wholly of silk, with some kind of pattern inwoven, and "clavi" (stripes) of gold.[§] Pope Victor III., towards the end of the eleventh century, presented to the famous monastery of Monte Cassino, of which he had once been abbot, two magnificent albs of cloth of gold, and seven of silk;[‖] and Pope Innocent III.,[¶] after his manner, finds in the golden embroidery of albs a fulfilment of the psalmist's words, "Upon thy right hand did stand the queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colours."

The alb, then, seems to have been promoted from the uses of daily life to form part of the vestments of those who minister in the church. What of the upper robe, or "pænula"?

As to its name: as it covered the man completely, so that his head seemed to emerge from a kind of moving wigwam, it received the name of "casula," the little house,[**] whence our word "chasuble" is derived; from the meandering form which the border assumed as it hung from the shoulders,* it was called "planeta;" while the Greeks called it φαινόλης or φελόνης, names evidently near akin to pænula. These latter were again transformed into φελώνιον or φελόνιον, in which forms they frequently occur in the Liturgy of St. Chrysostom. We must not, however, on that account rashly conclude that the liturgical use of the vestment was contemporary with St. Chrysostom; for the Liturgy, as is well known, contains many interpolations of later date.

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[*] Bruns., ii. 61.

[†] Hardouin, vi., par. i., 415.

[‡] Even to this day the long "soutane," or cassock, distinguishes the priest from the layman on the continent of Europe.

[§] Hefele, p. 171; who refers to Anastatius, the Roman librarian.

[‖] *Ibid.*, p. 172; but for Dr. Hefele's high authority, I should have thought these "camisii" *dalmatics* rather than albs.

[¶] "De Sacro Altaris Mysterio," lib. i., c. 51.

[**] "Casula . . . per diminutionem à casâ, quod totum hominem tegat, quasi minor casa."—*Isidore of Seville*, "*Origines*," xix. 24.

That the chasuble was identical with the pænula is proved by the evidence both of literature and of monuments. It was still used as a lay garment in the sixth century; for Procopius, in his history of the Vandal War, speaks of certain people who wore what the Latins called κασοῦλαι,†—clearly a barbarous way of writing "casulæ." And even when we find the casula mentioned in connection with ecclesiastical persons, we are not at once to conclude that it was a *church* vestment. When Cæsarius of Arles leaves to his successor his hairy (*villosa*) chasuble, it seems to be simply as forming part of his best suit; and when it is said of Fulgentius of Ruspe, still in the sixth century, that he neither himself wore, nor permitted his monks to wear, chasubles of brilliant colours, it does not appear that these were liturgical vestments, but rather part of the ordinary dress of monks. It is not, in fact, until the beginning of the ninth century that we find clear and undoubted mention of the chasuble as a vestment used in the ritual of the Church. At that period we have the contemporary testimony of Amalarius of Metz and Rabanus Maurus, and thenceforward the constant use of the chasuble in the ceremonies of the mass is proved by abundant testimony. The same garment is, however, mentioned as a vestment of the celebrant early in the seventh century under the name "planeta."‡

But pictorial evidence in this case carries us back to a somewhat earlier date than literary. In the famous mosaic in the Church of St. Vitalis at Ravenna, a work of the sixth century, Archbishop Maximian is seen in a chasuble of the ancient fashion, falling as low as the knees, but thrown back so as to expose the right hand, in which he holds a cross. He wears also the pallium of an archbishop, not however in the conventional modern shape. Precisely similar in form is the chasuble of St. Willigis, who died in the year 1011, preserved in St. Stephen's Church at Mayence.

So long as the chasuble was made of some limp and pliant material, the sides might be raised by acolytes, or by strings at the shoulders, so as to leave the hands of the celebrant free during the celebration of the mysteries. But when the rich stuff of the vestment came to be stiffened with embroidery, often of gold thread, this was no longer possible, and the sides of the chasuble were cut away, so as to leave the priest's hands free for handling the sacred vessels. Thus was formed what is sometimes called the *Gothic* chasuble, which in the period of the Renaissance lost almost all trace of its original form. In vain Carlo Borromeo procured a decree, in a council of his province, restoring to the vestment something of its old length and amplitude; the course of innovation was not arrested; as late as 1859, the archiepiscopal consistory at Prague reiterated the ordinance of Milan, with the addition that chasubles should be made of soft and flexible silk, so as to fall in the more graceful and easy folds of the ancient garment.* The Greek Church, with its characteristic tenacity of ancient custom, has never abandoned the old form.

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* "Quia oris errantibus evagantur."—*Origines*, xix. 24.

† In Ducange, under "Casula."

‡ At the Synod of Toledo, in 633. See Hefele, p. 198.

The vestment which a natural association brings to mind next after the chasuble is the dalmatic, the long garment with sleeves worn by the attendant deacon at high mass. Its history is as follows:—

In the second century after Christ, the historian of the Roman Emperors, Ælius Lampridius, blames both Commodus and Heliogabalus for appearing in public in their *dalmatics;* † in earlier times, he says, if a young Roman had appeared in the streets in such a dress, he would have been thought to be under his parents' displeasure: and four centuries later we find the senatorial tunic of Gordian, Gregory the Great's father, described as a dalmatic. In the "Acts of the Martyrdom of St. Cyprian" we are told that the saint, after his condemnation, took off his dalmatic, which he handed to the deacons who were with him, and went to his death in his linen tunic or shirt.‡ So far the dalmatic—once the national costume of Dalmatia—appears simply as an article of ordinary dress; and it was probably thought as indecorous for an emperor to appear publicly in his dalmatic, without some kind of stately cloak or toga, as it was in the seventeenth century for a Vice-Chancellor of Oxford to walk down the "High," as the handsome Puritan, John Owen, did, "*in cuerpo*," *i. e.*, in doublet and hose, without cloak or gown.

With regard to the introduction of the dalmatic into Divine service, Anastasius, the Roman librarian, informs us that Pope Silvester, early in the fourth century, disliking the appearance of the deacons as they ministered at the services in their sleeveless tunics, gave them the privilege of wearing dalmatics with sleeves. This seems at first to have been a peculiarity of the *Roman* deacons; but the fashion soon spread, and by the eighth century we find the dalmatic constantly mentioned as a characteristic part of the dress of a deacon. It was frequently adorned with two vertical stripes of purple, reaching from the neck to the lower border, as may be seen on the figures of clerics in the Ravenna mosaic; and its length was greater than the modern fashion prescribes. The dress of the sub-deacon has come to differ but little from that of the deacon: but in ancient times the sub-deacon had no distinctive official dress at all. Gregory the Great tells us,* that primitive custom had prescribed no official dress for the sub-deacon, and that, though one of his predecessors had assigned them a distinctive vestment, he himself still preferred the older fashion. This distinctive vestment he describes as a linen tunic; its use seems to have spread, in spite of the great pontiff's disfavour, and the "tunicle" became gradually the ordinary dress of the ministering sub-deacon. It differs so little, if at all, from the dalmatic, that "dalmatic" and "tunicle" seem to be used, not unfrequently, for both vestments indiscriminately."

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* Hefele, p. 200.

† "Vita Commodi," c. 8; "Heliogabali," c. 26.

‡ This brings to mind Foxe's account of the deaths of Cranmer and others.

Probably some of my readers remember the following sentence from Wheatley;—"As to the name of *surplice*, which comes from the Latin *superpellicium*, I can give no better account of it than what I can put together from Durand, who tells us it was so called, because anciently this garment was put *super tunicas pellicias de pellibus mortuorum animalium factas* — upon leather coats made of the hides of dead beasts." †

It is tolerably clear, I think, that Durandus understood the true origin of the surplice, though he instantly proceeds, as his manner is, to overlay the fact with symbolism; but it may fairly be doubted, from worthy Mr. Wheatley's puzzled air, whether he understood Durandus. Nevertheless, the origin of the surplice is by no means recondite or obscure.

In the early Middle Ages, the monks, who had daily to recite long offices in cold, damp churches, found it expedient to adopt long coats of skins as a part of their choir costume. These were called "pelliceæ," whence we derive our word "pellisse." These pellisses are mentioned as an essential part of a monk's costume in a succession of statutes from the beginning of the ninth century onwards. As time went on, and the "religious" grew rich, they grew luxurious; dainty English abbesses and canonesses were forbidden by a London synod, in 1117, to make their pellisses of any more precious fur than lamb-skin or cat-skin; and again, in 1200, a synod at the same place restricted the Black monks and nuns (Benedictines) to lamb, cat, and fox-skin. ‡ It was felt, however, that these "leathern coats made of the skins of dead beasts" were not a very suitable garment for those who were reciting solemn offices in choir, and the "super-pelliceum," sur-pellisse, or *surplice*, a looser kind of alb, was devised to hide the rough skins, so that warmth and decorum should be attained at once. The earliest mention of the surplice which Dr. Hefele has discovered is in the third canon of the synod of Coyaca (1050), in the diocese of Oviedo; two generations later, William of Malmesbury* speaks of canons wearing copes and surplices; and in 1227 a synod at Trèves enjoined all priests to appear at diocesan synods either in black copes (*capas*) or in surplice and stole.† It is clear also from ancient records, that the primitive surplice was a long, loose linen robe, reaching to the feet; and it is not until the fifteenth century that we find distinct mention of a surplice descending only to the middle of the leg; a form which was afterwards still further abridged. Nor do we find in the Middle Ages any distinction between the surplices of prelates and of priests: the surplice with sleeves gathered close round the hand, or "rochet," appears as a characteristic vestment of secular bishops in some districts in the fifteenth century.‡

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* "Epistolæ," lib. ix., ep. 12.

† "On the Common Prayer," p. 84 (ed. Corrie).

‡ Hefele, p. 174.

The gorgeous "cope," which we sometimes see in processions and elsewhere, is, as its Roman name, "*pluviale*," rain-cloak, testifies, only an *edition de luxe* of the wide cloak with a hood worn by all classes and both sexes as a protection from the weather. The name "cappa," or "capa," whence we get both "cope" and "cape," is thought to be derived from the fact of the garment covering the head (*caput*), which the panula did not. Indeed, the word "capa" seems originally to have meant simply a hood; for an abbot of Monte Cassino, writing to Charlemagne, says that what the Gallic monks called *cuculla*, they (the Italians) called *capa*. The cope still retains a trace of its once characteristic hood in the semicircle of embroidery which passes round the shoulders. The wonder-working mantle of St. Martin of Tours was a cope (A.D. 400); the rule of Chrodegang (about 760) ordered the senior half of the monks in a convent to receive new copes every year, when the old ones were to be transferred to the juniors! A generation or two later, their condition seems somewhat to have improved; for the great synod of Aix-la-Chapelle enjoined that each monk should have two copes. These were seemingly for ordinary wear in the house and in the choir offices. The first mention of the cope as a strictly *liturgical* vestment is in the sixth "Ordo Romanus," which orders two priests in copes to assist a bishop performing pontifical high mass; Honorius of Autun (about 1140) mentions the cope as the vestment commonly worn in singing the service in choir; and Pope Nicolas III., in 1280, enjoined the minister who censed the altar to wear a cope of silk. The cope also figures commonly in processions. In the English ritual of 1549, still in force, it is allowed to be substituted for the chasuble, or "vestment."

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* Hefele, p. 175.

† Mansi, "Concilia," xxiii. 25.

‡ Hefele, pp. 176-7.

Of all the articles of sacerdotal dress, the most perplexing to an investigator is the "stole." Originally, the word "stole" designated a robe, especially a long and flowing robe. The scribes loved to walk in "stoles;"[*] the father of the prodigal put the best "stole" upon his repentant son;[†] the great multitude of St. John's vision were clothed in white "stoles;"[‡] and this old Greek signification has somehow clung to the English word "stole" even to this day: the young ladies who talk of "white-stoled choirs" hardly deserve the ridicule which is sometimes cast upon them. But how did the strip of silk which hangs over the priest's shoulders acquire the name "stole"? To this question I doubt whether any thoroughly satisfactory answer can be given; the account of the thing itself, however, is much less perplexing than that of its name.

We must dismiss the name "stole" altogether for the present, and make the word "orarium" our starting-point. This word is found in a fragment of the old satirist Lucilius, and is frequently used by authors of later date to signify, seemingly, a strip of linen for wiping the face (*os, oris*).[§] There were four "oraria" among the presents which Gallienus made to Claudius: Aurelian gave "oraria" to the Roman people, "quibus uteretur populus ad favorem"—for the people to use to express their partiality. Were these "oraria" handkerchiefs to wave in honour of a successful candidate, or were they not rather "election favours" of the emperor's colour? Perhaps the latter is the more probable supposition. That the "orarium" was something of the nature of a band or strip seems clear from the circumstance that Evagrius, the Greek Church historian, uses the word *τελαμών* apparently as the equivalent of St. Augustine's "orarium," where both describe the bandage by which a wounded eye was held in its socket.[‖] Assuming, then, that—whatever the derivation of the name may be—the "orarium" was a narrow slip of some kind of flexible material, let us inquire into its ecclesiastical use.

The first mention of the orarium as an ecclesiastical vestment is found in the Canons of the Council of Laodicea, about the middle of the fourth century, in which sub-deacons, readers, and singers are forbidden to wear the orarium.[¶] About the same date, Chrysostom, in his sermon on the Prodigal Son, compares the deacons to angels, and the "strips of fine linen over their left shoulders" to angels' wings.[*] In a succession of councils of the sixth and seventh centuries, we find the orarium with alb recognised as the characteristic dress of a deacon, while orarium and chasuble (*planeta*) are conferred on the priest, orarium, ring, and pastoral staff on the bishop: the priest is to wear his orarium over both shoulders, the deacon over the left shoulder only; and it is especially enjoined, in the case of the deacon at least, that it should be *without gold or colour.*[†] In short, from the fourth century onward, we find an article of sacerdotal dress in use by bishops, priests, and deacons, resembling in all essentials, and in the manner of wearing, the modern "stole;" and the conclusions which we draw from the decrees of councils are abundantly confirmed by pictorial evidence.

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[*] St. Mark xii. 38.

[†] St. Luke xv. 22.

[‡] Rev. vii. 9.

[§] *προσώπου ἐκμαγεῖον.*—"Etymologicum Magnum." Archdeacon Freeman derives the word from "ora," a border, and supposes that the "orarium" was but the ornamental border of a robe, separated.

[‖] Compare "De Civ. Dei," xxii. 8, with "Hist. Eccl.," iv. 7. Hefele, p. 187.

[¶] Canons 22 and 23; in Bruns., i. 76.

For more than four centuries this vestment is constantly called, both by Latins and by Greeks, "orarium;" in the begining of the ninth century, Rabanus Maurus[‡] speaks of it as the "orarium, which some call the *stole;*" and his contemporary, Amalarius of Metz, speaks of it as "the stole" simply. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries, "stole" gradually became the more usual name, though in English documents as late as the thirteenth century, "orarium" and "stola" appear as equally well-known terms. Of this change of name, only ingenious conjecture can be offered in explanation. It has been conjectured, without historical data, that the "stole" was anciently a flowing robe, and that its ornamental *border*, retained after the disuse of the robe itself, pepetuated the name of the whole.[§] But, to say nothing of its want of evidence, this theory does not explain the phenomena; for we want an explanation of the fact that the very same vestment was known for four or five centuries as the "orarium," before the name "stole" was applied to it. If the theory above mentioned were true, we should expect the name "stole" to be the earliest name borne by this border of the robe: the robe of which it was the border—if it ever existed—must surely have been forgotten before the ninth century. In short, the name "stole" remains a mystery.

The colour of all the garments used in divine service was in ancient times *white*, only varied by a few stripes of purple, or some dark hue. Almost all nations have recognised in pure white garments a fitness for solemn services in honour of the Deity. The Roman poet, when he saw the long white-robed processions streaming up to their holiest temple, recognised a natural correspondence between the pure robes and the festal day.* And it was not otherwise in the early days of the Church. Jerome tells us of the white vestments of bishops, priests, deacons, and other clerics, and Gregory of Tours names particularly white *chasubles.* The first mention of robes of any other hue than white occurs in the year 476, when Acacius, Archbishop of Constantinople, draped himself, as well as the throne and altar in his cathedral, in black, in token of mourning for the violence which Basiliscus offered to the decrees of Chalcedon; nor do we find any mention of church vestments of any colour but white and black, or at least dark coloured, before the days of Innocent VII. (A.D. 1200). That pontiff treats expressly† of the "four chief colours," gives their symbolism, and mentions the days on which they should be used. In his scheme, *white* is the joyous festival colour; blood-*red* is appropriated to the commemoration of martyrs; *black* symbolizes mourning and penance; *green,* which is regarded as a kind of neutral colour, is the one adopted on days of no special solemnity. Violet, which was afterwards the fifth church colour, appears in Innocent's work only as a sub-species of black, used principally on the Holy Innocents' Day, and on the Sunday "Lætare" (4th in Lent). According to the modern practice, violet is the usual mourning colour, while black is reserved for Good Friday and masses for the dead. All this colour symbolism is entirely wanting in the Eastern Church; a Greek "pope" will no doubt wear his most magnificent robe on the highest festivals, but it will be with perfect indifference to the significance of its colour.

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[*] *λεπταὶ ὀθόναι ἐπὶ τῶν ἀριστερῶν ὤμων*; quoted by Hefele, p. 187. It must be confessed that this is an odd comparison, if the *ὀθόναι* were mere strips. Dean Stanley ("Eastern Church," p. 300, 3rd ed.) states that the deacons at Constantinople, at least on some occasions, wore *linen wings.*

[†] See the Councils of Braga, A.D. 563 and 675; and of Toledo, 633; in Bruns., ii. 34 and 90; i. 232, 234.

[‡] "De Clericorum Institutione," lib. i., c. 19; in Hefele, p. 192.

[§] Freeman, p. 64, following Mr. Skinner in the *Guardian.* Hefele, p. 193.

Now, suppose that one of the "Seven Sleepers," who have been at rest in Ephesus since the middle of the third century, were to make his appearance in London; would he not find the simple surplice and stole of the English presbyter, as he would see it in nineteen churches out of twenty, much more resembling the white robe, with its dark clavus, which he had been accustomed to see in some Ephesian church, than the red, or green, or violet robes which he might find in some few English churches? I cannot help thinking that he would.

This, however, is but a question of detail. Looking at the question broadly, may not much be said in favour of the ancient vestments and a somewhat splendid ritual? Assuming that albs and chasubles are not illegal—a point which need not be discussed here—no doubt their use may be very forcibly defended. It is quite certain that many cultivated laymen, like him who had such charming "companions" in his "solitude," have found the ordinary services of the Church of England somewhat cold and formal, and surrounded by too prosaic circumstances. The order, decency, propriety, and good sense which almost everywhere characterize the Church of England services,—congenial as they are to the great majority of Englishmen, do not satisfy all minds. The feeling that "some things might be adopted with advantage from the Roman Catholics" has, I am sure, stolen over many who have seen the *poor* as well as the rich worshipping in the solemn nave of some foreign church. There are many who long for a church with a "very grand ritual," as well as "a very simple creed, and a useful and devoted priesthood," and are not prepared to admit that "these combinations are only in Utopias, Blessed Islands, and other fabulous places."* To state the case in the eloquent words of Archdeacon Freeman,—

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* Ovid, "Fasti," i. 79.

† "De Sacro Altaris Mysterio," lib. i., c. 65; in Hefele, p. 158.

> "It is a question at least worth asking, whether we have not indications of a greater disposition than we have commonly given our people credit for, to be moved by such things,—by sacred song—by fair vestments—by processional movement—by festal decoration? Whether we have not been foregoing hitherto, to our great loss, certain effective ways of influencing our people for good? whether there must not, after all, be less truth than has been commonly supposed in the received maxim, that Englishmen care nothing about these things, nor can be brought to care for them; that they have not in them, in short, the faculty of being affected by externals in religious matters; that the sober Saxon spirit loves, above all things, a simple and unadorned worship; and the like? The writer is not ashamed to confess that he has, in time past, shared in this estimate of his countrymen, but that experience has greatly shaken his confidence in the correctness of it. And he may therefore be accepted, perhaps, as a somewhat unprejudiced witness, when he testifies to so much as has come under his own notice as to the effect of the 'ritual developments' of which he has above spoken. He can bear witness, then, that with these accompaniments the services of the sanctuary have become to many manifestly a pleasure and a delight; that these influences are found to touch and move, even to tears, those harder and more rugged natures, which are accessible to scarce anything else; breaking even through the crust of formality or indifference which grows so commonly over the heart of middle age." †

To such considerations as these, so earnestly and forcibly urged, who can refuse to attend? And if it be once agreed that there is nothing *unspiritual* in a certain splendour of the externals of worship; if we may fairly look upon the glorified synagogue of Apocalyptic vision as the type of the highest worship, rather than the decorous and instructive assemblies which appear to some more spiritual because certainly not sensuous; if the services of the Christian sanctuary ought to satisfy the *whole* man, and our worship emulate that of the saints,—

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* "Companions of my Solitude," p. 225 (5th edit.).

† "Rites and Ritual," pp. 60-1.

> "In solemn troops and sweet societies,
> That sing, and, singing, in their glory, move."

if these things be so, what garb so fitting for the ministers of the sanctuary as a nobler and more dignified reproduction of that of the Lord himself and his Apostles? If distinctive vestments must be worn in Divine service—a point as to which there is no difference of opinion in the Church—why not adopt those which are at once beautiful, and of the deepest historical interest? The "vestments" stand, in fact, somewhat on the same ground as Gothic architecture; as the interest of that style consists not only in its intrinsic beauty, but in its unbroken development from the time that the Romans first introduced the arch into their buildings, so the vestments are not only striking objects in themselves, but links which connect us with the very first age of the Church. On such grounds as these, a very strong case may be made out on behalf of the decried ecclesiastical dress.

But the case is, in practice, by no means so simple. In the first place, though the much-disputed articles of dress are indeed ancient, they come before us in this age purely and simply as an innovation. Our Gothic churches have been always before our eyes, so that when, some years ago, men found mystical meanings in pinnacles and gurgoyles, little harm was done; but all the research of ritualists has not discovered a cathedral, a college chapel, or a remote village church, where albs and chasubles have been in continuous use from the days of Elizabeth to those of Victoria. Now those "grey sisters," Use and Wont, always rather stern goddesses, rule with an especially despotic sway over matters of religious observance. The worthy lady in Jean Paul's "Siebenkäs," who could not go to church in comfort because the young preacher said "Petr*os*" instead of "Petr*as*," is in fact the type of a large number of church-goers. Every innovation must expect opposition, simply because it is an innovation; and innovation in such a delicate and important matter as religious worship can be justified only on the plainest grounds of right and duty.

But further; the thorough-going ritualists utterly refuse to be defended on the grounds indicated above; a defence of splendour in worship on æsthetic grounds, as conducing to satisfy the aspirations of the worshipper, is to them not merely futile but offensive. Thus Mr. Skinner:*—

> "Ritual and ceremonial are not only not defensible, they are intolerable, as mere ecclesiastical literature, or religious æstheticism, or any other formalism. They are not even to be endured as mere securities for decency and

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* "Plea for Ritual," p. 24.

> reverence. They are the signs of realities, or they are nothing. They are the expression of the mind of the Spirit, or they are nothing. They are the witnesses of momentous truth, or they are nothing. They belong to the very substance of religion."

Much to the same effect, Mr. Stuart * expresses his scorn for marble and gold lavished on a church by men who "mean nothing by it;" that is, as he proceeds to explain, men who do not make the altar the most gorgeous and conspicuous object in the building.

This brings us to the root of the matter: that the vestments and their accompaniments are valued wholly or chiefly by those who use them, as setting forth with due solemnity, and surrounding with fitting pomp, the adoration of the consecrated elements. Lights and incense and vestments are to give "honour to the throne of God's sacramental presence on earth;"† or as Archdeacon Freeman expresses the matter, in his clear and vigorous language, it is held by some,—

> "That one purpose, and a very principal one to say the least, of the Holy Eucharist, is to provide the Church with an object of Divine worship, actually enshrined in the elements—namely, our Lord Jesus Christ; and that the Church ought, accordingly, to pay towards the supposed personal presence of Christ on the altar, and towards the elements as containing Him, that worship which at other times she directs to Him as seated at the right hand of God." ‡

That this doctrine was unknown to the first ages of the Church Archdeacon Freeman assures us, and we can well believe; that it is countenanced by our present Prayer-book is not contended by any: in the more "catholic" First Book of Edward VI., any "elevation or showing the sacrament to the people" is expressly forbidden; clearly that there might be no pretext for worshipping the elements. The doctrine in question cannot, I believe, plead the authority of any eminent Anglican divine; it is clearly repudiated by the venerable Bishop of Exeter;§ last, not least, it is rejected by the most thoughtful and earnest of our liturgical writers, Archdeacon Freeman. That it can plead a Mediæval prescription is true; but Englishmen are not prepared to receive doctrines, deliberately rejected at the Reformation, simply because they found favour with popes and councils of the twelfth century.

The advocates of the doctrine in question would fain have us believe that the outcry against it is the offspring of mere ignorance and irreverence. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The greater weight of learning and ability is certainly not on the side of the ritualists; and even if the majority of the anti-ritualists, like the

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* "Sacramental Worship," p. 27. † *Ibid.*, p. 32. ‡ "Rites and Ritual," p. 36. § *Ibid.*, p. 98.

majority of all other parties, can give no very good reason for their abhorrence of eucharistic adoration, their instinctive dislike is not, in fact, unreasonable; however undignified the feeling may be in itself, its object is, in fact, an enemy of spiritual truth. For it needs but little acquaintance with the history of the Church to see that the worship of the supposed Christ enshrined in the elements does, in fact, derogate from the worship of the real and true Christ, who is our High Priest in heaven.

And this derogation, it is quite certain, will not be tolerated either by the higher mind or by the popular Protestantism of England. If the vestments are inseparably connected with the doctrine of an earthly Christ; if alb and chasuble "connote" adoration of the Lord enshrined in the elements, then no æsthetic considerations, no desire to give by their use greater beauty and dignity to the service of God, will avail to establish them in the affections of Englishmen; it will be for the good of the Church that they should be seen no more.

Yet I most earnestly deprecate legislative interference. Vestments, lights, and incense are but the symptoms of a peculiar phase of thought; when this phase passes away, the outward symptoms will either cease of themselves or be deprived of all significance. To apply enactments to the "vestment question" would be something like attempting to cure the scarlet fever by a cold lotion. The present heat and excitement will die away, as previous ecclesiastical fevers have done; the ritualist party will share the fate of the Simeonite and other parties; that is, a time will come when whatever was right and sound in their teaching will have established itself, and whatever was faulty and fanciful will have died away. To hasten this consummation, let all faithful members of the Church do their best to maintain in it true, sound, and reverent thoughts of things Divine; and be content, in the matter of worship, with working out the two leading conceptions of the English Church, NOBLENESS with SIMPLICITY.*

S. CHEETHAM.

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* "Rites and Ritual," p. 85.

# THE CAMBRIDGE CLASSICAL TRIPOS.

A FEW weeks since a paragraph appeared in a London paper, stating that important changes were in prospect in the examination for the Classical Tripos. It attests the interest taken in university affairs throughout the country, that this paragraph, or the substance of it, has been repeated in almost every London journal, and a very large number of provincial newspapers. We think, therefore, that a short account of the discussion which has been going forward of late, and has led to the anticipations in question, may not be unacceptable to our readers. For the benefit of those to whom the name is not familiar, we may begin by explaining what the Classical Tripos is. It was established a little more than forty years ago, with the view of giving those young men who, during their residence at Cambridge, had devoted themselves especially to classical studies, an opportunity of distinguishing themselves similar to that for many years past offered to those whose taste led them to mathematics. In the year 1822 the Senate passed a grace, ordaining the appointment of four examiners yearly, whose business it should be to examine such candidates as presented themselves for classical honours, arrange them in order of merit, and divide them into three classes. A certain number of papers were to be set, containing passages from Greek and Latin authors for translation into English; and certain others, containing passages from English writers, to be turned into Greek or Latin prose or verse compositions. To these of late years it has been customary to add a paper of questions in ancient history. This examination was confined to such commencing Bachelors of Arts as had succeeded in obtaining a place in the list of mathematical honours in the preceding January, so that no one was admitted to it who could not show a certain acquaintance with mathematics. This restriction has now been—we confess to being of the number of those who think unwisely—removed for about sixteen years past, and it is now sufficient to have passed that portion of the previous examination, or "little go," which is required of all candidates for honours in any department of study, and to have resided a certain number of terms. The first laurels of the new tripos fell worthily on the head of Benjamin Malkin, son of the then Head Master of Bury School, to whom his own enthusiastic devotion to classical learning must have made his son's success singularly grateful. Mr. Malkin was one of the first contributors to the publications of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and after giving other fair promise of distinguishing himself in his generation, died at an early age in India. Although the contributors to the *Philological Museum* were too advanced in university standing to have come under the new examination, yet it is fair to assume that the impulse given thereby to classical studies may have had some share in inducing the editors to take that enterprise in hand. At any rate the publication of those papers, introducing, as they did, into the investigation of historical or philological questions a breadth and profoundness far excelling the pettifogging commonplaces of the *Museum Criticum*, with which a previous generation of scholars had amused themselves, followed soon after by the translation of Niebuhr's "History of Rome," gave to Cambridge scholarship a largeness of grasp, together with an accuracy in detail, which it is to be hoped will always characterize it. The career of the Classical Tripos, thus prosperously begun, has lasted with unabated vigour and success to the present day, and it is somewhat singular to observe, in looking down the footnotes to the lists in the *Cambridge Calendar*, how many first-class men have since taken a leading place among their contemporaries, while the mathematical lists seem somewhat shorn of the glories they could boast in the days of the Pollocks, Bickersteths, Aldersons, and Maules. In literature, the "New Cratylus" was one of its earliest fruits, and there are some who seem to think that "Ecce Homo" may be one of the most recent. However, as there is no human institution that does not stand in need of repair or improvement, so in process of time it has come to pass that it seems to be the general opinion that the Classical Tripos wants mending. Hence has arisen the discussion to which we adverted above.

Early in May this present year there was distributed among the resident members of the Senate a copy of a paper which had been submitted, it was stated, to the consideration of the Board of Classical Studies. It bore the signatures of Mr. Clark (Public Orator) and Mr. Burn, Fellows and Tutors of Trinity College. The changes it proposed were shortly these:—To make the Chancellor's Medals examination (established in 1751 for the adjudication of gold medals to two commencing Bachelors of Arts who show themselves the greatest proficients in classical learning), complementary to the Tripos examination, so that the former should occupy the department of pure scholarship, and the latter should represent the union of scholarship with a wider knowledge of the subject-matter of classical works. To omit from the present Classical Tripos examination one of the Composition papers, two of the Translation papers, and the History paper; and to substitute for them a paper on Plato's "Republic," and the Earlier History of Ancient Philosophy; a paper on Aristotle's "Ethics," and on the Later History of Ancient Philosophy; a paper on Greek and Roman History and Antiquities; and a paper containing six subjects for historical essays, upon one of which an essay shall be required. The effect of these changes would be, according to the view of the proposers, to make the medals prizes for accomplishments in scholarship, while distinction in the tripos would be attained by a wider range of study. Two very important educational objects would be answered, the writers think, by such an extension of the Classical examination. First, those who now come to the University well trained in scholarship would, while they improved and ripened their skill in writing and interpreting Greek and Latin, at the same time have a fresh interest awakened in their minds by a new field of study. Secondly, a considerable class of students who are now excluded from high classical honours because they have not had the advantage of a public school training in composition, would be encouraged to read for the Classical Tripos. In support of the former of these propositions, they remark with great truth that—

> "It is to be feared, that under the present system too many of our classical students make but small progress during their university course. Their studies are, with slight differences, a mere repetition of what they learned at school. No fresh impulse is given to their minds by being introduced into a new and higher region of knowledge. The prospect of an examination would lead them to consolidate and systematize their knowledge, and would render it available as a basis for future philosophical or historical studies."

A paper so signed, and containing such important proposals, was sure to command respectful and deliberate consideration. Accordingly, although evidently issued with the express purpose of inviting discussion, notwithstanding the fact that it was addressed to the Board of Classical Studies, and not to the general body of the Senate, some days passed before any one came forward either to support or attack it. In the meantime there appeared a report from the Board of Classical Studies, making known to the Senate some recommendations contained in a memorial from the examiners for the Classical Tripos of the present year. Of these we will quote the only one which concerns our present subject, and which we venture to think excellent:—

> "They recommend, that in Regulation 2 (*i. e.*, of the regulations for the guidance of the examiners), the words 'of questions shall be given in ancient history,' be omitted, and the following be inserted in their place—'shall be given, which shall consist of not less than eight subjects for essays, one half of which shall bear upon the history, literature, or antiquities of Greece; and one-half upon those of Rome. And two essays only, one on a Greek, the other on a Roman subject, shall be accepted from each candidate.'"

Mr. E. C. Clark, late Fellow of Trinity College, was the first to debate publicly the changes advocated by the Public Orator and Mr. Burn. Agreeing with them in the main, he could not quite coincide with them in some parts of the scheme they recommended. He would prefer to see the philosophical paper made *general*, including all that is usually comprehended under the term Philosophy, except Neo-Platonism:—"By giving a number of subjects for essays, two only to be selected by each candidate, we should, I hope, encourage men to read their favourite branch of philosophy with care, and avoid that disgorging of analyses to which I fear *set* subjects would give rise." Mr. E. C. Clark would also add a philological paper on the plan of alternative essays. He would include under the term Philology questions not only relative to the languages of Greece and Rome themselves, but also to the connexion between these and others. On the other hand, Mr. Clark would strike out *both* the verse composition papers from the Tripos examination, retaining them in the examination of candidates for medals, and differs from the Orator and Mr. Burn in wishing to retain the two translation papers which they omit.

Almost on the same day a paper was distributed signed by Mr. Cope, Fellow of Trinity College, in which he considers the necessity or expediency of adopting some of the suggested alterations, and expresses his dissent, at least in one or two points, from the views of the reformers.

Like Mr. E. C. Clark, Mr. Cope questions whether the withdrawal of two translation papers from the Classical Tripos examination is an alteration for the better. He declares his faith in translation, especially from good prose authors, as an instrument of education, and enforces his opinion with much power in the following words:—

> "The exact study of language—I am not now speaking of language in general, or comparative philology, but of the study of any particular, special

language, selected for the purpose, as Greek or Latin—with the grammatical and logical analysis that it induces, seems to be one of the most efficient instruments that can be employed for the training and discipline of some of the most useful and valuable faculties and habits of the mind. It has a direct tendency to cultivate and enforce habits of close attention, of nice and accurate observation, exercised for example in the comparison of usages of words and grammatical structure of sentences, of discrimination of subtle differences, of sorting and sifting, of generalization and classification and combination, as in distinguishing the various senses of words, or collecting into general rules and principles, grammatical and philological (take Grimm's law as a splendid example), the results of observation and comparison; to say nothing of the taste and ingenuity and judgment essential in the rendering with accuracy and spirit the thoughts and words of a Sophocles, an Aristophanes, a Thucydides, a Demosthenes, or a Cicero, out of their own grand language into ours. All this furnishes an exercise of a kind hardly to be surpassed in educational value, and supplies materials for the cultivation and exertion of some of the best and highest of our intellectual faculties."

To our minds nothing can be truer than this statement of the value of the exact study of a language, and we earnestly hope it may meet with the attention it so well deserves. Mr. Cope seems indifferent about the withdrawal of one of the verse composition papers, "holding the practice of verse composition to be innocent, ingenious, nay, laudable, if not carried to excess; a graceful accomplishment, but not particularly useful for purposes of education." On the introduction of essays into the Classical Tripos, or other examinations, he disagrees entirely with the writers of the paper before us. He says:—

"It seems to me that an essay, to be worth much as a test of knowledge and intellectual power, requires both time and thought in a far greater degree than anything else that can enter into an examination, and also than the limited duration of any examination can allow. All questions have at least two sides; most have a great many more. A man of words and of rhetorical habits and powers, δημηγορικός, as Plato calls him, an empty, showy, and superficial thinker, can often make a display, without consideration and in the briefest time, which will outshine the imperfect work—imperfect only by reason of the want of time—of a man of real knowledge and ability, who sees that the subject on which he is called upon to write *has* more than one side, and is embarrassed by his very knowledge in the selection of the right mode of treating it, and wanting, perhaps, in facility and readiness in the arrangement and expression of his thoughts. Slow and deliberate, he is placed at a grievous disadvantage in comparison with his more dexterous competitor, a disadvantage which it seems to be our especial duty, as far as possible, to counteract and remedy, not to add weight to and augment."

We frankly own these arguments do not appear to us conclusive. Agreeing entirely with Mr. Cope, that it ought to be our object to keep out of our university examinations, "the encouragement of shallowness and dexterity at the expense of solid abilities and genuine learning," we do not see that the introduction of alternative essays is contrary to this sound principle. Suppose, for example, a paper to be set, as at present, containing six questions on Roman, six on Grecian history. A man sits down to it thoroughly well up in facts and dates, answers it point by point, adding here and there a remark or two he remembers at second-hand from epitomes of Grote or Thirlwall, Niebuhr or Merivale, and forces from the unwilling or hoodwinked examiner almost the full number of marks. Another, more disposed to think over what he reads than to devote his mind to accurately mastering dates and details, cannot "narrate the principal military and naval operations between such and such dates," "sketch briefly the constitution of this or that State," or "mention the principal changes introduced by So-and-So," in the true "Mangnall's Questions" style, and is utterly confounded by an examiner who "expects dates in all cases." But he finds two or three points about which he has reflected, and which he can discuss with care. This he does, and sends up his work; but how can an examiner give him that superior credit to the other whose case we have supposed, which he undoubtedly deserves? Now, supposing a number of subjects for essays to be set, of which candidates are only permitted to choose two, it is hard to see, even after making all allowances for what glibness and showy superficiality may do, how a man without some genuine knowledge of what he is writing about can get marks. We cannot help thinking that, as compared with the present system, the introduction of essays would have an effect precisely contrary to that which Mr. Cope anticipates. But to proceed.

Mr. Vansittart protests against the proposed changes, "believing that they are faulty in themselves; and further, that they would be a bar to real improvements." He especially objects to the introduction of philosophy into the Classical Tripos. He remarks,—

> "This element belongs more properly to the Moral Sciences Tripos: a tripos which, though needing and deserving encouragement, the authors of this scheme seem to ignore.
>
> "By all means let us encourage the study of philosophy: especially let us encourage classical men to add to their scholarship philosophy. I should welcome any scheme for extending the element of classical philosophy in the Moral Tripos, and so inducing more classical men to go in for it. Of this hereafter. It would also, in my judgment, be a great gain to the University if all colleges (or at least all colleges where fellows are not really chosen by examination) made it a rule not to elect any '*hominem unius tripodis*.' If all candidates for fellowships had to take honours in two triposes, many men would pass on from the Classical to the Moral Tripos, to exercise there that 'precision of thought' which is unattainable except by a knowledge of language. By these or similar means we might encourage philosophy without discouraging scholarship."

Mr. Vansittart proceeds to discuss the comparative merits of the Cambridge and Oxford systems of classics, expressing his preference for our own, partly because the Oxford system discourages scholarship, and partly for this most weighty reason:—"I believe that in these times of doubt and discussion the best safeguard of true religion is to be found in that school of patient and accurate study of the Greek Testament which flourishes at Cambridge: whose excellence is clearly due to the particular character of their previous classical training." Mr. Vansittart proceeds to object to that part of the proposal which "makes the Chancellor's Medals examination complementary to the Tripos examination." It sounds to his ear "perverse to propose the limited test for the few best, and the fuller form of examination for the many;" and he would reverse the plan. No doubt there are several strong arguments in favour of this view, yet we do not see why the other should be called "perverse." We can conceive that Messrs. Clark and Burn perfectly understood and meant what they said, and would be found prepared to support their own proposal by powerful—possibly convincing—reasons. It is a question on which it appears that much may be said on both sides, and one which will perhaps prove not very easy of settlement. A little farther on, Mr. Vansittart hits his opponents harder:—

> "There is one sentence in the paper which does utterly puzzle me: 'It must be felt by all scholars that sufficient encouragement is already given to accurate knowledge of the languages of Greece by the university scholarships, and by various other prizes and emoluments,' &c. How do university scholarships, or any other prizes, encourage those who have no chance—who even know that they have no chance, of getting them? Take my own college, for instance. Are we to say that men below the mark of a Trinity scholarship ought not to be encouraged to study the classical languages as accurately as they can? Or that the most backward men are less in need of encouragement?"

The History paper he regards as an experiment that has failed, and would be delighted to eject it, without, as we understand, substituting a paper of subjects for essays. This is intelligible, and seems not unlikely, in the end, to be the conclusion arrived at by the University. Mr. Vansittart then goes on to promulge a scheme of his own, which our limits do not permit us to produce as a whole, and which it would be unfair to attempt to condense. Without saying it is likely to be taken as it stands, we cannot doubt that it will be an important element in assisting the Board of Classical Studies to frame any new arrangement. One word regarding a remark in his Postscript, in which, speaking of the memorial of the classical examiners, he says, "Why was it not proposed to restore the old rule, that four examiners should look over the Composition papers?" If by this we are to understand that marks are at present adjudged by single examiners to each piece of composition set, we must venture to say that such a practice is likely to lead to very undesirable results.

Mr. Holmes, Fellow of Clare College, appears on the whole to support the changes. But he is unwilling to lessen the amount of verse composition, and gives up the substitution of "historical essays" for "answers to questions in history," which he had formerly supported, "on account of facts which have since come to his knowledge." One would like to know what these facts are. Of the reduction of the Translation papers from six to four, he says,—

> "It will be felt as a great relief by all parties concerned. Nor will it be difficult for the examiners to include in their selection of pieces the same number of authors as at present, if in each paper the passages set for translation be increased in number and diminished in length. The minor authors are indeed well deserving of study, and are in themselves attractive. Of these it will be easy to vary the selection from year to year."

Mr. Cope's arguments, already quoted, make it unnecessary to do more than inquire with regard to this paragraph, how Mr. Holmes proposes to keep out luck? If he "varies the selection of minor authors from year to year," surely men will speculate which are likely to be set in the next examination, and read them accordingly. Surely Mr. Holmes, instead of strengthening Messrs. Burn and Clark's case, has indicated a reason for fearing that the detail of their proposal of which he speaks, may introduce the seeds of much unfairness into the examination.

Mr. Holmes incidentally informs us that the minimum standard required for classical honours is about one-third of the total maximum of marks. We think this statement very timely, and calculated to raise materially the respect in which low classical honours are held. Considering the great weight given at present to prose and verse composition, and the very unsatisfactory nature of the History paper, it does appear singularly creditable that the examiners should have maintained the minimum standard at so high a point. We earnestly hope that Mr. Holmes, in anticipating in the year 1868 "a new class of candidates, inferior to the third class of the present tripos," does not mean to say that he thinks the present minimum ought to be lowered. The approaching changes will be disastrous indeed, if they force on us the prostitution of our honours. But we hope better things. We take, however, the opportunity of remarking that it might prove of much use, and we do not see how it could do any harm, to let candidates know a little more definitely what measure of marks is assigned to different parts of the examination. A man might then deliberately neglect that part in which he felt he was not likely to be successful, in order to devote less divided attention to that in which he felt stronger. Surely it would rather tend to increase than diminish that thoroughness of work which all agree in advocating.

Mr. Mayor, Fellow of St. John's College, is inclined on the whole to support Mr. Vansittart's scheme. He wishes, with him, to remove history and political antiquities, as independent branches of study, to a History Tripos, requiring in the Classical Tripos merely answers to questions naturally arising from the passages set, saying most truly that the History paper has had an effect the very contrary to that which many of us hoped from it. With Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Mayor is disposed to increase the number of triposes. This may be well; but is it possible? If the number of triposes is to be so increased, where shall we find examiners? In this matter we must be content to take, not what is ἁπλῶς ἄριστον but what is ἄριστον ἡμῖν. The following suggestion deserves consideration:—"Law and medicine also admit a permanent traditional element, by which they link on to classics. The mathematical tripos has Euclid: if it could make room for the scholarlike study of other standard works in ancient mathematics, it too might help our tripos and be helped by it."

Mr. Mozley, Fellow of King's College, desires to largely increase the scope of the Classical Tripos examination. He names eighteen modern writers, and asks, with some contempt, how many men there are who have taken honours at Cambridge, who have a tolerable acquaintance with even half of these? We sincerely hope, very few. Considering the imperfect abilities and opportunities of most men, it would be far wiser for a man to try to be "*hominem unius libri*," than to be galloping wildly over the literature of four or five tongues. Many of us, too, are but hewers of wood and drawers of water to our generation, neither nursed by charity nor favoured by fortune, and must try to earn our bread by help of the little we learned in early days, content with turning to the best account we may our scanty leisure and few opportunities of keeping up our humble scraps of knowledge. We do not apprehend, however, that Mr. Mozley's views will find much favour. If there is one thing that is clearly understood in the University of Cambridge, it is the truth and value of Buttmann's favourite maxim, "*Multum non multa*," and we entertain no fear of multifarious reading meeting with encouragement there.

*Sed manum de tabula.* Our limits warn us to close. We do not think we have omitted to notice any of the papers hitherto published, and if any of the writers feel we have done them imperfect justice, we must plead in reply that we have done the best our space permitted. One hope we venture to express in conclusion, that whatever changes be introduced, nothing will be done to lessen the esteem in which the University at present holds that sound grammatical knowledge which is the special glory of Cambridge, and which was never more valuable than in the present days of doubt and controversy. Every day we live seems to illustrate more brightly the truth of the saying attributed to Scaliger, "Theology is grammar." One thing more, too, it is due to the writers of the papers before us to point out—the fairness and courteous consideration for other men's views with which the discussion is conducted. They are all animated by the spirit which one of them justly claims for himself in criticising Messrs. Clark and Burn's proposals:—

> "I am not influenced by any love of mere contradiction and opposition, or desire of displaying my own superior sagacity, or indeed by any other motive than that of consulting what I sincerely believe, according to the best of my judgment, *γνώμῃ τῇ δικαιοτάτῃ*, to be the true interests of the University, and of that portion of the young men committed to her charge to whom she undertakes to impart classical instruction."

All who know what Cambridge is will be prepared to expect this. But there are those elsewhere who seem to give the University credit for neither wisdom nor moderation, and would fain tinker up by legislation from without, those faults and deficiencies which they assume she is too blind to see or too stupid to amend. It would be well if such a discussion as the present might convince these gentlemen that she is able to see faults in her system, and amend them in a proper spirit, and at a fit season. No doubt she has the measure of imperfections incident to all human institutions, and will continue to have them, in spite of all the wisest heads can devise or the boldest hands execute. But she has done good service to this country in her time, and, if let alone, will live, we trust, to do much more.

THOMAS MARKBY.

# NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*The Battle of the Two Philosophies.* By an INQUIRER. London. 1866.
*The Philosophy of the Unconditioned.* By ALEXANDER ROBERTSON. London. 1866.

SMALL books on great subjects belong to that class of literature which men, gods, and columns do not permit to be middling. They are usually either very good or very bad. "Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum." In the hands of a master, nothing is more valuable than a brief exposition of a difficult argument, omitting all superfluities, and concentrating the reader's attention on essentials. In the hands of a bungler, the straightforward style of a small book is sure to expose the defects which a little circumlocution might have partially concealed. As a fallacy is most easily detected when reduced to a bare syllogism, so the emptiness of a pretender to philosophy is never so conspicuous as when he attempts to be concise.

The two little books which we have named at the head of this article furnish a striking instance of these two extremes. The anonymous author of "The Battle of the Two Philosophies" is a man who thoroughly understands what he is about—a diligent student of Sir William Hamilton's writings, and apparently, also, a personal pupil of the late Professor. The "Inquirer" has evidently so far profited by his master's teaching as to be able thoroughly to grasp his meaning, and to give the essence of his speculations in a concise and lucid form; while his personal relations to the deceased philosopher give an additional interest to his little work, by enabling him to add the zeal of an attached friend to the sympathy of an intelligent and liberal critic. It is probably to the friendly element in the composition of the book that we owe the following acute remarks on the comparative popularity of the two rival philosophers:—

"Sir William Hamilton always declared he neither would nor could teach any who would not think for themselves. And most thoroughly has he kept his word. Whoever becomes his scholar is put into an intellectual gymnasium, and forced to face every

> problem, define every term, and analyse every fact for himself. Still, in his works, fragmentary as most of them are, the now silent master seems to say to us all, as he was wont to say in his lecture-room, 'Think, and I will help you to learn; refuse to think, and I have taken very good care you shall learn nothing here.' How could such a teacher be popular in an age so eager to learn, so abhorrent of the labour of thought, as the present? Now Mr. Mill's writings not only instruct us, they think for us. His readers float down towards his goal on the stream of his lucid style, admiring the skill of his reasoning, instructed by the information he gives, rejoicing in the new and fertile fields of thought which every fresh turn brings into their view, and interested in watching the process of mind laid open to them; but never once compelled to take to the oars or to think for themselves. How can a teacher so agreeable, as well as talented, but be popular!"—(Pp. 3, 4.)

On the charge of "inconsistency," Mr. Mill's favourite and enormously exaggerated accusation against Sir W. Hamilton, our author neatly remarks,—

> "It would not be difficult to show, both from history and reason, that all sound philosophy, whilst thus incomplete, must be liable to the objection of inconsistency. The Greek philosophers before Socrates were mostly quite consistent, each with his own scheme; and their systems have long perished. Plato was abundantly inconsistent with himself, and lives. We cannot harmonize our conclusions together, until we have them all complete; and we cannot tell what conclusion each separate set of facts will lead us to, until those facts have been ascertained, analysed, and classed. Till this has been done, what we want is not the united testimony of all, but the independent testimony of each."—(Pp. 7, 8.)

We pass over some severe but not unjust remarks on Mr. Mill's *animus* towards his deceased antagonist; on his disposition, illogical as well as ungenerous, to trace every supposed error to "some personal deficiency, some mental incapacity, in Sir W. Hamilton himself;" and on the "refinement of ungracefulness" which characterizes his concluding summary of the *merits* of his foe. The remarks of our author are well worth reading; but we must pass on to the more strictly philosophical portion of his argument.

The "Inquirer" proceeds to examine Mr. Mill's attack on Sir W. Hamilton's philosophy with reference to three principal subjects:—1. The Philosophy of the Conditioned, involving the relativity of human knowledge; 2. The doctrine of Free-will, which Mr. Mill regards as the central idea of Hamilton's system, and the determining cause of most of his opinions; and, 3. The doctrine that mind and matter, an *ego* and *non-ego*, are original data of consciousness—these being questions of principal importance, and affording ample grounds for testing and comparing the ability of the two metaphysicians.

In examining Mr. Mill's criticism of the "Philosophy of the Conditioned," our author calls attention to that confusion between *infinite* and *indefinite* which has been pointed out in a former article in this Review, as vitiating the whole of Mr. Mill's argument. Mr. Mill denies that the conception of infinite space is negative, because "instead of thinking away every character of the finite, we think away only the idea of an end or boundary." On this our author remarks,—

> "What other character belongs to the finite, except this very one of being ended, of having bounds, he does not tell us. But when I assert of any given space, It is finite, what other character do I affirm of it than this, that it has an end? And when I affirm, Space is infinite, what more do I affirm than this, It has no end? Indeed, Mr. Mill admits this is true of 'the Infinite, that senseless abstraction,' but denies it is true of infinite space. 'In trying to form a conception of that, we do not think away its positive character; we leave it the character of space, of its three dimensions, and their geometrical properties. We leave it also a character which belongs to it as infinite—that of being greater than any other space.' Surely this last is a delusive expression. Infinite space so includes all space, that it leaves us no other space with which to compare it; else we could add that other space to it, and make it bigger still. Do we then assert that infinite space is not greater than its part? No, we deny we can think of it as a whole; if we could, we must say it is a whole infinitely greater than all its finite parts put

together, which is inconceivable. . . . In truth, when we strive to think of infinite space, the nearest approach we can make to it is this notion of an indefinite space, which Mr. Mill has substituted for it. But these two conceptions are not only verbally, they are really wholly distinct. An indefinite space is a space of the extent of which we think vaguely, without knowing or without thinking where its boundaries are. Infinite space has certainly, and quite distinctly, no boundaries anywhere."—(Pp. 15—20.)

To Mr. Mill's assertion, that the goodness of God is absolute but not infinite, because "there are not infinite degrees of right;" because "downwards there are as many gradations as we choose to distinguish, but upwards there is an ideal limit," our author replies,—

"It would be difficult to realise the dreariness of the universe, if indeed goodness at the best be finite, whilst evil is infinite. If, gifted with a life that is to last for ever, and a nature that finds happiness only in progress upwards, our progress in goodness and knowledge must cease, but our progress in evil may be eternal; happiness at the best comes to an end, but misery may increase for ever. What hope or help were then left to us, if even in heaven we must find a finite God and an infinite Satan?"—(Pp. 24-5.)

In considering the doctrine of Free-will, our author points out, with great acuteness, the error of Mr. Mill's assumption, that it is impossible to act in opposition to the strongest present desire or aversion. He says,—

"This is not a complete account of what I am conscious of in volition, and it introduces into consciousness an element which is not given in it. Balancing one motive against another is not willing, but judging. What I am chiefly conscious of in volition is an effort. Beforehand, I know from past experience that however strong my desire is, I can resist it; but that no reasons, however true, no motives, however forcible, which I can urge on myself, will make me resist it, unless I make an effort sufficiently strong. If then I do resist it, I am at that moment conscious of making an effort, and exerting some force that seems to me peculiarly my own; which, it appears to me, no power whatever can make me exert, or prevent me from exerting, without my own consent. . . . Now it is this effort for which Mr. Mill, in his analysis of volition, leaves no room at all. If my volition is necessarily, or in fact, wholly determined by the strongest present desire, it will be decided without any effort: if these desires are equally balanced, they mutually destroy each other, and then no effort is possible; if one is ever so little stronger than the other, no effort is necessary. When the greater weight goes down, and the lesser up—it is Mr. Mill's own illustration—no effort is needed on the part of the scales, and any such effort would be that factor in the result which Mr. Mill is bound to exclude. Now it may be right to follow reason with Mr. Mill, rather than so unreasonable a consciousness with Sir W. Hamilton; but to tell me I am not conscious of that exertion of force, of which I am as conscious as I am of my own existence, is neither philosophical nor useful."—(Pp. 42-4.)

On the third great question—that of the testimony of consciousness to the existence of an *ego* and a *non-ego*, the "Inquirer" thus neatly sums up the contrast between the theories of the two philosophers :—

"Sir W. Hamilton thought that consciousness, even of the simplest sensation, is the consciousness that 'I' feel it—that I exist in the present state. Whilst Mr. Mill, admitting that consciousness is the recognition by the mind of its own acts and affections, denies that the recognition of the act involves the recognition of the actor, and maintains that the knowledge that 'I' feel this affection is acquired subsequently through experience."—(P. 58.)

Our limits will not permit us to follow the author through his able refutation of the latter theory; but we cannot resist one more extract, expressing his protest against the fundamental fallacy of Mr. Mill's psychology,—the appeal to the uneducated consciousness of infants :—

"It is wholly contrary to all analogy, and therefore to all *primâ facie* probability, that consciousness alone, of all our natural properties, needs no development, no education. We know that our senses require education, ere we can obtain from them their genuine testimony: why are we to assume that, in the case of consciousness, this is only to be had when it is in that half-awakened, vague, indistinct state in which it exists in the infant, and that in its full energy it is necessarily deceptive? And on what ground is it assumed it *is* pure and unmixed in the infant? How do we know that consciousness is even then

> free from all foreign elements, not in any way moulded, influenced, altered, by any hereditary quality, by the infant's physical constitution, by the peculiarity of its nervous system, or even by the presence of that mind, which some say it does not get from sensation, but brings, not in entire forgetfulness, and not in utter nakedness, from its home in God?"—(Pp. 52-3.)

On the whole, "An Inquirer," whoever he may be, well deserves the praise, and it is no slight praise, of being one of the very few writers about Sir William Hamilton's philosophy who really understand what they are writing about.

The character of Mr. Robertson's book may be briefly described as the exact reverse of that of the "Inquirer." Mr. Robertson is one of the last men in the world who ought to have attempted to write a small book; for conciseness of style, which suits the *methodus docendi* in the hands of an able teacher, is utterly unsuited to the *methodus inveniendi*, especially in the hands of one whose attempted discoveries amount to nothing more than the results popularly known as mares' nests. Mr. Robertson's mind is strangely perplexed between his patriotism as a Scotchman and his utter inability to understand the philosophy of his illustrious countryman. He has a vague idea that the "Philosophy of the Conditioned" means something very horrible; but he does not like the thought that a Hamilton should have been refuted by a Mill—a Scot by a Southron. Between these unpleasant alternatives, he lights on the happy medium that Mill, as a matter of fact, has refuted Hamilton, but that Hamilton, if he had been living, would probably have refuted Mill. The sentence in which he enunciates this ingenious compromise is a good specimen of his power of writing "about it and about it:"—

> "Metaphysics appear to be indigenous to Scotland; and her superiority in this, the highest department of knowledge, was thought to be unchallengeable. Within the last few months this dream has been, as many suppose, suddenly dispelled; and now poor Scotland lies, prostrate and weeping, at the feet of her conqueror. As when the champion of the Philistines insulted the hosts of Israel, so does the modern Aristotle daily defy the Northerns to battle. In vain do we sigh for the matchless scimitar of a Ferrier; or for the shield of a Hamilton, to protect us from our foes. They are gone; and there are none now to lead our warriors to death or victory. We have looked and waited in vain for 'that coming man,' Dr. Cairns; and were Calderwood once more to buckle on his harness, our spirits would be cheered, and we might be saved from despair. . . . Even had our late champion been still in his prime, the southern Ulysses might have entered the cave of the Cyclops, and wounded him in his stronghold; but assuredly he would not have escaped to tell of the exploit. No woolly covering could have eluded *his* grasp—no cranny could have been left unguarded by which the adventurous hero could have escaped. Once aroused, the Polypheme, wounded though he were, would have dashed to a hundred pieces all the 'Dirt Philosophy' of Utility, the miserable Sensationalism and shilly-shally Fatalism of Ulysses and his crew," &c., &c., &c.—(Pp. 28-9.)

Yet of this victorious "Polypheme" we are told in another place, with equal originality and taste, that "his Philosophy of the Conditioned, &c. [how much is included under this '&c.'?], reminds me very much of the Glamis definition of Metaphysics,—'Twa folk disputin' thegether; he that's listenin' disna ken what the ither says, and he that's speakin' disna ken what he means himsel'" (p. 79). Being an utter fool in metaphysics is, according to Mr. Robertson, no disqualification for being a victorious champion in the same metaphysics, "the highest department of knowledge."

A gentleman who declaims in this heroic vein is not likely to do much for the solution of the problem of the Unconditioned in a small volume of 93 pages. But even Mr. Robertson's declamation is better than his didactic attempts. He had better have stuck to his Philistines, and Polyphemes, and woolly coverings, than have committed himself to the exactness of a definition. Definitions in general do not admit of much eloquence; but here is Mr. Robertson's definition of the subject of his book—the Unconditioned:—

> "Man is a creature brought into the world without his own consent; while in it, he is every moment subjected to the operation of laws, both of mind and matter. He cannot, by taking thought, add one cubit to his stature; and although he can do much to promote longevity, yet sooner or later he must, whether willing or not, submit to the last enemy—Death. Viewed, then, in every possible way, man is subject to certain rules, laws, or conditions of existence; he is therefore CONDITIONED. In these respects he presents an entire contrast to that dread Being who, it is contended, exists by His own essence—who maintains an irresponsible dominion, and is in subjection to none. As no one can prescribe rules, maxims, laws, or conditions, for His regulation, God is therefore emphatically UNCONDITIONED. Like the abstract phrases, 'The Infinite' and 'The Absolute,' it is probable that the 'Unconditioned' was intended as a reverential appellation, or veiled name for the Deity."—(P. 16.)

It is not necessary to tell any one who has the slightest acquaintance with philosophical language, that this is not the meaning of the term *unconditioned* in the writings of any other person than Mr. Robertson himself. If this gentleman would take the trouble to read Kant's chapter on Cosmological Ideas, he would find the term in question applied to the *absolute totality of a series*—certainly not because it "exists by its own essence, and maintains an irresponsible dominion," still less because it is exempt from death, instead of being merely able to "do much to promote longevity." Fichte's Unconditioned is the Absolute Ego; Schelling's is the indifference of Subject and Object; Hegel's is the pure Being which is pure Nothing—all which conceptions are totally different from that of a personal God. It is so far from being true that the "unconditioned" was probably "intended as a reverential appellation, or veiled name for the Deity," that, on the contrary, it is the apparent impossibility of reconciling the metaphysical notion of the unconditioned with the personal attributes of Deity, which has driven the hardiest advocates of transcendental philosophy to take refuge in Pantheism, and has compelled more cautious thinkers to maintain that a philosophy of the unconditioned is beyond the reach of human reason. In a subsequent passage (p. 82), Mr. Robertson informs us that Dr. Samuel Clarke has demonstrated "certain moral attributes of the unconditioned"! We strongly advise Mr. Robertson to learn the alphabet of philosophy before he again attempts to grapple with its highest problems.

But if Mr. Robertson is not very familiar with philosophical terms, he is ready to supply the deficiency by an abundant use of hard names. Nearly every one who differs from this enlightened critic is virtually if not actually an atheist. Hamilton's views "lead infallibly, and with hardly an intermediate step, to atheism" (p. 78). Mr. Mill is also virtually an atheist; for he is an utilitarian, and "atheism and utilitarianism stand related to each other as cause and effect" (p. 75). Bishop Berkeley was "the father of modern idealistic atheism" (p. 92). All schools of philosophy alike, realist and idealist, empirical and *à priori*, are included under this sweeping condemnation, with the exception of that body, whatever it may be, which has the honour of counting Mr. Robertson among its adherents. And yet he tells us in another place (p. 68) that "the atheist is a metaphysical myth, an absolute nonentity"—a miserable harvest, surely, to grow from so plentiful a sowing.

Mr. Robertson is not more happy or consistent with himself when he turns from abusing opponents to asserting his own opinions. He quotes with approbation (p. 78) the language of Sir James Mackintosh, that "the doctrine of Ockham is practically equivalent to atheism;" yet he himself maintains (p. 74), that "there being a God, it follows as an absolute and undeniable certainty that *His* will is the only *possible* rule of duty and obligation to the *conditioned*" (a new name for *mankind*)—apparently not being aware that this is the very doctrine of Ockham which Mackintosh condemns.

As a foil to our criticism, we are in fairness bound to give Mr. Robertson's estimate of his own performances in philosophy. He has placed the existence of God on "the securest footing it is possible to imagine," and enabled Theism "to proceed on her course and accomplish her lofty mission, unchallenged and *unchallengeable*" (p. 72). He has "presented Truth in a truly LOGICAL form,—ready for use in the great workshop of ratiocination, and rendered serviceable for the great purposes of life" (*ibid.*). He has enabled men to "determine the great fundamental questions of Religion—of Time and Eternity, by INFALLIBLE DEMONSTRATION" (the capitals are his own), and "finally to set at rest" "the great controversy between Free-will and Fore-ordination, which has perplexed the world for three thousand years" (p. 73). He has found means "to place beyond cavil the Institutes of Social Science, regarding which there now exist so many conflicting opinions;" and he has established a principle by virtue of which "many of the disputes that at present hinder the advancement of Christianity may now be definitely and conclusively pronounced upon, with as much certitude as any of the ordinary problems in Astronomy or Mechanical Science" (*ibid.*). After this flourish of trumpets, we may fairly take leave of him in his native Doric, "My certie, freend, ye're no blate."

*Cosas de Espana: Illustrative of Spain and the Spaniards as they are.* By Mrs. WILLIAM PITT BYRNE. Two Volumes. London: Alexander Strahan.

WHETHER, after reading "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," it is worth while to read any other description of Spain and the Spaniards, is a question which we shall leave to the judicious public. The people and the country seem to have changed very little since then; but had we not the older records to fall back upon, we fear Mrs. William Byrne's book would not help us much.

No book could be more devoid of anything like a "conception" of Spain. We are taken from one town to another, a number of details are pointed out, half of which are unimportant; a number of facts are enumerated, most of which are insignificant. Something exciting is always about to happen, but seldom happens. We are about to be shown over the prison at Madrid, but the narrative is suddenly cut short. As we approach a town we are startled with a clatter of horses' hoofs—"Two mounted cavaliers appeared; the steeds were fat," &c., but nothing more comes of it. "One day we saw an old poodle;" but why the poodle is mentioned does not appear. "The children," we are informed, "play before the doors, the women stand idly gossiping." We fancy the streets of other countries beside Spain occasionally present a somewhat similar spectacle. It is difficult to convey any idea of the want of arrangement and selection everywhere remarkable in these two volumes. Things are jumbled up together, paragraphs succeed each other without connection. Subjects we thought done with are returned to, and gone over again like imperfectly picked bones, and the reader is jogged and jolted about from one thing to another until his head aches. The rattle of an agreeable woman is pleasant enough when one has nothing to do, but to get the rattle without the agreeable woman is something like the present of an orange from which the juice has been previously extracted.

We suppose everything must be written in two volumes, but it is a barbarous practice. Every other chapter in this book might have been omitted, or rather every three might have been rolled into one, and then the critic might have kept his temper. As it is, Mrs. Byrne has positively forgotten to edit her diary. The daily jottings are thrown together, and the "*indigesta moles*" (Mrs. Byrne is fond of Latin) is printed "*in extenso*," "*mirabile dictu!*" Well, Latin of course is a most classical language, and we are much too delighted to find our famous old friends, "*effodiuntur opes*" and "*amantium iræ*," still fit for duty, to pause invidiously over such little slips as "*mutate nomine*," &c., but it is positively oppressive to accompany a lady who cannot visit a ruin without being reminded of the "*turris tabulata*" of Juvenal, and who, when the sun sets, observes, "*Nox erat!*" Latin, Spanish, French, German, and Greek are sprinkled over the pages like polyglott pepper, destroying their symmetry with hideous italics, and often making sheer nonsense for the reader. Spanish phrases predominate, which are very seldom translated. Better taste would have avoided this. It is surely a poor affectation to talk before strangers in a language not generally understood. But we have a worse complaint to make. How could Mrs. Byrne have read through her proofs without noticing that she has said most things at least twice over, sometimes five or six times? Almost every question is reopened. Persons, playhouses, hospitals, the national literature are all repeated. Half a dozen times at least we are told that the natives refuse gratuities, and each time as if it was a piece of bran new information, reminding one of the venerable archdeacon who, whenever "They took up twelve basketfuls of the fragments" was read in the lessons, cast up his eyes and raised his hands to heaven in devout astonishment, murmuring "Twelve basketfuls!" A dozen times we read that wine is kept in pigskins, and that milk is scarce. Twice we are told that the fowls they ate died of starvation. Twice the old joke of "Spartan sauce" is trotted out. Twice, in very nearly the same words, the peculiar consequences of spitting on the floor are explained. Twice we learn that forests are cut down to prevent the increase of birds, who are supposed to destroy the wheat and vines. Twice the unpopularity of second marriages is dwelt upon. Twice it is said that centralization is not yet rooted in Spain. Twice the custom of plaiting palm branches over the balconies on Palm Sunday is elaborately explained. Twice Calderon is compared to Shakespere. Twice we are favoured with Longfellow's "Belfry of Bruges;" and the time-honoured quotations, "Il n'y a plus des Pyrenées," and the "Mute inglorious Milton," also recur twice.

But if the commissions are bad, the omissions are still more fatal. Perhaps, after graphic power—in which Mrs. Byrne is very deficient,—a sense of humour—which Mrs. Byrne is absolutely without,—is the most important qualification for a writer of travels. The playbill of a bull-fight is called a "*bull*-etin." "Pol," which we suppose is Spanish for a fowl, is called a "*pol*-luted thing;" carrying one with its head downwards is called a "fowl proceeding," whilst a "blue stocking" is described as one "who dips the tips of her hose into the cerulean ink-bottle." These are jokes.

The worst omission, in a book somewhat profusely illustrated, is a portrait of the authoress. Our curiosity is excited, our imagination is aroused. Four or five times she was taken for a Neapolitan—why, she cannot conceive. She compares herself, at a Spanish fountain, to Rachael sitting by the well. The men would never receive any gratuity from her—a smile was sufficient. The gardeners, she says, "took such a fancy" to her that they gave her their choicest flowers for nothing, and the doors of closed sanctuaries flew open at a nod from the bewitching Neapolitan! It is wonderful, with such powers of ingress, she should not have seen more that is worth recording. Mrs. Byrne promises us another volume. Although we have indicated thus markedly the blemishes in her present book, we do not wish to discourage her from writing or even publishing her travels. The present volumes are heavy and often silly, but abound in proofs of industry in accumulating, and facility in communicating her impressions, such as they are. The indolence of the national character, the hopeless apathy and tawdry magnificence of the Spanish Court, the mixture of cunning childishness and folly which distinguish the trade population, the pleasant "*sans souci*" idle life of the Spanish men, the subtle coquetry of the women, the national pastimes—including, of course, the inevitable bull-fight,—all these are fairly described; and if only half, and those the most characteristic subjects, had been selected and more fully treated, and the whole contained in one volume, some parts of that volume might have proved more readable than any portion of the two before us. Mrs. Byrne should never forget that a "diary" is after all only raw material, and is as different from a literary work of art as the wretched muddy wine in unprepared pigskins, which she so well describes, is from the refined beverage prepared by the French wine merchants from similar grapes.

The Preface proves that our authoress is able to write concisely and well. It is the best part of the book. We may conclude with the following really important facts culled from it. Spain, it would appear, has in herself the undying seeds of regeneration. She has been, and may again become, the foremost power of the world. Her geographical position as a peninsula is exceptionally favourable to commerce;—

> "On the eastern and southern sides she commands an unbroken stretch of 1,700 miles of Mediterranean, and of upwards of 900 of Atlantic coast, while on the former she possesses sixty-four, and on the latter fifty-six ports—altogether an incomparable superiority over France. In 1864 her mercantile marine numbered 7,000 vessels, with a supplementary amount of fishing-boats, numbering about 1,000."

On the calcareous slopes of her frequent mountain ranges grows a profusion of rich vines, which alone would make the wealth of any other country. In her almost tropical valleys the melon, the fig-tree, and the olive flourish abundantly, whilst the orange and lemon trees hang heavy with golden fruit in the cooler recesses of Segovia and Seville. Rice grows well in Valentia, and cork in Estramadura. The earth is full of precious iron mines, and coal-fields of enormous extent lie but a few feet beneath the surface. The steel works of Toledo, and the cigar manufactories of Madrid, constitute another peculiar element of wealth in Spain, and we quite agree with Mrs. Byrne in thinking it impossible that Spain can much longer continue blind or indifferent to so many and vast natural advantages. In that most conservative and supine of lands a change for the better has already passed over the national commerce. The export trade of Spain, which in 1849 was only 270,000,000 francs, rose in 1861 to 865,000,000 francs, and in 1853-54-55 their exports began to exceed their imports.

### *A Son of the Soil.* In Two Volumes. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE object of this novel is to trace the fortunes of Colin Campbell of Ramore, a farmer's son, through the different stages of student at Glasgow, private tutor, holder of a travelling scholarship, fellow of Balliol, and minister of the kirk of Afton in Fifeshire. The narrative is mostly confined to the history of the tutorship and journey abroad. The events of those years, as they are told here, are in nowise extraordinary. There is not, with one exception, the least attempt to introduce any special interest into them. They are remarkable for one thing simply: the prosecution of an unblushing flirtation with two young ladies in succession; and this the author seems to think no very unfit preparation for the taking of holy orders, which she (?) tells us was the purpose of the hero from the very first. When an incident is needed to link the Scotch boy's fortunes to a rich patron, it is found in the rescue by Colin of a baronet's son from drowning. When another incident is needed to sever his connection with these friends, it is found in the rescue of the selfsame baronet's son by the selfsame Colin from drowning a second time. How the like event promotes two such opposite ends it is not for us to divulge. The reader of the book itself, while lamenting the paucity of incident, will give the author credit for manipulating her one effect cleverly. What we miss in eventfulness is made up in descriptions and conversations. The descriptions are embarrassingly plentiful: if we fail to realize the personages, it is not for lack of picturesque material. Here are the two heroes pourtrayed:—"The son of the soil" is "a tall youth, with those heaps of brown hair overshadowing the forehead which might have been apostrophized as 'domed for thought,' if anybody could have seen it" (i. 94). When very much immersed in his flirtations, he can "shake back the clouds of brown hair from his half-visible forehead, and glance round with eyes 'full of the light that never was on sea or land'" (i. 107-8). The same eyes had a further habit (inconvenient, we should think, to the person addressed) of "straying beyond, and going off into other regions unknown to Matty" (i. 262). For this habit, however, it were hard to make Colin responsible. It seems to have been hereditary, for Mrs. Campbell had "that same look which in Colin had so often baffled Miss Matty, showing that the higher spirit had gone past the lesser (!) into its own element, where only its equals could follow" (i. 219-20). As to Colin's inner self, two quotations will suffice. "He knew no more of the world than a baby" (i. 101). "His views were of a vague description enough, but of the most revolutionary tendency" (i. 65). This may stir the reader's curiosity to know what changes befall to secure for him a double first-class at Oxford, a distinction which is not generally attained without some *savoir faire*, and a presbyterian kirk, which is deemed by most people an orthodox post. Colin's mental education is, apart from his female instructors, undertaken by two friends: a fellow-student of the somewhat mature age, even for a Scotch student, of thirty, and a consumptive patient whom he chances to meet with on his travels. Lauderdale, the former of these, is the second hero of the book. He is a "gaunt," "placid," "reflective giant," speaking with "a calm voice half a mile over Colin's head" (i. 45). When he gets up from a chair he is said to "gather himself up, rising in folds, as if there was never to be an end of him," which indeed there is not. Still, as to the consequences of so spiral an effort the reader need not be alarmed. It is only the preface to the question, "You want your dinner?" Scarcely "*dignus vindice nodus.*" But when to this natural stature was added the height of moral indignation, there is some room for alarm. "'Callant, hold your peace!' said Lauderdale. His voice was so harsh and strange that it jarred in the air, and he rose up with a sudden movement, rising like a tower into the twilight" (i. 242). There is more yet to learn about his voice: "It sounded as if it were blown about and interrupted by a strong wind" (i. 236). Indeed, so remarkable a part of Lauderdale was this voice of his, that the author once ventures to speak of him simply as "a voice," forgetting apparently that he was anything but an unbodied utterance. What Lauderdale's occupation was is a mystery, and intended to remain a mystery. The *locus communis* is at i., p. 51. He stops his friend's inquiries by saying, "There's ane of the same trade mentioned with commendation in the Acts of the Apostles. Him and St. Paul were great friends." We shrewdly suspect that there is a Scripture riddle lying hid here. Colin seems to have given it up at once, and so do we.

Whereas Colin is in advance of the age, Lauderdale prides himself on being a man of the age, with no particular faith in anything. The mode of instruction agreed upon between the two friends was, that the elder should talk and the younger contradict: "It's good for you," says Lauderdale, "and it does me no harm" (i. 62). If the reader could be induced to adopt the same basis of education for himself, he might profit much by their conversations, as he will generally be minded to differ from pupil and teacher alike. The second instructor who takes Colin in hand is if possible even less interesting than the other two characters. We have much pity for Colin himself with his foolish flirtations and exaggerated Scotch pride, and there are grains of quaint wisdom to be found here and there among Lauderdale's rhodomontades; but Meredith is drawn so as only to disgust. On whatever church or party the description is intended to reflect, no particle of good can come of such sheer caricature. Colin meets with a brother and sister bound for Italy by the same steamer as himself,—

> "The brother took no more apparent notice of his sister than if she had been a cloak on his arm. . . . He fixed his eyes on Colin with a kind of solemn steadfastness, which had a wonderful effect on the young man, and said something hasty and brief, a most summary preface, about the beautiful night. 'Are you ill?' he added, in the same hasty breathless way, as if impatient of wasting time on such preliminaries. "Are you going abroad for your health? Have you ever thought of death?'" (i. 279-80).

His day on board is spent in attempts to detain the sailors with questions whether they have "considered the great subject;" his nights in writing "a book which he meant to leave as a legacy for the world, and which was to be called 'A Voice from the Grave.'" If his sister's shoes creak, and she apologizes for the shock to his nerves, he answers, "It is not you who are clumsy. It is the evil one who tempts me perpetually, even by your means" (i. 283). When Colin makes a foolish remark about the rich merchants of Glasgow foregoing the expense of dinner parties in order to erect wayside crosses along the roads of Scotland, Meredith says,—

> "'What is Scotland to the salvation of a fellow-creature? I would rather that Scotland or England either was sunk to the bottom of the sea than stand by and see a man dying in his sins.' The two Scotchmen looked at each other as he spoke; they smiled to each other with a perfect community of feeling and motive, which conveyed another pang of irritation to the invalid, who by nature had a spirit which insisted upon being first and best beloved" (ii. 38).

Really it is hard to say who has the worst of it in point of good breeding, and the author cannot be got to perceive the incongruity of all this. She forces these men together into a perfectly unnatural companionship: they talk and reason for a hundred pages without the least advance in understanding each other; the invalid gets weaker, the friends more voluble, the whole scene more painful, till Meredith's death closes it. The sister is thereby left alone on the hands of the two young Scotchmen. Colin reasons (!) himself with much introspection into a Platonic affection for Alice Meredith. A High Church clergyman who has been consulted brings the father down upon the lovers. "A carriage flashing on in the sunshine;" a scream at the Porta Maggiore; a separation—a mighty relief to the reader; and we find, as we go on to Colin himself, "a face—the face—

the image of the veiled woman, who was not Alice, and to whom he had bidden farewell, gleamed out once more through the clouds, and looked Colin in the eyes, thrilling him through and through with a guilty astonishment" (ii. 152). The only portion of the book which is tolerably interesting is that which tells how Colin, having sown his feeble wild oats, completes his purpose of becoming a Scotch minister. Some of the descriptions here of the presbytery of Glen Diarmid "objecting" to the "presentee;" of the young minister's grand ideals falling to pieces when he got upstairs and looked down on his congregation as from a first floor window, suggested the name of an author famous in the rendering of such scenes. But we cannot credit a suggestion which would entail on her reputation the heavy burden of the other portions of the book.

We had been content to leave Colin in "his beastly pulpit perched up there, all wood and noise," not without hope of his doing something after all for his rustics; and the author's own judgment, she says, was the same, but she let it be overruled. "There exist certain natural human prejudices on the subject which require a distinct conclusion of one kind or another." We are sure the natural prejudices would have been silent if they could have foreseen the poverty of the sop to be thrown to them. We reveal nothing, save in the way of assurance that "this faithful but humble history need not awaken any terrors in the heart of the Church of Scotland in respect of the revolutionary in her bosom." The lion's teeth are drawn; the "Tracts for the Times"[*] laid on the shelf; the woman in the clouds has waved her hand to Colin for the last time; "he is subdued, and goes about his work quietly, like one who understands what interests are involved" (ii. 293).

It is but fair, in conclusion, to quote the one amusing incident we have noted in the two volumes:—

> "'I'm no addicted to little bairns in a general way,' said Lauderdale, as he emerged from the great door [of the Palazzo Savvelli at Frascati], and suddenly found himself in the midst of a group of ragged little picturesque savages, 'but it's aye a comfort to see that there's still living creatures left in the world. What do the little animals mean, raging like a set of little furies? Laddies, if you've quarrelled, fight it out like men, instead of scolding like a parcel of fishwives,' said the indignant stranger, addressing himself to a knot of boys who were playing morra. When he found his remonstrance disregarded, Lauderdale seized what appeared to him the two ringleaders, and held them, one in each hand, with the apparent intention of knocking their heads together, entirely undisturbed by the outcries and struggles of his victims, as well as by the voluble explanations of the rest of the party. 'It's no use talking nonsense to me,' said the inexorable judge; 'they shall either hold their tongues, the little cowardly wretches, or they shall fight.'
>
> "It was luckily at this moment that Alice Meredith made her appearance. Her explanation filled Lauderdale with unbounded shame and dismay. 'It's an awful drawback no to understand the language,' said the philosopher, with a rush of burning colour to his face; for Lauderdale, like various other people, could not help entertaining an idea that English (or what he pleased to call English), spoken with due force and emphasis, was sure in the end to be perfectly intelligible" (ii. 30-1).

### *Venetian Life.* By William D. Howells. London: N. Trübner & Co.

"I think it does not matter just when I came to Venice. Yesterday and to-day are the same here." Every sentence of this charming book is characteristic. It is the very model of what a light book of travels ought to be. The author can instruct without prosing, and describe without boring. But moreover he is a genuine poet, with a loving eye for the beautiful, and the keenest sense of humour. The writing is positively creative. Every object is seized from the point of view of a gifted painter. One or two graphic touches, and the whole thing stands before us. Instead of describing the height, length, and all the mosaics, &c., of St. Mark in tedious detail, we suddenly come across that magnificent structure in a snowstorm;—

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[*] We are informed very naïvely in a note that "Numbers i. and ii. of the 'Scotch Tracts for the Times,' together with fragments of subsequent numbers uncompleted, will be given, if desired by Colin's friends, in the appendix to the second edition of this biography."

> "Across the square the beautiful outline of St. Mark's Church was perfectly pencilled in the air. . . . The tender snow had compassionated the beautiful edifice for all the wrongs of Time, and so hid the stains and ugliness of decay, that it looked as if just from the hand of the builder, or, still better, from the brain of the architect," &c.

The Santa Maria dell 'Orto is similarly caught:—

> "As we passed up the canal in our gondola we came unawares on this church, one of the most graceful Gothic churches in the city. The façade is exquisite, and has two Gothic windows of that religious and heavenly beauty which pains the heart with its inexhaustible richness," &c.

Mr. Howells excels in reproducing the atmosphere of Venice and Venetian life. His description of the approach to the city by night affected us like some old strain of music, recalling vividly the scenes of the past; and what more perfect could be written about Venice in the middle of a weltering day in June than the following?—

> "The slumberous bells murmur to each other in the Lagoons; the white sail faints into the white distance; the gondola slides athwart the sheeted silver of the bay; the blind beggar, who seemed sleepless as fate, dozes at his post."

We settle down in Venice with Mr. Howells and enjoy intensely all that goes on. His style often reads like a mixture of Thackeray and Sterne—the wit is sparkling, the humour and irony delicate, and sometimes even deep and tender. We laugh, and hardly know why, the touches are so quaint and funny. The "Mouse" was a poor little carriage driver.

> "The Mouse got down to stretch his forlorn little legs. Then I got down too, and bade him good day, and told him it was a very hot day—for he was a mouse apparently plunged in such wretchedness that he did not seem to know what kind of day it was."

The people on the canal are delightfully touched off;—"The little gentleman who wore a black hat in the last livid polish of respectability—the hat was too large for him, it came down to his eyes, and he carried a cane." Then we have the very mild young man in his gondola, in company with a ferocious bulldog: "He was always smoking languidly, that mild young man, and I fancied I could read in his countenance a gentle, gentle antagonism to life," &c.

We attend theatrical representations with extreme delight, but the marionettes charm us the most;—

> "The chief character—a puppet ten inches high, with a fixed and staring expression of Mephistophelian good nature and wickedness—deludes other and weak-minded puppets into trusting him, and then beats them with a club on the back of the head until they die."

Crowds attend these scenes, but few pay; and when the enraged manager calls out, "Ah, sons of dogs! I play no more to you," the audience disperses quietly and unresentfully. The Venetians seldom come to blows, but the battles of abuse that rage between the gondoliers are truly fearful:—

"Figure of a pig," shrieks the Venetian, "you have ruined my boat!"

"Thou liest, son of an ugly old dog!"

"Ah-heigh, brutal executioner! Ah, hideous headsman!" *Da capo*, as the two glide farther apart, bellowing at each other until out of sight and out of hearing.

Where all is so good, but where so much depends upon the charm of the style, it is difficult to select, and still harder to give any kind of summary of contents. Venetian and Austrian social life is lightly touched upon. The churches and pictures come in for brief but always brilliant notices. We get pleasant little historical glimpses of the Jews, and vignettes of Venice in the past, and touching little biographical notices of poets and doges, and really a good deal of valuable information about the Venetian holidays, which are, indeed, so many historical fossils; but Mr. Howells' *forte* lies in the humour and pathos of his descriptions of life and manners and his ready power of sympathy with the people he meets and the places he visits. We conclude with a charming glimpse into the quiet old Armenian monastery on the Isola San Lazzaro. The monks are learned, peaceful, and happy men, and not at all like the Roman Catholic monks. Living alone on their little island, they are nevertheless glad to see, and courteous to all strangers, and many of them possessed of wide culture and deep piety. Mr. Howells made many valuable friends amongst them, and especially one Padre Giacomo, who often came to see him at Venice, and breakfast on the Grand Canal. He was full of anecdote, and well up in the annals and literature of his own monastery. We are indebted to Fra Giacomo for the following touching episode:—

> "There was a lay brother among them whose years numbered 108, who died of old age after passing fifty-eight years at San Lazzaro. The name of this patriarch was George Karabagiak, and he was a native of Kutaieh in Asia Minor. During the course of his long and diligent life he may be said to have hardly known a day's sickness, and at last he died of no perceptible disorder. The years tired him to death. He had a trifling illness in August, and as he convalesced he grew impatient of the tenacious life which held him to earth. Slowly pacing up and down the corridors of the convent, he used to crave the prayers of the brothers whom he met, and besought their interest with Heaven to send him to death. One day he said to the archbishop, 'I fear that God has abandoned me, and that I shall live.' Only a little while before his death he wrote some verses, as Padre Giacomo's memorandum witnesses, 'with a firm, steady hand,' and the manner of his death was this —as recorded in the grave and simple words of my friend's note,—'Finally, on the 17th of September, very early in the morning, a brother entering his chamber asked him how he was. "Well," he replied, turning his face to the wall, and spoke no more.'"

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Where all is so good, but where so much depends upon the charm of the style, it is difficult to select, and still harder to give any kind of summary of contents. Venetian and Austrian social life is lightly touched upon. The churches and pictures come in for brief but always brilliant notices. We get pleasant little historical glimpses of the Jews, and vignettes of Venice in the past, and touching little biographical notices of poets and doges, and really a good deal of valuable information about the Venetian holidays, which are, indeed, so many historical fossils; but Mr. Howells' *forte* lies in the humour and pathos of his descriptions of life and manners and his ready power of sympathy with the people he meets and the places he visits. We conclude with a charming glimpse into the quiet old Armenian monastery on the Isola San Lazzaro. The monks are learned, peaceful, and happy men, and not at all like the Roman Catholic monks. Living alone on their little island, they are nevertheless glad to see, and courteous to all strangers, and many of them possessed of wide culture and deep piety. Mr. Howells made many valuable friends amongst them, and especially one Padre Giacomo, who often came to see him at Venice, and breakfast on the Grand Canal. He was full of anecdote, and well up in the annals and literature of his own monastery. We are indebted to Fra Giacomo for the following touching episode:—

> "There was a lay brother among them whose years numbered 108, who died of old age after passing fifty-eight years at San Lazzaro. The name of this patriarch was George Karabagiak, and he was a native of Kutaieh in Asia Minor. During the course of his long and diligent life he may be said to have hardly known a day's sickness, and at last he died of no perceptible disorder. The years tired him to death. He had a trifling illness in August, and as he convalesced he grew impatient of the tenacious life which held him to earth. Slowly pacing up and down the corridors of the convent, he used to crave the prayers of the brothers whom he met, and besought their interest with Heaven to send him to death. One day he said to the archbishop, 'I fear that God has abandoned me, and that I shall live.' Only a little while before his death he wrote some verses, as Padre Giacomo's memorandum witnesses, 'with a firm, steady hand,' and the manner of his death was this —as recorded in the grave and simple words of my friend's note,—'Finally, on the 17th of September, very early in the morning, a brother entering his chamber asked him how he was. "Well," he replied, turning his face to the wall, and spoke no more.'"

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